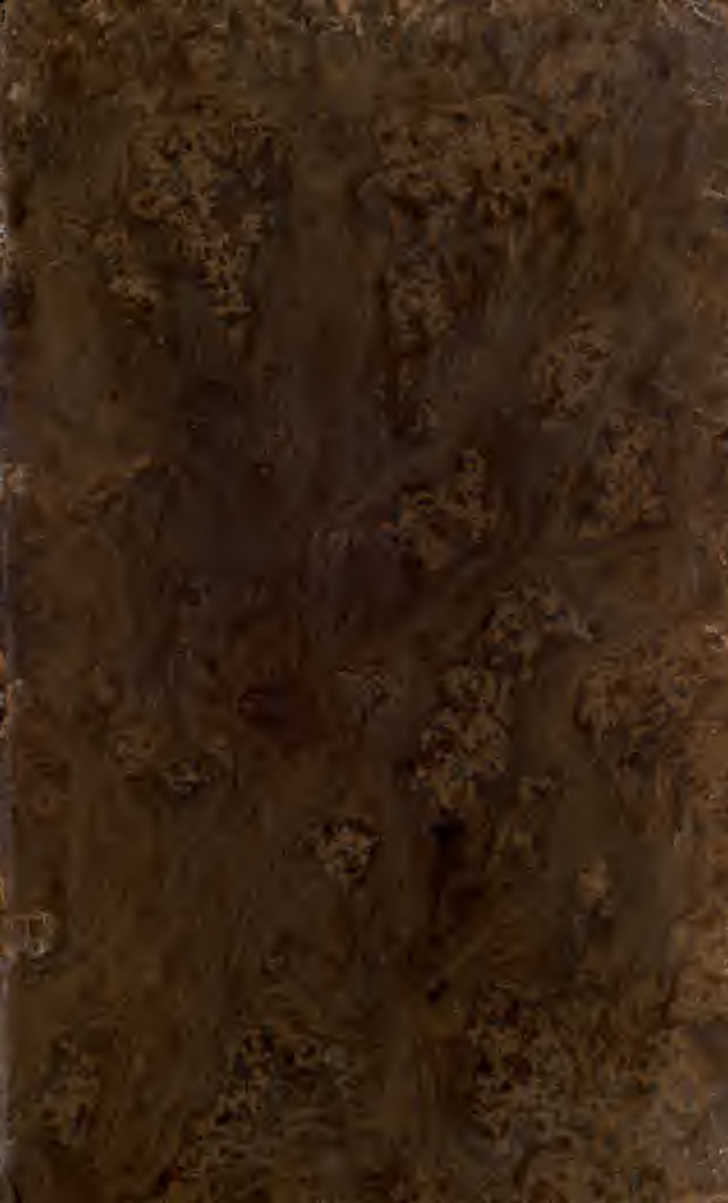


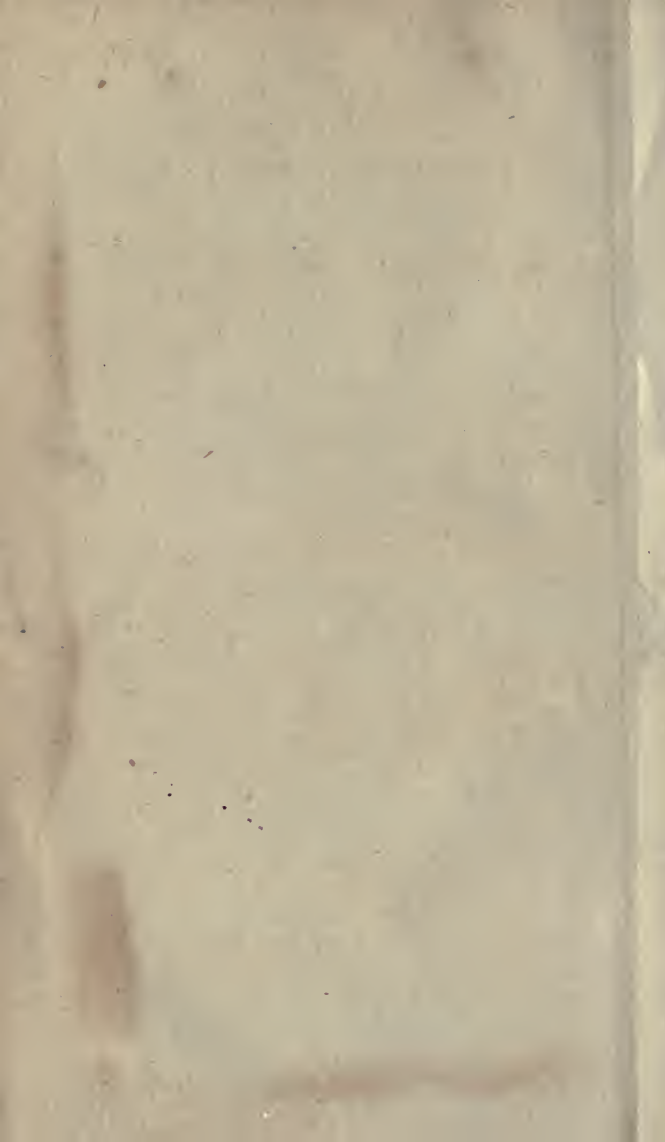












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BELL's
CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT
OF
FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. VI.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.



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EPISTLES
PANEGYRICAL AND GALLANT.



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EPISTLES
PANEGYRICAL AND GALLANT.

EPISTLE I.

THE
FEMINEAD:

OR,
FEMALE GENIUS.

ADDRESSED TO
MR. RICHARDSON,
Author of Pamela, Clarissa, and Grandison.

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, M.A.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCC LI.

SHALL lordly man, the theme of every lay,
Usurp the muse's tributary bay ?
In kingly state on Pindus' summit sit,
Tyrant of verse, and arbiter of wit ?
By Salic law the female right deny,
And view their genius with regardless eye ?
Justice forbid ! and every muse inspire
To sing the glories of a sister-choir !
Rise, rise, bold swain ; and to the listening grove
Resound the praises of the sex you love ;

Tell how, adorn'd with every charm, they shine,
In mind and person equally divine,
'Till man, no more to female merit blind,
Admire the person, but adore the mind.

To these weak strains, O thou ! the sex's friend
And constant patron, Richardson ! attend !
Thou, who so oft with pleas'd, but anxious care,
Hast watch'd the dawning genius of the fair,
With wonted smiles wilt hear thy friend display
The various graces of the female lay ;
Studious from folly's yoke their minds to free,
And aid the generous cause espous'd by thee.

Long o'er the world did Prejudice maintain,
By sounds like these, her undisputed reign :
“ Woman ! she cried, to thee, indulgent heaven
Has all the charms of outward beauty given :
Be thine the boast, unrival'd, to enslave
The great, the wise, the witty, and the brave ;
Deck'd with the Paphian rose's damask glow,
And the vale-lily's vegetable snow,
Be thine, to move majestic in the dance,
To roll the eye, and aim the tender glance,
Or touch the strings, and breathe the melting song,
Content to emulate that airy throng,
Who to the sun their painted plumes display,
And gaily glitter on the hawthorn spray,

Or wildly warble in the beechen grove,
Careless of aught but music, joy, and love."

Heavens! could such artful, slavish sounds beguile
The freeborn sons of Britain's polish'd isle?
Could they, like fam'd Ulysses' dastard crew,
Attentive listen, and enamor'd view,
Nor drive the Syren to that dreary plain,
In loathsome pomp, where eastern tyrants reign;
Where each fair neck the yoke of slavery galls,
Clos'd in a proud seraglio's gloomy walls,
And taught, that levell'd with the brutal kind,
Nor sense, nor souls to women are assign'd.

Our British nymphs with happier omens rove,
At freedom's call, thro' wisdom's sacred grove,
And, as with lavish hand each sister grace
Shapes the fair form, and regulates the face,
Each sister muse, in blissful union join'd,
Adorns, improves, and beautifies the mind.
Even now fond fancy in our polish'd land
Assembled shows a blooming, studious band:
With various arts our reverence they engage,
Some turn the tuneful, some the moral page,
These, led by Contemplation, soar on high,
And range the heavens with philosophic eye;
While those, surrounded by a vocal choir,
The canvas tinge, or touch the warbling lyre.

Here, like the stars' mix'd radiance, they unite
To dazzle and perplex our wandering sight :
The muse each charmer singly shall survey,
And tune to each her tributary lay.
So when, in blended tints, with sweet surprise
Assembled beauties strike our ravish'd eyes,
Such as in Lely's melting colors shine,
Or spring, great Kneller! from a hand like thine,
On all with pleasing awe at once we gaze,
And, lost in wonder, know not which to praise,
But singly view'd, each nymph delights us more,
Disclosing graces unperceiv'd before.

First let the muse with generous ardor try
To chase the mist from dark opinion's eye :
Nor mean we here to blame that father's care,
Who guards from learned wives his booby heir,
Since oft that heir with prudence has been known,
To dread a genius that transcends his own :
The wise themselves should with discretion choose,
Since letter'd nymphs their knowledge may abuse,
And husbands oft experience to their cost
The prudent housewife in the scholar lost :
But those incur deserv'd contempt, who prize
Their own high talents, and their sex despise,
With haughty mien each social bliss defeat,
And sully all their learning with conceit :
Of such the parent justly warns his son,
And such the muse herself will bid him shun.

But lives there one, whose unassuming mind,
Tho' grac'd by nature, and by art refin'd,
Pleas'd with domestic excellence, can spare
Some hours from studious ease to social care,
And with her pen that time alone employs
Which others waste in visits, cards, and noise;
From affectation free, tho' deeply read,
"With wit well natur'd, and with books well
bred?"

With such (and such there are) each happy day
Must fly improving, and improv'd away;
Inconstancy might fix and settle there,
And wisdom's voice approve the chosen fair.

Nor need we now from our own Britain rove,
In search of genius, to the Lesbian grove,
Tho' Sappho there her tuneful lyre has strung,
And amorous griefs in sweetest accents sung,
Since here, in Charles's days, amidst a train
Of shameless bards, licentious and profane,
The chaste Orinda rose; with purer light,
Like modest Cynthia, beaming thro' the night:
Fair friendship's lustre, undisguis'd by art,
Glows in her lines, and animates her heart;
Friendship, that jewel, which, though all confess
Its peerless value, yet how few possess!
For her the never-dying myrtle weaves
A verdant chaplet of her odorous leaves;

If Cowley's or Roscommon's song can give
Immortal fame, her praise shall ever live.

Who can unmov'd hear Winchelsea reveal
Thy horrors, spleen ! which all, who paint must feel ?
My praises would but wrong her sterling wit,
Since Pope himself applauds what she has writ.

But say, what Matron now walks musing forth
From the bleak mountains of her native North ?
While round her brows two sisters of the Nine
Poetic wreaths with philosophic twine !
Hail, Cockburne, hail ! even now from Reason's
 bowers

Thy Locke delighted culls the choicest flowers
To deck his great, successful champion's head,
And Clarke expects thee in the laurel shade.
Tho' long to dark, oblivious want a prey,
Thy aged worth pass'd unperceiv'd away,
Yet Scotland now shall ever boast thy fame,
While England mourns thy undistinguish'd name,
And views with wonder, in a female mind,
Philosopher, divine, and poet join'd !

The modest muse a veil with pity throws
O'er vice's friends, and virtue's female foes ;
Abash'd she views the bold unblushing mien
Of modern Manley, Centlivre, and Behn ;

And grieves to see one nobly born disgrace
Her modest sex, and her illustrious race.
Tho' harmony thro' all their numbers flow'd,
And genuine wit its every grace bestow'd,
Nor genuine wit, nor harmony, excuse
The dangerous sallies of a wanton muse :
Nor can such tuneful, but immoral, lays
Expect the tribute of impartial praise :
As soon might Philips, Pilkington, and Vane,
Deserv'd applause for spotless virtue gain.

But hark ! what Nymph, in Frome's embroider'd
vale ?

With strains seraphic swells the vernal gale ?
With what sweet sounds the bordering forest rings ?
For sportive Echo catches, as she sings,
Each falling accent, studious to prolong
The warbled notes of Rowe's ecstatic song.
Old Avon pleas'd his reedy forehead rears,
And polish'd Orrery delighted hears.
See with what transport she resigns her breath,
Snatch'd by a sudden, but a wish'd-for death !
Releas'd from earth, with smiles she soars on high
Amidst her kindred spirits of the sky,
Where faith and love those endless joys bestow,
That warm'd her lays, and fill'd her hopes below.

Nor can her noble Friend escape unseen,
Or from the Muse her modest virtues screen ;

Here, sweetly blended, to our wondering eyes,
The peeress, poetess, and Christian rise :
And tho' the Nine her tuneful strains inspire,
We less her genius, than her heart, admire,
Pleas'd, 'midst the great, one truly good to see,
And proud to tell that Somerset is she.

By generous views one Peeress more demands
A grateful tribute from all female hands ;
One, who to shield them from the worst of foes,
In their just cause dar'd Pope himself oppose.
Their own dark forms deceit and envy wear,
By Irwin touch'd with truth's celestial spear,
By her disarm'd, ye witlings! now give o'er
Your empty sneers, and shock the sex no more.

Thus bold Camilla, when the Trojan chief
Attack'd her country, flew to its relief ;
Beneath her lance the bravest warriors bled,
And fear dismay'd the host, which great Aeneas led.

But ah ! why heaves my breast this pensive sigh ?
Why starts this tear unbidden from my eye ?
What breast from sighs, what eye from tears re-
frains,
When, sweetly-mournful, hapless Wright complains ?
And who but grieves to see her generous mind,
For nobler views and worthier guests design'd,

Admit the hateful form of black despair,
Wan with the gloom of superstitious care ?
In pity-moving lays, with earnest cries,
She call'd on heaven to close her weary eyes,
And, long on earth by heart-felt woes oppress'd,
Was borne by friendly death to welcome rest.

In nervous strains, lo ! Madan's polish'd taste
Has poetry's successive progress trac'd,
From ancient Greece, where first she fix'd her
 reign,
To Italy, and Britain's happier plain.
Praise well-bestow'd adorns her glowing lines,
And manly strength with female softness joins.
So female charms and manly virtues grace,
By her example form'd, her blooming race,
And, fram'd alike to please our ears and eyes,
There new Conelias and new Gracchi rise.
O that you now, with genius at command,
Would snatch the pencil from my artless hand,
And give your sex's portraits, bold and true,
In colors worthy of themselves and you !

Now in ecstatic visions let me rove,
By Cynthia's beams, through Brackley's glimmering
 grove ;
Where still each night, by startled shepherds seen,
Young Leapor's form flies shadowy o'er the green.

Those envied honors nature lov'd to pay
The briar-bound turf, where erst her Shakspeare lay,
Now on her darling Mira she bestows,
There o'er the hallow'd ground she fondly strows
The choicest fragrance of the breathing spring,
And bids each year her favourite linnet sing.

Let cloister'd pedants, in an endless round,
Tread the dull mazes of scholastic ground ;
Brackley unenvying views the glittering train
Of learning's useless trappings idly vain ;
For, spite of all that vaunted learning's aid,
Their fame is rivall'd by her rural maid.

So, while in our Britannia's beechen sprays
Sweet Philomela trills her mellow lays,
We to the natives of the sultry line
Their boasted race of parrots pleas'd resign :
For tho' on citron boughs they proudly glow
With all the colors of the watery bow,
Yet thro' the grove harsh discord they prolong,
Tho' rich in gaudy plumage, poor in song.

Now bear me, Clio, to that Kentish strand,
Whose rude o'erhanging cliffs and barren sand
May challenge all the myrtle-blooming bowers
Of fam'd Italia, when, at evening hours,
Thy own Eliza muses on the shore,
Serene, tho' billows beat, and tempests roar.

Hail, Carter, hail ! your favorite name inspires
My raptur'd breast with sympathetic fires ;
Even now I see your lov'd Ilyssus lead
His mazy current thro' th' Athenian mead ;
With you I pierce thro' academic shades,
And join in Attic bowers th' Aonian maids ;
Beneath the spreading plane with Plato rove,
And hear his morals echo thro' the grove.
Joy sparkles in the sage's looks, to find
His genius glowing in a female mind ;
Newton admiring sees your searching eye
Dart thro' his mystic page, and range the sky ;
By you his colors to your sex are shown,
And Algarotti's name to Britain known.
While, undisturb'd by pride, you calmly tread
Thro' life's perplexing paths, by wisdom led ;
And, taught by her, your grateful muse repays
Her heavenly teacher in nocturnal lays.

So when Prometheus from th' Almighty Sire,
As sings the fable, stole celestial fire,
Swift thro' the clay the vital current ran,
In look, in form, in speech resembling man ;
But in each eye a living lustre glow'd,
That spoke the heavenly source from whence it
flow'd.

“ What magic powers in Celia's numbers dwell,
Which thus th' unpractis'd breast with ardor swell

To emulate her praise, and tune that lyre,
Which yet no bard was able to inspire !

“ With tears her suffering virgin we attend,
And sympathize with father, lover, friend !
What sacred rapture in our bosom glows,
When at the shrine she offers up her vows !
Mild majesty and virtue’s awful power
Adorn her fall, and grace her latest hour.”

Transport me now to those embroider’d meads,
Where the slow Ouze his lazy current leads !
There, while the stream soft-dimpling steals along,
And from the groves the green-hair’d Dryads
throng,
Clio herself, or Ferrar tunes a lay,
Sweet as the darkling Philomel of May.
Haste, haste, ye Nine, and hear a sister sing,
The charms of Cynthia, and the joys of spring :
See ! night’s pale goddess with a grateful beam
Paints her lov’d image in the shadowy stream,
While, round his votary, spring profusely showers
“ A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers.”
O happy nymph, tho’ winter o’er thy head,
Blind to that form, the snow of age shall shed ;
Tho’ life’s short spring and beauty’s blossoms fade,
Still shall thy reason flourish undecay’d ;

Time, tho' he steals the roseate bloom of youth,
Shall spare the charms of virtue and of truth,
And on thy mind new charms, new bloom bestow,
Wisdom's best friend, and only beauty's foe.

Nor shall thy much-lov'd Pennington remain
Unsung, unhonor'd in my votive strain.
See where the soft enchantress, wandering o'er
The fairy ground that Philips trod before,
Exalts her chymic wand, and swift behold
The basest metals ripen into gold.
Beneath her magic touch, with wondering eye,
We view vile copper with pure sterling vie;
Nor shall the farthing, sung by her, forbear
To claim the praises of the smiling fair;
Till chuck and marble shall no more employ
The thoughtless leisure of the truant boy.

Returning now to Thames's flowery side,
See how his waves in still attention glide!
And, hark! what songstress shakes her warbling
throat?
Is it the nightingale, or Delia's note?
The balmy Zephyrs, hovering o'er the fair,
On their soft wings the vocal accents bear;
Thro' Sunbury's low vale the strains rebound,
Even neighbouring Chertsey hears the cheerful
sound,

And wondering sees her Cowley's laurell'd shade
Tranported listen to the tuneful maid.

O may those nymphs, whose pleasing power she
sings,

Still o'er their suppliant wave their fostering wings !

O long may Health and soft-eyed Peace impart

Bloom to her cheek, and rapture to her heart !

Beneath her roof the red-breast shall prolong,

Unchill'd by frost, his tributary song ;

For her the lark shall wake the dappled morn,

And linnet twitter from the blossom'd thorn.

Sing on, sweet maid ! thy Spenser smiles to see

Kind fancy shed her choicest gifts on thee,

And bids his Edwards, on the laurel spray

That shades his tomb, inscribe thy rural lay.

With lovely mien Eugenia now appears,
The muse's pupil from her tenderest years ;
Improving tasks her peaceful hours beguile,
The sister arts on all her labors smile,
And, while the Nine their votary inspire,
“ One dips the pencil, and one strings the lyre.”
O may her life's clear current smoothly glide,
Unruffled by misfortune's boisterous tide !
So while the charmer leads her blameless days
With that content which she so well displays,
Her own Honoria we in her shall view,
And think her allegoric vision true.

Thus wandering wild among the golden grain
That fruitful floats on Bansted's airy plain,
Careless I sung, while summer's western gale
Breath'd health and fragrance thro' the dusky vale.
When from a neighbouring hawthorn, in whose shade
Conceal'd she lay, up-rose th' Aonian maid :
Pleas'd had she listen'd ; and, with smiles, she cried,
" Cease, friendly swain ! be this thy praise and pride,
That thou, of all the numerous tuneful throng,
First in our cause hast fram'd thy generous song.

" And ye, our sister choir ! proceed to tread
The flowery paths of fame, by science led !
Employ by turns the needle and the pen,
And in their favorite studies rival men !
May all our sex your glorious track pursue,
And keep your bright example still in view !
These lasting beauties will in youth engage,
And smooth the wrinkles of declining age,
Secure to bloom, unconscious of decay,
When all Corinna's roses fade away.
For even when love's short triumph shall be o'er,
When youth shall please, and beauty charm no more,
When man shall cease to flatter ; when the eye
Shall cease to sparkle, and the heart to sigh,
In that dread hour, when parent dust shall claim
The lifeless tribute of each kindred frame,
Even then shall wisdom for her chosen fair
The fragrant wreaths of virtuous fame prepare ;

Those wreaths which flourish in a happier clime,
Beyond the reach of envy and of time ;
While here, th' immortalizing muse shall save
Your darling names from dark Oblivion's grave ;
Those names the praise and wonder shall engage
Of every polish'd, wise, and virtuous age ;
To latest times our annals shall adorn,
And save from folly thousands yet unborn."

EPISTLE II.

ON THE *FEMALE RIGHT*

TO LITERATURE.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

Written from Florence.

BY THOMAS SEWARD, M. A.

WHILST you, ATHENIA, with assiduous toil
Reap the rich fruits of learning's fertile soil;
Now search whate'er historic truth hath shewn,
And make the wealth of ages past your own;
Now crop the blossoms of poetic flow'rs,
And range delighted in the Muses' bow'rs;
Say, will the sweetest of her sex attend
To lines by friendship, not by flatt'ry penn'd;
To lines which tempt not worth with empty praise
But to still greater height that worth would raise;
To lines which dare against a world decide,
And stem the rage of custom's rapid tide?

Come then, ATHENIA, freely let us scan
The coward insults of that tyrant, man.
Self-prais'd, and grasping at despotic pow'r,
He looks on slav'ry as the female dow'r ;
To Nature's boon ascribes what force has giv'n,
And usurpation deems the gift of heav'n.
See the first-peopled East, where ASIA sheds
Her balmy spices o'er her fertile meads :
There, while th' ASSYRIAN stretch'd his wide do-
main
From distant Indus to the Cyprian main,
All nature's laws by impious force were broke ;
The female sex to slav'ry's galling yoke
Bow'd their fair necks : from social life confin'd,
And all th' exertions of the enlighten'd mind,
Clos'd in a proud Seraglio's wanton bow'rs,
The dalliance of a tyrant's looser hours.
By kings' examples subjects form their lives,
Dependant satraps had their train of wives ;
Proportion'd pow'r each petty tyrant craves,
And each poor female was the slave of slaves.

When PERSIA next o'erturn'd th' Assyrian throne,
Destroy'd her tyranny and fix'd its own ;
The fair distress'd no milder treatment saw,
This was indeed *th' unalterable law*.
In future times, whatever masters came,
Tyrants were chang'd, but tyranny the same.
At length t' accumulate the female woes,
The grand impostor MAHOMET arose ;

Swoln with prophetic lyes, he lay'd his plan
On the firm basis of the pride of man;
“ Women, the toys of men, and slaves of lust,
Are but meer moulds to form man's outward crust;
The heavenly spark, that animates the clay,
Of the prime essence that effulgent ray,
Th' immortal soul, is all to man confin'd,
Not meanly squander'd on weak woman-kind.”

Accursed wretch ! by hell's black council driv'n
Thus to debase the fairest work of heav'n.
And could Religion rear her sacred head
Fraught with such doctrines ? could such errors
spread
From western TANGIER, and the sun-burnt Moor,
To the cold TARTAR's ever-frozen shore ?
Ev'n GREECE too not exempt, GREECE, once the seat
Where Sense and Freedom held the reins of state ;
Where Force was Reason's hand-maid ; where the
bands
Of Love and Friendship join'd the wedded hands ;
Where flourish'd once, and flourish still in fame
Th' ATHENIAN matron, and the SPARTAN dame.

In ROME too Liberty once reign'd, in ROME
The female virtues were allow'd to bloom,
And bloom they did : when CANNÆ's fatal plain
Was heap'd with mountains of the Roman slain,
Was there a matron wept her children *dead* ?
Was there a matron wept not those that *fled* ?

Then when each rumor seem'd the voice of fate,
And spoke the victor thund'ring at their gate,
Was there one mention'd peace? did they not pour
Their wealth, their jewels, to the public store,
In emulous haste all pressing to be poor?

Alas how chang'd! how are the mighty sunk,
From the firm Patriot so the whining Monk!
Where Industry secur'd the public good,
Where censors, consuls, and dictators plough'd,
Now lazy zealots batten on the spoil,
And consecrated Sloth devours the farmer's toil.
But oh still worse! where Love and Friendship
shone,

Domestic Tyranny has fix'd his throne,
With all his train of monsters: at his side,
Sworn with self-flatteries, sits stiff-neck'd Pride;
Two twin born fiends his other ear engage,
Heart-canker'd Jealousy, and fire-ey'd Rage;
In front, his empire's sole support and source,
Rattling chains, bars, and locks, stalks brutal Force;
Whilst pale and shrivel'd, crouch'd beneath the chair,
Lies sneaking, conscious Worthlessness; and near
Squint-ey'd Suspicion lurks, with self-distracting
Fear.

Hail, happy BRITAIN, dear parental land,
Where Liberty maintains her latest stand!
Oh while amidst tyrannic realms I rove,
Enamor'd let me pour my filial love

In'o thy bosom. When the raven wings
Of darkness hover o'er me, when the springs
Of every outward sense are shut, my soul
Thee oft revisits, oft without control
Ranges thy fields delighted, and inhales
Friendship's pure joys, and Freedom's healthful gales.

But say, BRITANNIA, do thy sons, who claim
A birth-right liberty, dispense the same
In equal scales? Why then does Custom bind
In chains of Ignorance the female mind?
Why is to them the bright ethereal ray
Of Science veil'd? Why does each pedant say,
"Shield me, propitious powers, nor clog my life
With that supreme of plagues, *a learned wife*.
'Tis man's with science to expand the soul,
And wing his eagle flight from pole to pole;
'Tis his to pierce antiquity's dark gloom,
And the still thicker shades of times to come;
'Tis his to guide the pond'rous helm of state,
And bear alone all wisdom's solid weight.
Let woman with alluring graces move
The fondling passions and the baby love;
Be this her only science, be her doom
Fix'd to the toilette, the spinnet and loom."

Tongue-doughty pedant, was ATHENIA's soul
Form'd for these only? Bring th' exactest rule
Of judgment to the trial, prove that e'er
Thy school-proud tribe engross'd a greater share

Of mental excellence ; though vernal Youth
Just swells her lovely bosom, yet blest Truth,
Offspring of Sense and Industry, has there
Long fix'd her residence ; and taught the fair
Or wisdom's deep recesses to explore,
Or on invention's rapid wings to soar
Above th' Aonian mount ; and canst thou think
That Virtues, which exalt the soul, can sink
The outward charms ? must Knowledge give offence ?
And are the Graces all at war with Sense ?
Say, who of all the fair is form'd to move
The fondest passions, most ecstatic love,
More than *ATHENIA* ? in her gentle eye
Soft innocence and virgin modesty
Incessant shine, while still a new-born grace
Springs in each speaking feature of her face.
Her sprightly wit no forward pertness spoils ;
No self-assuming air her judgment soils ;
Still prone to learn, though capable to teach,
And lofty all her thoughts, but humble all her speech.
Proceed, *ATHENIA*, let thy growing mind
Take every knowledge in of every kind :
Still on perfection fix thy steady eye,
Be ever rising, rise thou ne'er so high.
But oh reflect, that in th' advent'rous flight,
Thou mount'st a glorious, but a dangerous height :
When every science, every grace shall join,
When most thy wit, when most thy beauties shine,
When thickest crowds enamor'd press around,
When loudest every tongue thy praise shall sound,

When verse too offers incense to thy shrine,
And adoration breathes in every line,
Then let my friendly Muse express her care,
Then most will danger spread her viewless snare :
Then let this truth possess thy inmost soul,
“ One drop of Vanity may spoil the whole.”

Not self-secure on earth can Knowledge dwell,
Knowledge the bliss of heav'n and pang of hell,
Alike the instrument of good and evil,
The attribute of God, and of the Devil.
Without her, Virtue is a powerless will :
She, without Virtue, is a powerful ill ;
Does she then join with Virtue, or oppose,
She proves the best of Friends, or worst of Foes.
O! be they once in happiest union join'd,
And be that union in *ATHENIA*'s mind.

EPISTLE III.

TO THE
PRINCE OF ORANGE,

ON HIS
PASSING THROUGH OXFORD,
In His Return from Bath.

BY WALTER HARTE, M. A.

AT length, in pity to a nation's prayer,
Thou liv'st, O Nassau, Providence's care!
Life's sun, which lately with a dubious ray
Gave the last gleams of a short, glorious day,
Again with more than noon-tide lustre burns;
The dial brightens, and the line returns.

Some guardian power, who o'er thy fate presides,
Whose eye unerring Albion's welfare guides,
Taught yonder streams with new-felt force to flow,
And bade th' exalted minerals doubly glow.
Thus cold and motionless Bethesda stood,
Till heavenly influence brooded o'er the flood.

Lo, while our isle with one loud paean rings,
Equal, though silent, homage Isis brings;

Hers is the task of Reason, not of Art,
Words of the mind, and actions of the heart !

And sure that unbought praise which Learning
brings,
Outweighs the vast acclaim that deafens kings;
For souls, supremely sensible and great,
See through the farce of noise, and pomp of state ;
Mark when the fools huzza, or wise rejoice,
And judge exactly between sound and voice.

Hail, and proceed ! be arts like ours thy care,
Nor slight those laurels thou wert born to wear :
Adorn and emulate thy glorious line,
Take thy forefathers worth, and give them thine.
Blest with each gift that human hearts can move,
In science blest, but doubly blest in love.

Power, Beauty, Virtue, dignify thy choice,
Each public suffrage, and each private voice.

EPISTLE IV.

TO
MR. POPE.

By the Same.

To move the springs of nature as we please,
To think with spirit, but to write with ease ;
With living words to warm the conscious heart,
Or please the soul with nicer charms of art ;
For this the Grecian soar'd in Epic strains,
And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains :
Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton struck his heavenly lyre.

'Tis your's, like these with curious toil to trace
The powers of language, harmony, and grace ;
How Nature's self with living lustre shines,
How judgment strengthens, and how art refines ;
How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
And force a pleasure which we dare not blame ;
To charm us more through negligence than pains,
And give e'en life and action to the strains :
Led by some law, whose powerful impulse guides
Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides ;

Some fairer image of perfection given
T' inspire mankind, itself deriv'd from heaven.

O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise,
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays !
Add that the Sisters every thought refine,
Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line ;
Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind :
Not critics, but their planets, prove unjust :
And are they blam'd who sin because thy must ?

Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays ;
I cannot rival—and yet dare to praise.
A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage,
Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigor, Virgil's studious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.

So seems some picture, where exact design,
And curious pains, and strength, and sweetness join ;
Where the free thought its pleasing grace bestows,
And each warm stroke with living color glows ;
Soft without weakness, without labor fair,
Wrought up at once with happiness and care !

How blest the man that from the world removes,
To joys that Mordaunt, or his Pope, approves ;

Whose taste exact each author can explore,
And live the present and past ages o'er ;
Who, free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
Moves calmly forward to the verge of life :
Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
To live by reason, and to write by thee !

Nor deem this verse, though humble, a disgrace ;
All are not born the glory of their race :
Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
And trace his footsteps in the paths to fame.
The Muse, who now this early homage pays,
First learn'd from thee to animate her lays :
A Muse as yet unhonor'd, but unstain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd ;
Unbias'd or to censure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend ;
Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

EPISTLE V.

TO
DEAN SWIFT

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY,
WITH PINE'S HORACE FINELY BOUND.

Written by
J. SICAN, M. D.
[IN THE CHARACTER OF HORACE.]

YOU'VE read, Sir, in poetic strain,
How Varrus and the Mantuan Swain
Have on my birth-day been invited
(But I was forc'd in verse to write it)
Upon a plain repast to dine,
And taste my old Campanian wine ;
But I, who all punctilios hate,
Though long familiar with the great,
Nor glory in my reputation,
Am come without an invitation,
And though I'm us'd to right Falernian,
I'll deign for once to taste Iernian ;
But fearing that you might dispute
(Had I put on a common suit,)

My breeding and my politesse,
I visit in a birth-day dress ;
My coat of purest Turkey-red,
With gold embroid'ry richly spread ;
To which I've sure as good pretensions,
As Irish lords who starve on pensions.
What though proud ministers of state
Did at your antichamber wait ;
What though your Oxfords, and your St. John's,
Have at your levee paid attendance ;
And Peterborough and great Ormond,
With many chiefs who now are dormant,
Have laid aside the gen'ral's staff
And public cares, with you to laugh ;
Yet I some friends as good can name,
Nor less the darling sons of fame ;
For sure my Pollio and Maecenas
Were as good statesmen, Mr. Dean, as
Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
Though they made Lewis beg a parley :
And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
I'll match him with my Drusus Nero.
You'll boast perhaps your fav'rite Pope ;
But Virgil is as good I hope.
I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Helsham and Delany ;
Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian isle Hippocrates ;
Since Tully liv'd before my time,
And Galen bless'd another clime.

You'll plead perhaps to my request,
To be admitted as a guest,
Your hearing's bad :—But why such fears ?
I speak to eyes, and not to ears ;
And for that reason wisely took
The form you see me in, a book.
Attack'd, by slow-devouring moths,
By rage of barb'rous Huns and Goths,
By Bentley's notes, my deadliest foes,
By Creech's rhimes and Dunster's prose ;
I found my boasted wit and fire
In their rude hands almost expire :
Yet still they but in vain assail'd,
For, had their violence prevail'd,
And in a blast destroy'd my fame,
They would have partly miss'd their aim ;
Since all my spirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age.
'Tis yours to save these small remains
From future pedant's muddy brains,
And fix my long-uncertain fate,
You best know how :—Which way ?—Translate.

EPISTLE VI.

TO THE
RIGHT HON. THE LADY
MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY,

Presented with a Collection of Poems.

BY SOAME JENTYNS, ESQ.

THE tuneful throng was ever beauty's care,
And verse a tribute sacred to the fair.
Hence in each age the loveliest nymph has been,
By undisputed right, the Muses' queen ;
Her smiles have all poetic bosoms fir'd,
And patroniz'd the verse themselves inspir'd :
LESBIA presided thus in Roman times,
Thus SACCHARISSA reign'd o'er British rhymes,
And present bards to MARGARETTA bow,
For, what they were of old, is HARLEY now.

From OXFORD's house, in these dull busy days,
Alone we hope for patronage, or praise ;
He to our slighted labors still is kind,
Beneath his roof w' are ever sure to find
(Reward sufficient for the world's neglect)
Charms to inspire, and goodness to protect :

Your eyes with rapture animate our lays,
Your sire's kind hand uprears our drooping bays,
Form'd for our glory and support, ye seem,
Our constant patron he, and you our theme.
Where should poetic homage then be pay'd ?
Where every verse, but at your feet be lay'd ?
A double right you to this empire bear,
As first in beauty, and as OXFORD's heir.

Illustrious maid ! in whose sole person join'd
Every perfection of the fair we find,
Charms that might warrant all her sex's pride,
Without one foible of her sex to hide :
Good-nature, artless as the bloom that dies
Her cheeks, and wit as piercing as her eyes.
Oh HARLEY ! could you but these lines approve,
These children sprung from idleness, and love,
Could they (but ah how vain is the design !)
Hope to amuse your hours, as once they've mine,
Th' ill-judging world's applause, and critic's blame
Alike I'd scorn ; your approbation's fame.

EPISTLE VII.

TO

A LADY,

SENT WITH A PRESENT OF
SHELLS AND STONES DESIGNED FOR
A GROTTO.

By the Same.

WITH gifts like these, the spoils of neighb'ring
shores,
The Indian swain his sable love adores,
Off'rings well suited to the dusky shrine
Of his rude goddess, but unworthy mine :
And yet they seem not such a worthless prize,
If nicely view'd by philosophic eyes:
And such are yours, that nature's works admire
With warmth like that, which they themselves in-
spire.

To such how fair appears each grain of sand,
Or humblest weed, as wrought by nature's hand !
How far superior to all human pow'r
Springs the green blade, or buds the painted flow'r !

In all her births, though of the meanest kinds,
A just observer entertainment finds,
With fond delight her low productions sees,
And how she gently rises by degrees ;
A shell, or stone he can with pleasure view,
Hence trace her noblest works, the heav'ns—and you.

Behold how bright these gaudy trifles shine,
The lovely sportings of a hand divine !
See with what art each curious shell is made,
Here carv'd in fret-work, there with pearl inlaid !
What vivid streaks th' enamel'd stones adorn,
Fair as the paintings of the purple morn !
Yet still not half their charms can reach our eyes,
While thus confus'd the sparkling Chaos lies ;
Doubly they'll please, when in your Grotto plac'd,
They plainly speak the fair disposer's taste ;
Then glories yet unseen shall o'er them rise,
New order from your hand, new lustre from your
eyes.

How sweet, how charming, will appear this Grot,
When by your art to full perfection brought !
Here verdant plants, and blooming flow'rs will grow,
There bubbling currents through the shell-work flow ;
Here coral mix'd with shells of various dies,
There polish'd stone will charm our wond'ring eyes ;
Delightful bow'r of bliss ! secure retreat !
Fit for the Muses, and *STATIRA*'s seat.

But still how good must be that fair-one's mind,
Who thus in solitude can pleasure find !
The Muse her company, good-sense her guide,
Resistless charms her pow'r, but not her pride ;
Who thus forsakes the town, the park, and play,
In silent shades to pass her hours away ;
Who better likes to breathe fresh country air,
Than ride imprison'd in a velvet chair,
And makes the warbling nightingale her choice,
Before the thrills of FARINELLI's voice ;
Prefers her books, and conscience void of ill,
To concerts, balls, assemblies, and quadrille :
Sweet bow'rs more pleas'd, than gilded chariots sees,
For groves the play-house quits, and beaus for trees.

Blest is the man, whom heav'n shall grant one
hour,
With such a lovely nymph, in such a lovely bow'r.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO A
LADY,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER
WRITTEN IN A VERY FINE HAND.

By the Same.

WHILST well-wrote lines our wond'ring eyes command,
The beauteous work of CHLOE's artful hand,
Throughout the finish'd piece we see display'd
Th' exactest image of the lovely maid;
Such is her wit, and such her form divine,
This pure, as flows the style through every line,
That, like each letter, exquisitely fine.

See with what art the sable currents stain
In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain!
Thus o'er the meadows wrap'd in silver snow
Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow;
Thus jetty curls in shining ringlets deck
The ivory plain of lovely CHLOE's neck:

See, like some virgin, whose unmeaning charms
Receive new lustre from a lover's arms,
The yielding paper's pure, but vacant breast,
By her fair hand and flowing pen impress'd,
At every touch more animated grows,
And with new life and new ideas glows;
Fresh beauties, from the kind defiler gains,
And shines each moment brighter from its stains.

Let mighty Love no longer boast his darts,
That strike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts;
CHLOE, your quill can equal wonders do,
Wound full as sure, and at a distance too:
Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,
From pole to pole you send your great commands;
To distant climes in vain the lover flies,
Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'scapes your eyes;
So those, who from the sword in battle run,
But perish victims to the distant gun.

Beauty's a short-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,
But these are charms no ages can devour;
These, far superior to the brightest face,
Triumph alike o'er time, as well as space,
When that fair form, which thousands now adore,
By years decay'd, shall tyrannize no more,
These lovely lines shall future ages view,
And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.

How oft do I admire with fond delight
The curious piece, and wish like you to write !
Alas, vain hope ! that might as well aspire
To copy PAULO's stroke, or TITIAN's fire :
Ev'n now your splendid lines before me lie,
And I in vain to imitate them try ;
Believe me, fair, I'm practising this art,
To steal your hand, in hopes to steal your heart.

EPISTLE IX.

TO A
LADY,

ON A
LANDSCAPE OF HER DRAWING.

BY MR. PARROT.

BEHOLD the magic of Theresa's hand!
A new creation blooms at her command.
Touch'd into life the vivid colors glow,
Catch the warm stream, and quicken as they flow.
The ravish'd sight the pleasing landscape fills,
Here sink the valleys, and there rise the hills.
Not with more horror nods bleak Calpe's height,
Than here the pictur'd rock astounds the sight.
Not Thames more devious-winding leaves his source,
Than here the wand'ring rivers shape their course.
Obliquely lab'ring runs the gurgling rill;
Still murm'ring runs, or seems to murmur still.
An aged oak, with hoary moss o'erspread,
Here lifts aloft its venerable head;

There overshadowing hangs a sacred wood,
And nods inverted in the neighb'ring flood.
Each tree as in its native forest shoots,
And blushing bends with Autumn's golden fruits.
Thy pencil lends the rose a lovelier hue,
And gives the lily fairer to our view.
Here fruits and flow'rs adorn the varied year,
And paradise with all its sweets is here.
There stooping to its fall a tow'r appears,
With tempests shaken, and a weight of years.
The daisied meadow, and the woodland green,
In order rise, and fill the various scene.

Some parts, in light magnificently dress'd,
Obtrusive enter, and stand all confess'd ;
Whilst others decently in shades are thrown,
And by concealing make their beauties known.
Alternate thus and mutual is their aid,
The lights owe half their lustre to the shade.

So the bright fires that light the milky way,
Lost and extinguish'd in the solar ray ;
In the sun's absence pour a flood of light,
And borrow all their brightness from the night.

To cheat our eyes how well dost thou contrive !
Each object here seems real and alive.
Not more resembling life the figures stand,
Form'd by Lycippus, or by Phidias' hand.

Unnumber'd beauties in the piece unite,
Rush on the eye and crowd upon the sight;
At once our wonder and delight you raise,
We view with pleasure, and with rapture praise.

EPISTLE X.

TO

A YOUNG LADY

WHO PAINTS VERY WELL, BUT ALWAYS DRAWS
HER OWN SEX TO DISADVANTAGE.

BY J. WHALEY, M. A.

INGENIOUS Fair, in whose well-mingled dyes,
Reflected charms delight our ravish'd eyes;
On whose soft pencil every beauty waits,
That Nature boasts, or happy Art creates :
Say, when thy fancy prompts thee to display
The blooming flowers that deck the youthful May,
Seek you not all that colors can supply
To cheat our senses, and delude our eye ;
Strives not your every stroke with anxious pain,
The whiteness of the lily to retain ?
Blot you not out the ill-united shades,
If but one tulip on your canvas fades ?
And swells not with a conscious joy your breast,
If in the happy tints you see express'd
The glowing blushes of the rose increast ?

Whence strive you then, to hurt your own fair kind?
How came your injuries to them confin'd ?
Whence dares your pencil offer to disgrace
Such looks as well might hint an Angel's face ?
What secret passion aids thy touch with spite
To darken Chloe's brown, or taint Clarinda's white ?
Say, is it Envy guides thy faithless line ?
Can meagre Envy dwell in breasts like thine ?
With trembling dost thou Caelia's features trace,
Or fear that Mira's smiles should thine disgrace ?

Thy own fair self, mistaken charmer, view,
Learn thy own power, and let thy paint be true.
With kindly care thy happiest colors blend,
And strive what Nature fairest forms to mend :
From Chloe's eye bid keener lightnings flow ;
Teach Caelia's cheeks with softer red to glow :
Still, still, bright Nymph, unrival'd shalt thou shine ;
Thy paint is charming, but thy form divine.

EPISTLE XI.

TO
MISS CHARLOTTE COLLINS,
OF WINCHESTER,

ON HER
DRAWING THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

O matre pulchra, filia pulchrior !

How true the mimic forms appear,
The ebon shield and glitt'ring spear !
The piercing eye, the steady mien,
As erst in Athens she was seen ;
Or rising from her borrow'd guise,
She struck th' astonish'd Grecian's eyes.
And in celestial radiance drest,
The martial goddess stood confest.

With brow indignant and severe,
See Juno, jealous Queen, appear ;
Stern, as when slighted by her God,
She made Heav'n tremble at her nod.
But these are Fancy's airy train,
That fir'd old Homer's epic strain ;
Made heroes fight and deities jar,
And kept alive a ten years war.

Charlotte, thy pencil's skill'd to trace
Superior forms and easier grace :
Why copy then what Fiction drew,
When Nature holds herself to view !
Cease on this Cyprian form to gaze,
And trust thy faithful mirror's rays ;
By its reflected aid, you'll know
More vivid tints, the warmer glow.
The auburn ringlet—brilliant eye—
Dimples—where Loves in ambush lie—
Teeth—as the Ceylon ivory white—
Lips—with the Persian coral dight—
The graceful neck—and swelling breast—
Here Fancy blushing paints the rest.

EPISTLE XII.

TO A
YOUNG LADY,

WITH
FONTENELLE'S PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

BY
EDWARD ROLLE, B. D.

IN this small work, all nature's wonders see,
The soften'd features of philosophy.
In truth by easy steps you here advance,
Truth as diverting as the best romance.
Long had these arts to sages been confin'd,
None saw their beauty, 'till by poring blind ;
By studying spent, like men that cram too full,
From Wisdom's feast they rose not chear'd, but
dull :

The gay and airy smil'd to see 'em grave,
And fled such wisdom like Trophonius' cave.
Justly they thought they might those arts despise,
Which made men sullen, ere they could be wise.

Brought down to sight, with ease you view 'em
here ;
Though deep the bottom, yet the stream is clear.
Your flutt'ring sex still valu'd science less ;
Careless of any but the arts of dress.
Their useless time was idly thrown away
On empty novels, or some new-born play ;
The best, perhaps, a few loose hours might spare
For some unmeaning thing, miscall'd a prayer.
In vain the glitt'ring orbs, each starry night,
With mingling blazes shed a flood of light :
Each nymph with cold indiff'rence saw 'em rise ;
And, taught by fops, to them preferr'd her eyes.
None thought the stars were suns so widely sown,
None dreamt of other worlds, besides our own.
Well might they boast their charms, when every fair
Thought this world all ; and her's the brightest here.
Ah! quit not the large thoughts this book inspires,
For those thin trifles which your sex admires :
Assert your claim to sense, and shew mankind,
That reason is not to themselves confin'd.
The haughty belle, whose beauty's awful shrine
'Twere sacrilege t' imagine not divine,
Who thought so greatly of her eyes before,
Bid her read this, and then be vain no more.
How poor ev'n you, who reign without control,
If we except the beauties of your soul !
Should all beholders feel the same surprise :
Should all who see you, see you with my eyes ;

Were no sick blasts to make that beauty less ;
Should you be what I think, what all confess :
'Tis but a narrow space those charms engage ;
One island only, and not half an age !

EPISTLE XIII.

TO

A FRIEND.

OCCASIONED BY

AN ODE

WRITTEN BY MRS. CATH. PHILIPS.

BY MRS. CARTER.

NARCISSA! still thro' every varying name,
My constant care and bright enlivening theme,
In what soft language shall the Muse declare
The fond extravagance of love sincere?
How all those pleasing sentiments convey
That charm my fancy, when I think on thee?
A theme like this Orinda's thoughts inspir'd,
Nor less by Friendship, than by Genius fir'd.
Then let her happier, more persuasive art
Explain th' agreeing dictates of my heart:
Sweet may her fame to late remembrance bloom,
And everlasting laurels shade her tomb,
Whose spotless verse with genuine force exprest
The brightest passion of the human breast.

In what blest clime, beneath what favoring skies,
Did thy fair form, propitious Friendship, rise ?
With mystic sense, the poet's tuneful tongue
Urania's birth in glittering fiction sung ;
That Paphos first her smiling presence own'd,
Which wide diffus'd its happy influence round.
With hands united, and with looks serene,
Th' attending graces hail'd their new-born queen ;
The zephyrs round her wav'd their purple wing,
And shed the fragrance of the breathing spring ;
The rosy hours, advanc'd in silent flight,
Led sparkling youth, and ever new delight.
Soft sigh the winds, the waters gently roll,
A purer azure vest the lucid pole,
All nature welcom'd in the beauteous train,
And heaven and earth smil'd conscious of the scene.

But long ere Paphos rose, or poet sung,
In heavenly breasts the sacred passion sprung :
The same bright flames in raptur'd seraphs glow,
As warm consenting tempers here below :
While one attraction, Mortal, Angel, binds,
Virtue, which forms the unison of minds :
Friendship her soft harmonious touch affords,
And gently strikes the sympathetic chords,
Th' agreeing notes in social measures roll,
And the sweet concert flows from soul to soul.

By heaven's enthusiastic impulse taught,
What shining visions rose on Plato's thought !

While by the Muses' gently winding flood,
His searching fancy trac'd the sovereign good !
The laurel'd sisters touch'd the vocal lyre,
And wisdom's goddess led their tuneful choir.
Beneath the genial Plantane's spreading shade,
How sweet the philosophic music play'd !
Thro' all the grove, along the flowery shore,
The charming sounds responsive echoes bore.
Here, from the cares of vulgar life refin'd,
Immortal pleasures open'd on his mind :
In gay succession to his ravish'd eyes
The animating powers of Beauty rise ;
On every object round, above, below,
Quick to the sight her vivid colors glow :
Yet, not to matter's shadowy forms confin'd,
The fair and good he sought remain'd behind ;
Till gradual rising thro' the boundless whole,
He view'd the blooming graces of the soul ;
Where, to the beam of intellectual day,
The genuine charms of moral beauty play :
With pleasing force the strong attractions move
Each finer sense, and tune it into love.

EPISTLE XIV.

TO

MYRTILIS.

THE NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.

BY

SAM. JOHNSON, L. L. D.

MADAM,

LONG have I look'd my tablets o'er,
And find I've much to thank you for ;
Out-standing debts beyond account,
And new—who knows to what amount ?
Tho' small my wealth, not small my soul :
Come, then at once, I'll pay the whole.

Ye Powers ! I'm rich, and will command
The host of slaves that round me stand ;
Come, Indian, quick disclose thy store,
And hither bring Peruvian ore ;
Let yonder negro pierce the main,
The choicest, largest pearl to gain :

Let all my slaves their arts combine
To make the blushing ruby mine,
From eastern thrones the diamonds bear
To sparkle at her breast and ear.
Swift, Scythian, point th' unerring dart,
That strikes the Ermine's little heart,
And search for choicest furs the globe
To make my MYRTILIS a robe.

Ah, no : Yon Indian will not go,
No Scythian deigns to bend his bow.
No sullen Negro shoots the flood.
How, slaves!——Or am I understood ?
All, all, my empty power disown,
I turn and find myself alone ;
'Tis Fancy's vain illusion all,
Nor Moor nor Scythian waits my call.
Can I command, can I consign ?
Alas, what earthly thing is mine ?

Come then, my Muse, companion dear
Of poverty, and soul sincere,
Come dictate to my grateful mind
A gift that may acceptance find ;
Come, gentle Muse, and with thee bear
An offering worthy thee and her ;
And though thy presents be but poor,
My MYRTILIS will ask no more.

An heart that scorns a shameful thing,
With love and verse, is all I bring,
Of love and verse the gift receive,
'Tis all thy servant has to give.

If all whate'er my verse has told,
Golconda's gems, and Afric's gold ;
If all were mine from pole to pole,
How large her share who shares my soul ?
But more than these may Heaven impart ;
Be thine the treasures of the heart ;
Be calm, and glad thy future days
With Virtue's peace, and Virtue's praise.
Let jealous pride, and sleepless Care,
And wasting Grief, and black Despair
And Langour chill, and Anguish fell,
For ever shun thy grove and cell ;
There only may the happy train
Of Love, and Joy, and Peace, remain :
May Plenty, with exhaustless store,
Employ thy hand to feed the poor,
And ever on thy honor'd head
The prayer of Gratitude be shed.

A happy mother may'st thou see
Thy smiling virtuous progeny,
Whose sportful tricks, and airy play,
Fraternal love, and prattle gay,

Or wonderous tale, or joyful song
May lure the lingering hours along,
Till Death arrive, unfelt, unseen,
With gentle pace, and placid mien,
And waft thee to that happy shore,
Where wishes can have place no more.

EPISTLE XV.

TO
A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER PLAYING UPON THE HARPSICORD,

In a Room hung with some Flower-Pieces of her own Painting.

By the Same.

WHEN STELLA strikes the tuneful string
In scenes of imitated Spring,
Where beauty lavishes her powers,
On beds of never-fading flowers,
And Pleasure propagates around
Each charm of modulated sound,
Ah! think not in the dangerous hour,
The Nymph fictitious as the flower;
But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the snares of wily love.

When charms thus press on every sense,
What thought of flight, or of defence?
Deceitful Hope, and vain Desire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting, as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye.

And forming, with unerring art,
New chains to hold the captive heart.
But on these regions of delight,
Might Truth intrude with daring flight,
Could STELLA, sprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral song,
Instruction with her flowers might spring,
And Wisdom warble from her string.

Mark, when from thousand mingled dyes,
Thou seest one pleasing form arise,
How active light, and thoughtful shade,
In greater scenes each other aid ;
Mark, when the different notes agree
In friendly contrariety,
How passion's well-accorded strife,
Gives all the harmony of life,
Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,
Consistent still, though not the same,
Thy music teach the nobler art
To tune the regulated heart.

EPISTLE XVI.

TO

MRS. CREWE.

BY THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

WHERE the loveliest expression to features is join'd,
By nature's most delicate pencil design'd ;
Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart ;
Where in manners, inclianting, no blemish we trace,
But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face ;
Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove,
Defences unequal to shield us from love :
Then tell me, mysterious enchanter, oh, tell !
By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,
My heart is so fenc'd, that for once I am wise,
And gaze without rapture on Amoret's eyes ;
That my wishes, which never were bounded before,
Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more,
Is't reason ? No ; that my whole life will belye,
For who so at variance, as reason and I ?
Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,
Nor allows any softer sensation a part ?

O, no! for in this all the world must agree,
One folly was never sufficient for me.
Is my mind on distress too intensely employ'd,
Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloy'd?
For alike in this only, enjoyment and pain,
Both slacken the springs of those nerves which they
strain.

That I've felt each reverse that from fortune can flow,
That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,
Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,
Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife.
But tho' vers'd in th' extremes both of pleasure and
pain,

I am still but too ready to feel them again:
If, then, for this once in my life, I am free,
And escape from a snare might catch wiser than me;
'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,
For tho' brightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness that
warms:

As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
But feel not their warmth, tho' their splendor we
praise,

So beauty, our just admiration may claim,
But love, and love only, the heart can enflame.

EPISTLE XVII.

TO THE

RIGHT HON.

HENRY PELHAM.

BY

EDWARD MOORE.

*THE humble Petition of the worshipful Company of Poets
and News-writers,*

SHEWETH,

THAT your honor's petitioners (dealers in rhymes,
And writers of scandal, for mending the times),
By losses in bus'ness, and England's well-doing,
Are sunk in their credit, and verging on ruin.

That these their misfortunes, they humbly conceive,
Arise not from dullness, as some folks believe,
But from rubs in their way, that your honor has laid,
And want of materials to carry on trade.

That they always had form'd high conceits of their
use,
And meant their last breath should go out in abuse ;
But now (and they speak it with sorrow and tears),
Since your honor has sate at the helm of affairs,
No party will join 'em, no faction invite
To heed what they say, or to read what they write ;
Sedition, and Tumult, and Discord are fled,
And Slander scarce ventures to lift up her head—
In short, public bus'ness is so carry'd on,
That their country is sav'd, and the patriots undone.

To perplex him still more, and sure famine to
bring
(Now satire has lost both its truth and its sting),
If, in spite of their natures, they bungle at praise,
Your honor regards not, and nobody pays.

YOUR Petitioners therefore most humbly entreat
(As times will allow, and your honor thinks meet)
That measures be chang'd, and some cause of com-
plaint
Be immediately furnish'd, and end their restraint ;
Their credit thereby, and their trade to retrieve,
That again they may rail, and the nation believe.

Or else (if your wisdom shall deem it all one),
Now the parliament's rising, and bus'ness is done,

That your honor would please, at this dangerous crisis,
To take to your bosom a few private vices;
By which your petitioners, haply, might thrive,
And keep both themselves, and contention alive.

In compassion, good Sir! give 'em something to
say,
And your honor's petitioners ever shall pray.

EPISTLE XVIII.

ON THE ROYAL NUPTIALS.

Addressed to
THE QUEEN.

BY JOSEPH SPENCE, M. A.

AT length the gallant navy from afar
Rises in prospect, with expanded wings
Improving the kind gale, so long delay'd ;
And wins in pompous pride her easy way
To Albion's shore, charg'd with the precious freight
Of England's dearest hopes, and George's love.
Not so desir'd, nor with such treasure fraught,
Arrives the wealthy convoy, from the coast
Of Ceylon or Golconda ; laden deep
With spicy drugs, barbaric gems, and gold.
Nor he who circled in his daring course
The globe entire, old Ocean's utmost round,
Brought back so rich a prize, though with the spoils
Of proud Iberia loaded he return'd ;
Or captive in his halsers when he dragg'd
The vanquish'd Gallic fleets ; as now he brings,
More welcome, from Germania's friendly shore.

Hail kindred regions, dear parental soil,
Saxonian plains! where deep Visurgis flows,
Where Leina's doubly-honour'd waters glide,
Where mighty Albis draws his humid train!
England to you with grateful homage pays
Filial obeysance meet: to you she owes
Her name, her tribes, her generous race; to you
Her first, her latest blessings. Forth from you
Issued our sires, old Woden's high-born sons;
Great Woden deem'd a god, with uncouth rites
By his rude offspring worshipp'd: they their course
Adventurous steer'd to these alluring shores.
First Hengist, valiant chief; nor yet less wise
Than valiant: he the Cantian wold obtain'd,
His new domain; yielded by social league,
Or won by fair Rowena's conquering charms.
Next Ella, Cerdic, and th' intrepid race
Of Anglians from Eydora's northern stream,
Pour'd in their numerous hosts: nor British prowess,
Nor Merlin's spells, nor Arthur's puissant sword,
Hight Caliburn, fam'd in romantic tale,
Could long withstand th' impetuous onset bold
Of our great sires in battle. Soon they rais'd
On Britain's ruins seven imperial thrones;
Seven thrones conjoin'd at length in Cerdic's race:
From whose high source the stream of regal blood,
Thro' the long line of English monarchs, flows
Down to th' illustrious house of Lunenbourg,
From antient Brunswick nam'd, (Brunswick, the seat

Primeval of Saxonian chieftains old)
To George, great heir of Anglo-Saxon kings.

And Thou, Saxonia's brightest ornament
Erewhile, now England's boast, and highest pride,
Welcome to these congenial shores ; to this
Ambiguous land, another Saxony.
See thine own people, thy compatriot tribes,
With heart-felt joy, and zealous loud acclaim,
Thy blest arrival hail. Tho' sever'd long
From their original soil, on foreign stock
Tho' grafted, not degenerate : still within
Works the wild vigor of the parent root.
Rough, hardy, brave ; by force intractable,
Or lawless rule ; patient of equal sway ;
With civil freedom tempering regal power.
Be this thy better country ; nor regret
Thy natal plains, tho' dear : here thou shalt find
What largely shall o'erpay thy loss. Lo ! here
Thy Parent, Brother, Friend, all charities
Compris'd in one, thy consort, with fond wish,
Expects thee ; scepter'd George, with every grace
Adorn'd ; yet more renown'd for virtue's praise,
Faith, honor, in green years wisdom mature,
True majesty with awful goodness crown'd.
He shall assuage thy grief : his thoughtful breast,
Studious of England's glory and Europe's weal,
Thou in return shalt sooth with tender smiles,
Endearing blandishment, and equal love.

Nor shall, heaven's gift, fruit of the genial bed
Be wanting ; pledge of public happiness
Secure ; dear source of long domestic joys.
Here shalt thou reign, a second Caroline ;
Diffusing from the throne a milder ray,
Soft beauty's unexpressive influence sweet.
Prompt to relieve th' opprest ; to wipe away
The widow's tears ; to call forth modest worth ;
To cherish drooping virtue : patroness
Of science and of arts ; friend to the muse,
Of every grateful muse the favorite theme.

Hail, sovereign lady, dearest dread ! accept
Even now this homage of th' officious muse,
That on the verge extreme of Albion's cliff
With gratulation thy first steps prevents,
Tho' mean, yet ardent ; and salutes thine ear
With kindred accents in Teutonic lays.

EPISTLE XIX.

ON THE
DEATH OF
KING GEORGE THE SECOND,
AND ACCESSION OF
KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
WILLIAM PITT,
[Afterwards Earl of Chatham.]

BEING THE CONCLUDING COPY OF OXFORD VERSES.

BY THOMAS WARTON, B. D.

So stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that Science sheds on Glory's grave !
So pure the vows which classic duty pays
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays !—
O Pitt ! if chosen strains have power to steal
Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal ;
If votive verse, from sacred Isis sent,
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans which ancient Freedom drew,
Awhile with fond attention deign to view
This ample wreath, which all th' assembled Nine
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.

Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause !
Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
The duteous Muse, whose haste officious brings
Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings :
Thy tongue well tutor'd in historic lore,
Can speak her office and her use of yore :
For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
Her harp dispens'd in Graecia's golden days :
Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
She cull'd to deck the guiltless monarch's crown ;
When virtuous Pindar, told with Tuscan gore
How scepter'd Hiero stain'd Sicilia's shore,
Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd
Bright vales where spirits of the brave repos'd :
Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd she sate,
The decent hand-maid, not the slave of state :
Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
To blend the lustre of her country's fame :
For, taught like ours, she dar'd with prudent pride,
Obedience from dependance to divide :
Tho' princes claim'd her tributary lays,
With truth severe she temper'd partial praise ;
Conscious she kept her native dignity,
Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.

And sure if e'er the Muse indulg'd her strains,
With just regard, to grace heroic reigns,
Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
So dear to fame as George's trophied throne ?

At whose firm base, thy stedfast soul aspires
To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires :
Aspires to baffle faction's specious claim,
Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim :
Once more the main her conquering banners sweep,
Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
Thy fix'd resolve renews each fair decree,
That made; that kept of yore, thy country free.
Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
Its willing youth the rural empire arms :
Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
March the firm leaders of their faithful swains ;
As erst stout archers from the farm or fold,
Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.
Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
The war of words, the sophistries of state ;
Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine :
For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
To feel, to think, to speak for public good.
In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes ;
One common cause, one common end prescribes ;
Nor fear nor fraud, or spares or screens the foe,
But spirit prompts, and valor strikes the blow.
O Pitt, while honor points thy liberal plan,
And o'er the minister exalts the man,
Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,
Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay ;
For science still is justly fond to blend,
With thine, her practice, principles, and end.

'Tis not for her, by false connections drawn,
At splendid Slavery's sordid shrine to fawn ;
Each native effort of the feeling breast
To friends, to foes, in servile fear, suppress :
'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
The phantom favors of the cringing crew ;
More useful toils her studious hours engage,
And fairer lessons fill her spotless page :
Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
With nobler arts she forms the rising race :
With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
In elder times she woo'd Munificence
To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
And lift her temples nearer to the skies ;
Princes and prelates stretch'd the social band,
To form, diffuse, and fix her high command :
From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek the prize,
From kings, like George, benignant, just, and wise.

Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
This humble present of no partial Muse,
From that calm bower, which nurs'd thy thoughtful
youth

In the pure precepts of Athenian truth :
Where first the form of British Liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye :
That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw :
Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
Which every classic Grace had learn'd to rove)

Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington to feign
The blessings of her visionary reign;
That reign, which now no more an empty theme,
Adorns philosophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
In full reality this favor'd isle.

EPISTLE XX.

ON THE
MARRIAGE OF
KING GEORGE THE THIRD,
AND
QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

TO THE QUEEN.

By the Same.

WHEN first the kingdom to thy virtues due
Rose from the billowy deep in distant view ;
When Albion's isles, old Ocean's peerless pride,
Tower'd in imperial state above the tide ;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign !

And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat,
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat :
Lo ! this the land where Freedom's sacred rage
Has glow'd untam'd, thro' many a martial age.
Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,
Rear'd on one base the king's, the people's good ;

Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low :
Here wak'd the flame that still superior braves
The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves :
Here chivalry, stern school of valor old,
Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd ;
Heroic champions heard the clarion's call,
And throng'd the board in Edward's banner'd hall ;
While chiefs, like George, approv'd in worth alone,
Unlock'd chaste beauty's adamant zone.
Lo ! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
What fertile fields her temperate suns display ;
Where Property secures the conscious swain,
And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain :
Hence ripe with stores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound ;
Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
And future navies crown her darksome hills.
To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold the opulence of hoarded war !
See, from her ports a thousand banners stream,
On every coast her vengeful lightnings gleam !
Mean time, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majesty her cities stand ;
Whose splendid domes, and tradeful streets declare,
Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.

And O ! blest queen, if e'er the magic powers
Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours ;

Here Poesy, from awful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
'Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In Druid-songs her solemn spirit breath'd :
While cunning bards, at ancient banquets, sung
Of Paynim foes defy'd, and trophies hung :
Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,
And dress'd in fairy robes a queen like thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with ev'ry living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakspeare drew :
But chief, the mournful group of human woes
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose ;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissu'd vest !
Lo ! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire
High soar'd to steal from heaven a seraph's lyre ;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.
Thine too, majestic bride ! the favor'd clime,
Where Science sits enshrin'd in roofs sublime——
O mark how green her wood of ancient bays
O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays !
Thither if haply some distinguish'd flower
Of these mix'd blooms, from that ambrosial bower,
Might catch thy glance, and, rich in Nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honor due ;
If seemly gifts the train of Phoebus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's festive day ;
Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain ;

Pleas'd in the Muse's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the scepter'd pall of state aside,
Nor from the shade shall George be long away,
Which claims Charlotta's love, and courts her stay.—

These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace
With rapt reflection Freedom's favorite race !
But tho' the generous isle, in arts and arms,
Thus stands supreme, in Nature's choicest charms ;
Tho' George and conquest guard her sea-girt throne,
One happier blessing still she calls he own ;
And, proud a fresh increase of fame to view,
Crowns all her glory by possessing you.

EPISTLE XXI.

TO
MR. WHITEHEAD,

ON HIS
BEING MADE POET-LAUREAT.

M D CCLVII.

BY RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

'T is so—though we're surpris'd to hear it :
The laurel is bestow'd on merit.
How hush'd is every envious voice !
Confounded by so just a choice,
Though by prescriptive right prepar'd
To libel the selected bard.

But as you see the statesman's fate
In this our democratic state,
Whom virtue strives in vain to guard
From the rude pamphlet and the card ;
You'll find the demagogues of Pindus
In envy not a jot behind us :
For each Aonian politician
(Whose element is opposition),

Will shew how greatly they surpass us
In gall and wormwood at Parnassus.

Thus as the same detracting spirit
Attends on all distinguish'd merit,
When 'tis your turn, observe, the quarrel
Is not with you, but with the laurel.

Suppose that laurel on your brow,
For cypress chang'd, funereal bough!
See all things take a diff'rent turn!
The very critics sweetly mourn,
And leave their satire's pois'nous sting
In plaintive elegies to sing:
With solemn threnody and dirge
Conduct you to Elysium's verge.
At Westminster the surplic'd dean
The sad but honorable scene
Prepares. The well-attended herse
Bears you amid the kings of verse.
Each rite observ'd, each duty paid,
Your fame on marble is display'd,
With symbols which your genius suit,
The mask, the buskin, and the flute;
The laurel crown aloft is hung;
And o'er the sculptur'd lyre unstrung
Sad allegoric figures leaning—
(How folks will gape to find their meaning!)
And a long epitaph is spread,
Which happy You will never read.

But hold—The change is so inviting
I own, I tremble while I'm writing.
Yet, WHITEHEAD, 'tis too soon to lose you :
Let critics flatter or abuse you,
O! teach us, ere you change the scene
To Stygian banks from Hippocrene,
How free-born bards should strike the strings,
And how a Briton write to kings.

EPISTLE XXII.

TO
MR. GARRICK,

By the Same.

ON old PARNASSUS, t'other day,
The Muses met to sing and play ;
Apart from all the rest were seen
The tragic, and the comic Queen,
Engag'd, perhaps, in deep debate,
On RICH's, or on FLEETWOOD's fate.
When on a sudden, news was brought
That GARRICK had the patent got,
And both their ladyships again
Might now return to Drury-lane.
They bow'd, they simper'd, and agreed
They wish'd the project might succeed.
'Twas very possible, the case
Was likely too and had a face——
A face! THALIA titt'ring cry'd,
And could her joy no longer hide ;
Why, sister, all the world must see
How much this makes for you and me :

No longer now shall we expose
Our unbought goods to empty rows,
Or meanly be oblig'd to court
From foreign aid a weak support ;
No more the poor polluted scene
Shall teem with births of Harlequin :
Or vindicated stage shall feel
The insults of the dancer's heel.
Such idle trash we'll kindly spare
To opera's now—they'll want them there ;
For Sadler's-Wells, they say, this year
Has quite undone their engineer.

Pugh, you're a wag, the buskin'd prude
Reply'd, and smil'd ; besides 'tis rude
To laugh at foreigners, you know,
And triumph o'er a vanquish'd foe :
For my part, I shall be content
If things succeed as they are meant ?
And should not be displeas'd to find
Some changes of the tragic kind.
And say, THALIA, mayn't we hope
The stage will take a larger scope ?
Shall he whose all-expressive powers
Can reach the heights that SHAKSPERE soars,
Descend to touch an humbler key,
And tickle ears with poetry ;
Where every tear is taught to flow
Through many line's melodious woe,
And heart-felt pangs of deep distress

Are fritter'd into similes?
—O thou, whom nature taught the art
To pierce, to cleave, to tear the heart,
Whatever name delight thine ear,
OTHELLO, RICHARD, HAMLET, LEAR,
O undertake my just defence,
And banish all but nature hence!
See, to thy aid with streaming eyes
The fair afflicted CONSTANCE flies;
Now wild as winds in madness tears
Her heaving breasts and scatter'd hairs;
Or low on earth disdain relief,
With all the conscious pride of grief.
My PRITCHARD too in HAMLET's queen—
The goddess of the sportive vein
Here stop'd her short, and with a sneer,
My PRITCHARD, if you please, my dear!
Her tragic merit I confess,
But surely mine's her proper dress;
Behold her there with native ease,
And native spirit, born to please;
With all MARIA's charms engage,
Or MILWOOD's arts, or TOUCHWOOD's rage,
Through every foible trace the fair,
Or leave the town, and toilet's care
To chaunt in forests unconfi'd,
The wilder notes of ROSALIND.

O thou, where'er thou fix thy praise,
BRUTE, DRUGGER, FRIBBLE, RANGER, BAYS!

O join with her in my behalf,
And teach an audience when to laugh.
So shall buffoons with shame repair
To draw in fools at Smithfield fair,
And real humor charm the age,
Though FALSTAFF should forsake the stage.

She spoke. MELPOMENE reply'd,
And much was said on either side ;
And many a chief, and many a fair,
Were mention'd to their credit there.
But I'll not venture to display
What goddesses think fit to say.
However, GARRICK, this at least
Appears, by both a truth confess'd,
That their whole fate for many a year
But hangs on your paternal care.
A nation's taste depends on you ;
—Perhaps a nation's virtue too.
O think how glorious 'twere to raise
A theatre to virtue's praise ;
Where no indignant blush might rise,
Nor wit be taught to plead for vice :
But every young attentive ear
Imbibe the precepts, living there.
And every unexperienc'd breast
There feel its own rude hints express'd,
And, waken'd by the glowing scene,
Unfold the worth that lurks within.

If possible, be perfect quite ;
A few short rules will guide you right.
Consult your own good sense in all,
Be deaf to fashion's fickle call,
Nor e'er descend from reason's laws
To court what you command, applause.

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EPISTLE XXIII.

NATURE

TO
DR. HOADLY,

ON HIS COMEDY OF THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

BY
WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

SLY hypocrite ! was this your aim ?
To borrow Paeon's sacred name,
And lurk beneath his graver mien,
To trace the secrets of my reign ?
Did I for this applaud your zeal,
And point out each minuter wheel,
Which finely taught the next to roll,
And made my works one perfect whole ?
For who, but I, 'till you appear'd
To model the dramatic herd,
E'er bade to wond'ring ears and eyes,
Such pleasing intricacies rise ?
Where every part is nicely true,
Yet touches still some master clue ;

Each riddle opening by degrees,
'Till all unravels with such ease,
That only those who will be blind
Can feel one doubt perplex their mind.

Nor was't enough, you thought, to write,
But you must impiously unite
With GARRICK too, who long before
Had stole my whole expressive pow'r.
That changeful Proteus of the stage
Usurps my mirth, my grief, my rage ;
And as his diff'rent parts incline,
Gives joys or pains, sincere as mine.

Yet you shall find (howe'er elate
You triumph in your former cheat)
'Tis not so easy to escape
In Nature's as in Paeon's shape.
For every critic, great or small,
Hates every thing that's natural.
The beaux, and ladies too, can say,
What does he mean ? is this a play ?
We see such people every day.
Nay more, to chafe, and teaze your spleen,
And teach you how to steal again,
My very fools shall prove you're bit,
And damn you for your want of wit.

EPISTLE XXIV.

TO
MR. GARRICK,

ON HIS
ERECTING A TEMPLE AND STATUE TO
SHAKSPERE.

BY RICHARD BERENGER, ESQ.

—Viridi in campo signum de marmore ponam
Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Tham'esis, et multa praetexit arundine ripas;
In medio mihi SHAKSPERE erit, templumque tenebit.

WHERE yonder trees rise high in cheerful air,
Where yonder banks eternal verdure wear,
And opening flow'rs diffusing sweets around
Paint with their vivid hues the happy ground;
While Thames majestic rolls the meads between,
And with his silver current crowns the scene:
There GARRICK, satiate of well-earn'd applause,
From crowds and shouting theatres withdraws;
There courts the Muse, turns o'er th' instructive page,
And meditates new triumphs for the stage.
Thine, SHAKSPERE, chief—for thou must ever shine
His pride, his boast, unequall'd and divine.
There too thy vot'ry, to thy merit just,
Hath rais'd the dome, and plac'd thy honor'd bust,

Bidding the pile to future times proclaim
His veneration for thy mighty name.
A place more fit his zeal could never find
Than this fair spot, an emblem of the mind—
As *hill* and *dale* there charm the wond'ring eye,
Such sweet variety thy *scenes* supply—
Like the tall trees sublime thy genius tow'rs,
Sprightly thy fancy, as the opening flow'rs ;
While, copious as the tide Thames pours along,
Flow the sweet numbers of thy heav'nly song,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong—
Look down, great shade, with pride this tribute see,
The hand that pays it makes it worthy thee—
As fam'd Apelles was allow'd alone
To paint the form august of Philip's son,
None but a GARRICK can, O bard divine !
Lay a *fit* offering on thy hallow'd shrine.
To speak thy worth is his peculiar boast,
He best can tell it, for he feels it most.
Blest bard ! thy fame through every age shall grow,
Till *Nature* cease to charm, or Thames to flow.
Thou too, with him, whose fame thy talents raise,
Shalt share our wonder, and divide our praise ;
Blended with this thy merits rise to view,
And half thy SHAKSPERE's fame to thee is due :
Unless the actor with the bard conspire,
How impotent his strength, how faint his fire !
One boasts the *mine*, one brings the gold to *light*,
And the Muse triumphs in the Actor's *might* ;
Too weak to give her own conceptions birth,

Till all-expressive *Action* call them forth.
Thus the sweet pipe, mute in itself, no sound
Sends forth, nor breathes its pleasing notes around ;
But if some swain, with happy skill endu'd,
Inspire with animating breath the wood,
Wak'd into voice, it pours its tuneful strains,
The harmony divine enchants the plains.

Quod spiro, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.— HOR.

EPISTLE XXV.

TO

MR. GARRICK.

ON

RECEIVING HIS PORTRAIT, PAINTED BY
MR. DANCE.

GARRICK! whate'er resembles thee
Must ever claim regard from me ;
Well pleas'd I view thy counter part,
And highly praise the Painter's art.

Arduous the task is, great the merit,
To represent that fire and spirit,
Those piercing eyes, that speaking face,
That form, compos'd of ease and grace :——
All this I feel ;——could feelings do,
Then I should be a Painter too ;
I should draw GARRICK, and perchance
Produce a work, t' outrival DANCE.

But GARRICK, sure thou need'st not send
A gift of this sort to thy friend,

As if that friend requir'd to see
Something to make him think of thee.

Whoe'er has seen thy wond'rous pow'rs,
Whoe'er has shar'd thy social hours,
Can he, can such a one forget
Thy native humor, sterling wit?
No, GARRICK—he must surely find,
Deeply imprinted on his mind,
In such warm tints thy form and face,
No time or distance can efface.

EPISTLE XXVI.

TO
DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

AT
MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

BY THE LATE
EARL OF CHATHAM.

LEAVE, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay,
Docks, forts, and navies, brightening all the bay :
To my plain roof repair, primaevael seat !
Yet there no wonders your quick eye can meet,
Save, should you deem it wonderful to find
Ambition cur'd, and an unpassion'd mind ;
A statesman without power, and without gall,
Hating no courtiers, happier than them all ;
Bow'd to no yoke, nor crouching for applause,
Votary alone to freedom and the laws.
Herds, flocks, and smiling Ceres deck our plain,
And, interspers'd, an heart-enlivening train
Of sportive children frolic o'er the green ;
Meantime pure Love looks on, and consecrates the
scenc.

Come, then, immortal Spirit of the stage,
Great Nature's proxy, glass of every age !
Come, taste the simple life of Patriarchs old,
Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp or gold.

EPISTLE XXVII.

MR. GARRICK';

ANSWER.

WHEN Peleus' son, untaught to yield,
Wrathful forsook the hostile field,
His breast still warm with heavenly fire,
He tun'd the lay, and swept the lyre.

So Chatham, whose exalted soul
Pervaded and inspir'd the whole,
Where far, by martial glory led,
Britain her sails and banners spread,
Retires (though Wisdom's God dissuades)
And seeks repose in rural shades :
Yet thither comes the God confess'd;
Celestial form! a well-known guest.

Nor slow he moves with solemn air,
Not on his brow hangs pensive care ;
Nor in his hand th' historic page
Gives lessons to experienc'd age,
As when in vengeful ire he rose,
And plann'd the fate of Britain's foes,

While the wing'd Hours obedient stand,
And instant speed the dread command.

Chearful he came, all blythe and gay,
Fair blooming like the son of May ;
Adown his radiant shoulder hung
A harp, by all the Muses strung :
Smiling he to his friend resign'd
This soother of the human mind.

EPISTLE XXVIII.

UPON

MR. MASON'S
TAKING ORDERS.

BY MR. GARRICK.

To Holdernesse, the Muses three,
Of Painting, Music, Poetry,
To him, their long-lov'd patron, friend,
In grievous pet this letter send——

Give ear, my Lord, while we complain,
Our sex to you ne'er sigh'd in vain.
'Tis said—A youth by you befriended,
Whom to your smiles we recommended ;
Seduc'd by you, abjures our charms,
And flies for ever from our arms !
Could D'Arcy, whom we lov'd, caress'd,
In whose protection we were bless'd,
Could he, to whom our Sire imparts
That secret rare to taste our arts,
Could he, ungrateful, and unkind !
From us estrange our Mason's mind ?

Could he, who serves and loves the nation,
So little weigh its reputation,
As in this scarcity of merit,
To damp with grace poetic spirit :
But be assur'd your scheme is vain—
He must, he shall be ours again :
Nor crape nor lawn shall quench his fires,
We'll fill his breast with new desires ;
In vain you plead his ordination,
His cassock, gown, and grave vocation,
Whate'er he now has sworn, he swore,
With stronger zeal to us before :
He pass'd our forms of consecration,
His lips receiv'd our inspiration ;
To him were all our rites reveal'd,
From him no myst'ry was conceal'd——
Each kindred pow'r obey'd our call,
And grac'd the solemn festival !
The Loves forsook their Cyprian bow'rs,
And round his temples wreath'd their flow'rs ;
The Graces danc'd their mystic maze,
Our Father struck him with his rays ;
And all our Sisters one by one,
Gave him full draughts of Helicon !
Thus bound our servant at the shrine,
Ordain'd he was, and made divine.

EPISTLE XXIX.

TO

MR. GARRICK,

ON MEETING HIM AT MR. RIGBY'S.

BY

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, ESQ.

THROUGH ev'ry part, of grief or mirth,
To which the mimic stage gives birth,
I ne'er as yet, with truth could tell,
Where most your various pow'rs excel.
Sometimes amidst the laughing scene,
Blithe Comedy, with jocund mien,
By you in livelier colors drest,
With transport clasp'd you to her breast :
As oft the buskin'd Muse appear'd,
With awful brow her sceptre rear'd ;
Recounted all your laurels won,
And claim'd you for her darling son.
Thus each contending goddess strove,
And each the fairest garland wove.

But which fair Nymph could justly boast
Her beauties had engag'd you most,
I doubted much; 'till, t'other day,
Kind Fortune threw me in your way;
Where, 'midst the friendly joys that wait
Philander's hospitable gate,
Freedom and genuine mirth I found,
Sporting the jovial board around..
'Twas there with keen, tho' polish'd, jest,
You sat, a pleas'd and pleasing guest;
With social ease a part sustain'd,
More humorous far than e'er you feign'd.
"Take him, I cry'd, bright comic Maid,
In all your native charms array'd;
No longer shall my doubts appear:"
When Clio whisper'd in my ear,
"Go, bid it be no more disputed,
For what his talents best are suited;
In mimic characters alone
Let others shine—but Garrick in his own."

EPISTLE XXX.

MR. GARRICK'S

ANSWER.

As late at Comus' court I sat,
(Observe me well, I mean not that
Where ribaldry in triumph sits,
Delighting lords, and 'squires, and cits ;
But there, where mirth and taste combine,
And Rigby gives more wit than wine)
Suspended for a while the joke,
With rapture of your muse we spoke ;
But all blam'd me, cry'd out, oh ! fye !
What ! send to verse a prose reply ?
My friend, the Colonel, made the attack,
And wicked Calvert clapp'd his back.
Nay, Pottinger, tho' low in feather,
And somewhat ruffled by the weather,
Would peck and crow ; and Madam Hale
Flew at my manners tooth and nail.
What ! send to Anstey such dull stuff ?
'Twas modesty, dear Hale ; don't huff.
Cou'd I but rhyme as much as you,
And think that much as charming too,

I'd write, and write again ; I care not ;
But, as I feel, indeed I dare not.
Then Cox let loose his silver tongue ;
O d—n it, David, you are wrong.
While independent Plummer cry'd,
He'd not vote plump on either side.
E'en Boon, who ne'er inclines to satire,
With modest sense and much good nature,
Cou'd not but say there was some blame,
And sweet Eliza blush'd the same.
My wife look'd grave, but made it known
The right to vex me was her own.
Our landlord shook his sides and shoulders,
Both at the scolded and the scolders :
For that to him is always best,
Which raises and supports the jest.
No baited bear was e'er so worry'd ;
I took my hat, and home I hurry'd,
Resolv'd, as well as I was able,
To ask your pardon in a Fable ;
The best excuse my prudence knows,
For answ'ring your choice verse in prose.

A monkey of the sprightly kind
Could mock and mimic half mankind :
Cou'd twist him to a thousand shapes ;
In short, a perfect jackanapes.
As once our mimic Pug display'd
His talents in the summer shade,

By chance a nightingale was there,
Well pleas'd the farce to see and hear.
His joy began his notes to raise;
He warbled forth the monkey's praise.
Pug, too much flatter'd, thought it wrong,
Not to return his thanks in song;
And such a fit of squalling took him,
Beasts, birds, and nightingale forsook him.
An owl, who in a hole was dreaming,
Was rais'd at once with all this screaming;
Who-o-hoo! hoo! neighbour, curse your clatter!
Zounds! are you murder'd? what's the matter?
The monkey to his senses brought,
And must'ring what he had of thought,
Told to the owl his silly tale,
How he had scar'd the nightingale.
Grave Madge began to roll her eyes,
And being what she seem'd, most wise,
Thus spoke—Thou empty-headed thing,
Skip, grin, and chatter—never sing,
Wou'd you, without a voice, or ear,
Tune up, when Philomel is near?
Nature her pleasure has made known,
That nightingales shou'd sing alone.

EPISTLE XXXI.

TO

COLONEL CLIVE,

[Afterwards Lord]

ON HIS ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.

GREAT, as from Porus' conquest, Philip's son,
Glorious as Cortez from new Indies won,
'Midst trumpets loud acclaim, and cannons roar,
Welcome, illustrious Clive, to Britain's shore.
From eastern dawning, swift as Phoebus' rays,
We now behold thy full meridian blaze.
Proud of that chief, at whose impetuous course
Old Ganges trembled to his distant source ;
Who, like fam'd Warwick, master of the crown,
On loftiest Nabobs look'd superior down,
And made the fierce Mogul, with conscious fear,
Startle, and deem a second Nadir near.
To thee her safety twice Bengalia owes,
Alike from Indian, and Batavian foes ;
Hence in no dungeon now her sons remain,
Nor of a new Amboyna's fate complain !

And see ! with wreaths by glorious toils acquir'd,
Kind heaven rewards the genius it inspir'd ;
Bestows thee all thy fondest wish could claim,
Unenvied fortune, and unspotted fame ;
Thy aged sire's embrace, thy sovereign's praise,
And from a stranger-muse unpurchas'd lays.

EPISTLE XXXII.

DENNIS

TO

MR. THOMSON,

Who had procured him a Benefit-Night.

REFLECTING on thy worth, methinks I find
Thy varied Seasons in their author's mind.
Spring opes her blossoms, various as thy Muse,
And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.
Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
Winter—but that no semblance takes from thee;
That hoary season yields a type of me.
Shatter'd by time's bleak storms I withering lay,
Leafless, and whitening in a cold decay !
Yet shall my propless ivy, pale and bent,
Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

EPISTLE XXXIII.

TO
SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON
SEEING HIS PICTURE OF
MR. DRYDEN,

Drawn with the Bays in his Hand.

BY
BAINBRIGG BUCKEREDGE, ESQ.

NAY, sure 'tis he! the living colors move,
And strike our souls with wonder and with love!
Has his soft lyre dissolv'd Death's fatal chain,
And given our Orpheus to the world again?
Such is thy art, great Kneller, as relieves
His mourning friends, and into joy deceives.
They who beneath the heaviest sorrow bend,
Who grieve not for the Poet, but the Friend.
When they behold this piece, their tears restrain,
And doubt a while if they lament in vain.
So those whom Fate destroys, thy hand can save,
And lengthen out a life beyond the grave.

Oh! do thou place on Dryden's learned brow
The sacred bays; for none dare envy now.
Thus He to future ages shall be shown,
Immortal in Thy Works, as in His Own.

EPISTLE XXXIV.

TO THE
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

PARDON, great Duke, if Britain's style delights;
Or, if the Imperial title more invites,
Pardon, great Prince! the failings of a Muse,
That dares not hope for more than your excuse,
Forc'd at a distance to attempt your praise,
And sing your victories in mournful lays,
To cast in shadows, and allay the light
That wounds with nearer rays the dazzled sight,
Nor durst in a direct and open strain
Such acts with her unhallow'd notes prophane :
In towering verse let meaner heroes grow,
And to elaborate lines their greatness owe;
Your actions, own'd by every nation, want
Praises no greater than a foe may grant.

Oh! when shall Europe, by her Marlborough's
sword,
To lasting peace and liberty restor'd,
Allow her weary Champion a retreat,
To his lov'd country and his rising seat?

Where your soft partner, far from martial noise,
Your cares shall sweeten with domestic joys :
Your conquests she with doubtful pleasure hears,
And in the midst of every triumph fears ;
Betwixt her Queen and You divides her life,
A Friend obsequious, and a faithful Wife.

Hail, Woodstock ! hail, ye celebrated glades !
Grow fast, ye woods ! and flourish thick, ye shades !
Ye rising towers, for your new Lord prepare,
Like your old Henry, come from Gallia's war.
The General's arms as far the King's o'erpower,
As this new structure does surpass the bower.

The pleasing prospects and romantic scite,
The spacious compass, and the stately height,
The painted gardens, in their flowery prime,
Demand whole volumes of immortal rhyme ;
And, if the Muse would second the design,
Mean as they are, should in my numbers shine ;
There live the joy and wonder of our isles,
Happy in Albion's love and Anna's smiles.

While, from the Godlike race of Churchill born,
Four beauteous Rosamonds this bower adorn,
Who with the ancient Syren of the place
In charms might vie and every blooming grace ;
But, bless'd with equal virtues had she been,
Like them she had been favour'd by the Queen,

Whom your high merit, and their own, prefers
To all the worthiest beds of England's Peers.

Thus the great Eagle, when Heaven's wars are
o'er,
And the loud thunder has forgot to roar,
Jove's fires laid by, with those of Venus burns,
To his forsaken mate and shades returns ;
On some proud tree more sacred than the rest,
With curious art he builds his spacious nest ;
In the warm sun lies basking all the day,
While round their Sire the generous Eaglets play ;
Their Sire, well pleas'd to see the noble brood
Fill all the loftiest cedars of the wood.

EPISTLE XXXV.

TO

LORD CARTERET,

[Afterwards Earl Granville.]

PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

BY GEO. SEWELL, M. D.

“-----Animæ, quales non candiores

“Terra tulit-----”

Hor.

SURE there's a fate in excellence, too strong
To struggle with the mortal fabric long;
Whether the weaken'd springs of life decay,
As active thoughts their energy display;
Or the Soul, scornful of her seat, aspires
And, like a guest unsatisfy'd, retires.
Or is Earth robb'd by a resuming Sky,
Only to show it can as fast supply?
Here scythe-arm'd Death the full-grown Virtues
mows,
There the restoring hand of Plenty sows:
Thus patriots die, and patriots mount the sphere,
As some stars set, that others may appear.

Give me profuse of tears o'er Craggs to mourn,
And, grateful, consecrate the much-lov'd urn.
Severe Disease! what power shall mock thy speed,
Elusive of the skilful hand of Mead ?
Yet was his course complete, though finish'd soon ;
His sun was strong, though darken'd in its noon.
O may no tongue profane thy tomb invade,
Nor envy posthumous pursue thy shade !
Fair shine thy fame, and be thy praises just,
And mix with Addison's thy social dust !
The sweet-tongu'd Addison, whose happy vein
First rival'd, Plato, thy immortal strain ;
Though Tully with a strong resemblance vy'd,
And Lewis crowded Academies try'd.
Illustrious friends ! (if this poor verse can give
Life to your names) your friendly names shall live,
Long as the structure that your urns contains,
Or liberty with George's line remains.

Who thinks of liberty, but Stanhope's name
Beats in his breast, and sets his soul on flame ?
O much-lamented Ghost ! thy virtues show
Like stars which through yon azure convex glow ;
A beauteous train, that speak the power divine,
And strong in brightness, as in number shine.
Grant Heaven some influence from his ashes dart,
To warm and actuate each British heart !
Divide his gifts ! This be the Warrior's heir,
Here let the Statesman, there the Scholar share :

In him were all these various prospects crost,
And future Marlboroughs and Godolphins lost.

Nor thou, O Carteret, with a frown disdain
The Muse that tunes this melancholy strain ;
For who the virtuous grave with incense strows,
The fairest mark to living merit shows.
To count our loss, is only to foresee
What the demanding age expects from thee.
Then let it give its proudest wishes scope,
Thy deeds shall justify its boldest hope.

What is the dark-drawn scene of life supine ?
A dream of entity without design,
A useless space 'twixt Nature's rise and fall,
Forgetting all things, and forgot of all ?
What is the land of sciences when past ?
A wild of thistles, or a barren waste ;
Or vainly wordy, fruitful of dispute ;
Or deep-reserv'd, unprofitably mute.
Few, very few, have on this dross refin'd,
To polish nations, and improve mankind.
These too at mighty distances are seen,
And many a lazy age must pass between.
Fate various eras mix'd, and doubtful draws
Between a Solon's and a Parker's laws.
From our first William's trace to George's days,
Few Walsinghams, and fewer Carterets blaze.

Thee, early ripe, with every grace endued,
The Muses with an eye of blessing view'd :
They form'd thy manners ductile to the lyre,
And bade thee to the noblest seats aspire :
Hence wit and elegance of spirit flow'd,
And the sweet habitude of doing good.
As in the seed to curious eyes appear
The gay unfolded beauties of the year,
The future grove looks green in lesser lines,
And the next harvest in its nonage shines :
The statesman thus was figur'd in thy prime,
And waited but the ripening hour of Time ;
Nor waited long ; thy Genius took a flight,
Out-wing'd thy years, and hasten'd to its height.
As the sun's rays the wakening plants prepare,
As the wing'd whirlwind moves the passive air,
Such is the Genius to the human frame,
An active, vital, and dilating flame,
That mounts beyond the view of vulgar reach,
And puts the principles of life on stretch.

Such, Carteret, in thy breast thy Monarch saw,
And sent thee forth to give rough nations law ;
Long-harrass'd Sweden with new life to cheer,
And bid War rest upon his iron spear.
Mad waste of rage ! how wide thy vengeance flew,
Nor breathing respite of the seasons knew ;
The Summer meadow, and the Winter flood,
Only distinguish'd by degrees of blood.

The plunderer's hand consuming unrestrain'd,
As jealous of her store, ev'n Nature drain'd ;
Her surface wasted, deeper still engag'd,
And in the centre of her treasure rag'd.
Then timely, Carteret, rose thy peaceful star,
To calm the Dane, and check the fiercer Czar :
What hand soe'er shall fix the great design,
The first plantation of that Olive's thine.

Now in thy councils let thy country share ;
She best deserves, and most will bless thy care :
An age in faction and corruption lost,
And only haunted by dead Virtue's ghost,
Asks a Lycurgus to correct the times,
And Draco's sentences for unmatch'd crimes.
The shatter'd state, though fearful of her doom,
Sees a new light break chearful through the gloom ;
And still secure the public vessel rides,
While Carteret ministers, and George presides.

EPISTLE XXXVI.

ON

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S

BIRTH-DAY,

Aug. the 26th.

BY

The Honorable

GEORGE DODDINGTON,

[Afterwards Lord Melcombe.]

ALL hail, auspicious day, whose wish'd return
Bids every breast with grateful ardor burn ;
While pleas'd Britannia that great man surveys
The Prince may trust, and yet the People praise :
One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease,
One born to serve us, and yet born to please ;
His soul capacious, yet his judgment clear,
His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere :
His counsels guide, his temper cheers our isle,
And smiling gives three kingdoms cause to smile.
August, how bright thy golden scenes appear,
Thou fairest daughter of the various year !
On thee the sun with all his ardor glows,
On thee in dowry all its fruits bestows ;

The greatest Prince, the foremost son of fame,
To thee bequeath'd the glories of his name ;
Nature and Fortune thee their darling chose,
Nor could they grace thee more, 'till Walpole rose.
By steps to mighty things Fate makes her way,
The Sun and Caesar but prepar'd this day.

EPISTLE XXXVII.

TO
HIS GRACE THE
DUKE OF ARGYLL,

UPON READING THE PREAMBLE TO THE PATENT,
Creating him
DUKE OF GREENWICH.

BY
MR. POPE.

MINDLESS of fate, in these low vile abodes,
Tyrants have oft usurp'd the style of gods;
But that the mortal may be thought divine,
The herald straight new modell'd all his line;
And venal priest, with well-dissembled lie,
Preambled to the crowd the mimic Deity.
Not so great Saturn's son, imperial Jove,
He reigns unquestion'd in his realms above;
No title from descent he need infer,
His red right arm proclaims the thunderer.
This, Campbell, be thy pride, illustrious peer,
Alike to shine distinguish'd in thy sphere.
All merit but thine own thou may'st disdain,
And kings have been thine ancestors in vain.

EPISTLE XXXVIII.

TO THE AUTHOR

OF A
PANEGYRIC

ON
MRS. GRACE BUTLER,
WHO DIED AGED LXXXVI.

SUPPOSED FROM HER SPIRIT.

By the Same.

STRIPT to the naked soul, escap'd from clay,
From doubts unfetter'd, and dissolv'd in day;
Unwarm'd by vanity; unreach'd by strife;
And all my hopes and fears thrown off with life,
Why am I charm'd by friendship's fond essays,
And, tho' unbodied, conscious of thy praise?
Has pride a portion in the parted soul?
Does passion still the formless mind control?
Can gratitude out-pant the silent breath?
Or a friend's sorrow pierce the glooms of death?

No,—'tis a spirit's nobler taste of bliss !
That feels the worth it left, in proofs like this ;
That not its own applause, but thine, approves ;
Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves !
Who liv'st, to crown departed friends with fame !
Then, dying late, shalt all thou gav'st reclaim.

EPISTLE XXXIX.

BY THE

RIGHT HONORABLE THE
EARL OF CARLISLE,

ON HIS

SCHOOLFELLOWS WHILE AT ETON.

IN youth, 'tis said, you easily may scan,
Strong stamp'd, the outlines of the future man ;
This maxim true, how bright will St. John shine,
Form'd by the hand of all the tuneful Nine !
If not to careless indolence a prey,
How will whole nations listen to his lay !

Say, will Fitzwilliam ever want a heart
Cheerful, his ready blessings to impart ?
Will not another's woe his bosom share,
The widow's sorrow, and the orphan's prayer ?
Who aids the old, who soothes the mother's cry,
Who wipes the tear from off the virgin's eye ?
Who feeds the hungry ? who assists the lame ?
All, all re-echo with Fitzwilliam's name.
Thou know'st I hate to flatter, yet in thee
No fault, my friend, no single speck I see.

Nor, if alike my former maxims true,
Shall e'er ill-nature tinge thy heart, Buccleugh;
Shall deep remorse thy honest bosom tear,
Disdainful anger, or corroding care;
Shall e'er ambition dissipate that smile,
Disturb that heart, so free from every guile:
Sooner to Bute shall Temple bend his knee,
And * or * * pious Christians be.

How will my Fox, alone, thy strength of parts,
Shake the loud senate, animate the hearts
Of fearful statesmen? while around you stand
Both peers and commons listening your command;
While Tully's sense its weight to you affords,
His nervous sweetness shall adorn your words:
What praise to Pitt, to Townshend e'er was due,
In future times, my Fox, shall wait on you.

Mild as the dew that whitens yonder plain,
Legge shines serenest 'midst your youthful train;
He whom the search of Fame with rapture moves,
Disdains the pedant, tho' the muse he loves;
By nature form'd with modesty to please,
And join'd with wisdom unaffected ease.

Will e'er Ophaly, consciously unjust,
Revoke his promise, or betray his trust?
What, tho' perhaps with warmer zeal he'd hear
The echoing horn, the sportsman's hearty cheer,

Than god-like Homer's elevated song ;
Loud as the torrent, as the billows strong ;
Cast o'er this fault a friendly veil, you'll find
A friendly, social, and ingenuous mind.

Witness, ye Naiads, and ye guardian powers,
Who sit sublime on Henry's lofty towers ;
Witness if e'er I saw thy open brow,
Sunk in despair, or sadden'd into woe,
Well-natur'd Stavordale—the task is thine
Foremost in pleasure's festive band to shine :
Say, wilt thou pass alone the midnight hour,
Studious the depths of Plato to explore ?
To lighter subjects shall thy soul give way,
Nor heed what grave philosophers shall say ?
The god of mirth shall list thee in his train,
A cheerful vot'ry, and the foe of pain.

Whether I Storer sing in hours of joy,
When every look bespeaks the inward boy ;
Or when no more mirth wantons in his breast,
And all the man appears in him confest ;
In mirth, in sadness, sing him how I will,
Sense and good-nature must attend him still.

EPISTLE XL.

TO THE
EARL OF CARLISLE,

OCCASIONED BY THE PRECEDING.

MY Lord, your verses, penn'd with so much ease,
The fair, the young, and ev'n the critics please ;
Such solid sense, and grace, and judgment meet,
We add the epithet of Strong to Sweet.
That some are peers by stars and strings we find ;
You, by intrinsic nobleness of mind ;
Fair Fancy's manly strokes your lines adorn ;
We truly may pronounce you, poet born :
And if in youth your genius we may scan,
How will it glow, and brighten in the man !
True sings the bard, that one well-natur'd deed,
Does all desert in sciences exceed :
And if, my Lord, from what you write, we guess,
Yourself those virtues, which you paint, possess :

The sense of St. John, Fox, and Legge's your
due,

The sweetness of unblameable Buccleugh;
Ophaly's honor, Stavordale's desert,
Storer's good-nature, and Fitzwilliam's heart.

EPISTLE XLI.

TO

MR. CONGREVE,

OCCASIONED BY HIS
“WAY OF THE WORLD.”

BY MR. STEELE.

[Afterwards Sir Richard.]

WHEN Pleasure's falling to the low delight,
In the vain joys of the uncertain sight ;
No sense of Wit when rude spectators know,
But in distorted gesture, farce and show ;
How could, great Author, your aspiring mind,
Dare to write only to the few refin'd !
Yet, though that nice ambition you pursue,
'Tis not in Congreve's power to please but few.
Implicitly devoted to his fame,
Well-dress'd Barbarians know his awful name ;
Though senseless they're of mirth, but when they
 laugh,
As they feel wine, but when, till drunk, they quaff.

On you, from Fate, a lavish portion fell,
In every way of writing to excell.

Your Muse applause to Arabella brings,
In notes as sweet as Arabella sings.
Whene'er you draw an undissembled woe,
With sweet distress your rural numbers flow ;
Pastora's the complaint of every swain,
Pastora still the echo of the plain !
Or, if your Muse describe, with warming force,
The wounded Frenchman falling from his horse ;
And her own William, glorious in the strife,
Bestowing on the prostrate foe his life :
You the great act as generously rehearse,
And all the English fury's in your verse.

By your selected scenes and handsome choice,
Ennobled Comedy exalts her voice ;
You check unjust esteem and fond desire,
And teach to scorn what else we should admire ;
The just impression taught by you we bear,
The player acts the world, the world the player,
Whom still that world unjustly disesteems,
Though he alone professes what he seems.

But, when your Muse assumes her tragic part,
She conquers and she reigns in every heart ;
To mourn with her, men cheat their private woe,
And generous pity's all the grief they know ;
The widow, who, impatient of delay,
From the town joys must mask it to the play,
Joins with your Mourning-Bride's resistless moan,
And weeps a loss she slighted when her own.

You give us torment, and you give us ease,
And vary our affections as you please ;
Is not a heart so kind as yours in pain,
To load your friends with cares you only feign ;
Your friends in grief, compos'd yourself, to leave ?
But 'tis the only way you 'll e'er deceive.
Then still, great Sir, your moving power employ,
To lull our sorrow, and correct our joy.

EPISTLE XLII.

TO THE
AUTHOR OF CLARISSA.

BY
JOHN DUNCOMBE, A. M.

IF, 'mid their round of pleasure, to convey
An useful lesson to the young and gay ;
To swell their eyes with pearly drops, and share,
With cards and dress, the converse of the fair :
If, with the boasted bards of classic age,
Th' attention of the learned to engage,
And in the bosom of the rake to raise
A tender, social feeling—merit praise ;
The gay, the fair, the learn'd, even rakes, agree
To give that praise to nature, truth, and thee.

Transported now to Harlowe-Place, we view
Thy matchless maid her godlike tasks pursue ;
Visit the sick or needy, and bestow
Drugs to relieve, or words to soften woe ;
Or, with the pious Lewen, hear her soar

Heights unattain'd by female minds before.
Then to her ivy-bower she pleas'd retires,
And with light touch the trembling keys inspires :
While wakeful Philomel no more complains,
But, raptur'd, listens to her sweeter strains.

Now (direful contrast !) in each gloomy shade
Behold a pitying swain, or weeping maid !
And hark ! with sullen swing, the tolling bell
Proclaims that loss which language fails to tell.
In awful silence soon a sight appears,
That points their sorrows, and renews their tears :
For, lo ! far-blackening all the verdant meads,
With slow parade, the funeral pomp proceeds :
Methinks even now I hear th' encumber'd ground,
And pavement, echo with a rumbling sound :
And see the servants' tearful eyes declare
With speaking look, the herse, the herse, is here !

But, O thou sister of Clarissa's heart,
Can I the anguish of thy soul impart,
When, from your chariot flown with breathless haste,
Her clay-cold form, yet beauteous, you embrac'd ;
And cried with heaving sobs, and broken strains,
Are these—are these—my much-lov'd friend's re-
mains ?

Then view each Harlowe-face ; remorse, despair,
And self-condemning grief, are pictur'd there.
Now first the brother feels, with guilty sighs,
Fraternal passions in his bosom rise :

By shame and sorrow equally opprest,
The sister wrings her hands, and beats her breast.
With streaming eyes, too late, the mother blames
Her tame submission to the tyrant James :
Even he, the gloomy father, o'er the herse
Laments his rashness, and recalls his curse.
And thus each parent, who, with haughty sway,
Expects his child to tremble and obey ;
Who hopes his power by rigor to maintain,
And meanly worships at the shrine of gain ;
Shall mourn his error, and, repenting, own,
That bliss can ne'er depend on wealth alone.
Riches may charm, and pageantry invite :
But what are these, unless the minds unite ?
Drive then insatiate avarice from your breast,
Nor think a Solmes can make Clarissa blest.

And you, ye fair, the wish of every heart,
Tho' grac'd by nature, and adorn'd by art,
Tho' sprightly youth its vernal bloom bestow,
And on your cheeks the blush of beauty glow,
Here see how soon those roses of a day,
Nipt by a frost, fade, wither, and decay !
Nor youth nor beauty could Clarissa save,
Snatch'd to an early, not untimely grave.
But still her own unshaken innocence,
Spotless and pure, unconscious of offence,
In the dread hour of death her bosom warm'd
With more than manly courage, and disarm'd

The griesly king : in vain the tyrant tried
His awful terrors—for she smil'd, and died.

You too, ye libertines, who idly jest
With virtue wrong'd, and innocence distress ;
Who vainly boast of what should be your shame,
And triumph in the wreck of female fame ;
Be warn'd, like Belford, and behold, with dread,
The hand of vengeance hovering o'er your head !
If not, in Belton's agonies you view
What dying horrors are reserv'd for you.

In vain even Lovelace, healthy, young, and gay,
By nature form'd to please, and to betray,
Tried from himself, by change of place, to run ;
For that intruder, Thought, he could not shun.
Tasteless were all the pleasures that he view'd
In foreign courts ; for conscience still pursu'd :
The lost *Clarissa* each succeeding night,
In starry garment, swims before his sight ;
Nor ease by day her shrill complaints afford,
But far more deeply wound than *Morden's* sword.

O ! if a sage had thus on Attic plains
Improv'd at once and charm'd the listening swains ;
Had he, with matchless energy of thought,
Great truths like these in antient Athens taught :
On fam'd *Ilyssus'* banks in Parian stone
His breathing bust conspicuous would have shone ;

Even Plato, in Lyceum's awful shade,
Th' instructive page with transport had survey'd ;
And own'd its author to have well supplied
The place his laws to Homer's self denied.

EPISTLE XLIII.

TO

MRS. BINDON,

At Bath.

BY THE HONORABLE

SIR CHA. HANBURY WILLIAMS, BART.

APOLLO of old on Britannia *did* smile,
And Delphi forsook for the sake of this isle.
Around him he lavishly scatter'd his lays,
And in every wilderness planted his bays ;
Then Chaucer and Spenser harmonious were heard,
Then Shakspeare, and Milton, and Waller appear'd,
And Dryden, whose brows by Apollo were crown'd,
As he sung in such strains as the God might have
own'd :

But now, since the laurel is given of late
To Cibber, to Eusden, to Shadwell and Tate,
Apollo has quitted the isle he once lov'd,
And his harp and his bays to Hibernia remov'd ;
He vows and he swears he'll inspire us no more,
And has put out Pope's fires which he kindled be-
fore ;

And further he says, *men* no longer shall boast
A science their slight and ill treatment hath lost ;
But that *women* alone for the future shall write ;
And who can resist, when they doubly delight ?
And, lest we should doubt what he said to be true,
Has begun by inspiring Sapphira and You.

EPISTLE XLIV.

MRS. BINDON's

ANSWER.

WHEN home I return'd from the dancing last night,
And elate by your praises attempted to write,
I familiarly call'd on Apollo for aid,
And told him how many fine things you had said.
He smil'd at my folly, and gave me to know,
Your wit, and not mine, by your writings you shew :
And then, says the God, still to make you more vain,
He hath promis'd that I shall enlighten your brain ;
When he knows in his heart, if he speak but his mind,
That no woman alive can now boast I am kind :
For since Daphne to shun me grew into a laurel,
With the sex I have sworn still to keep up the quarrel.
I thought it all joke, till by writing to you,
I have prov'd his resentment, alas ! but too true.

EPISTLE XLV.

SIR CHARLES's

REPLY.

I'LL not believe that Phoebus did not smile,
Unhappily for you I know his style ;
To strains like yours of old his harp he strung,
And while he dictated Orinda sung.
Did beauteous Daphne's scorn of proffer'd love
Against the sex his indignation move ?
It rather made you his peculiar care,
Convinc'd from thence, ye were as good as fair.
As mortals, who from dust receiv'd their birth,
Must when they die return to native earth ;
So too the laurel, that your brow adorns,
Sprang from the fair, and to the fair returns.

EPISTLE XLVI.

TO
A LADY,

Who sent Compliments to a

CLERGYMAN

UPON THE TEN OF HEARTS.

YOUR compliments, dear Lady, pray forbear,
Old English services are more sincere ;
You send Ten Hearts, the tithe is only mine,
Give me but One, and burn the other Nine.

EPISTLE XLVII.

TO
LADY MARY CHAMBERS.

ON HER
INTENDED VOYAGE INTO TURKEY.

BY
BAINBRIGG BUCKEREDGE, ESQ.

WHY should the charming Galatea shun
The bleeding conquests that her eyes have won ?
Oh ! stay, and give us yet a gentler fate ;
For absence is more cruel than your hate.
Love in those eyes so absolutely reigns,
We're slaves by choice, nor wish to quit our chains ;
Vain of our wounds, and proud to be undone,
We would not from the glorious ruin run.
Her charms the limit of an isle disdain,
And spread a powerful empire o'er the main.
Shall she to barbarous coasts from hence remove,
And melt their tyrant hearts with flames of love ?
To punish haughty slaves, that proudly dare,
Triumph o'er beauty and insult the fair ?

Ev'n he, whose nod a thousand beauties wait,
And, wishing, silently expect their fate ;
Aw'd by her charms, shall a just vengeance meet,
And lie a slave despairing at her feet.

But O! bright Nymph, let not a long return
Make wretched we your tedious absence mourn:
Let then the barbarous nations soon restore
Fair Galatea to the British shore :
Else they expect in vain the war should cease,
And England's Moderator signs in vain the peace.

EPISTLE XLVIII.

TO THE
LADY MARCHIONESS GREY.

BY THE HONORABLE
MISS MARGARET YORKE.

THY shades, 'Vacuna, and thy verdant meads,
The seat of Heroes fam'd for valiant deeds,
Demand the song. O gentle Graia! hear;
To a young Bard a few short moments spare:
Be thou my Muse, and with one gracious smile
Reward and animate the tuneful toil.
And O! inspire my verse, while it recites
Vacuna's much-lov'd elegant delights:
Whether embower'd in shady groves we walk,
Or in the Temple of chaste Dian talk;
Or if with laughter clear the dome resounds,
When Wray the ear with uncouth phrases wounds:
If now the sprightly Bam our wit employs,
Now graver studies give more solid joys:
If lightly on the green we jocund dance,
Or round the spacious garden choose to prance;
Whether the setting-sun-beam's golden fire,
Or Cynthia's paler beauties we admire;

Still Innocence and Virtue lead the round,
With Mirth and Pleasure all our days are crown'd.
And O! if Heaven will hear my ardent prayer,
And grant a wish, which from my bosom ne'er
Shall be remov'd—long may these shades obey
The mild commands of her, whose name adorns this
lay!

EPISTLE XLIX.

TO A
LADY,

WITH A
PRESENT OF POPE'S WORKS.

BY THE
HON. CHARLES YORKE.

THE lover oft, to please some faithless dame,
With vulgar presents feeds the dying flame,
Then adds a verse, of slighted vows complains,
While she the giver and the gift disdains,
These strains no idle suit to thee commend,
On whom gay Loves with chaste Desires attend ;
Nor fancied excellence, nor amorous care,
Prompts to rash praise, or fills with fond despair ;
Enough, if the fair volume find access ;
Thee the great poet's lay shall best express ;
Thy beauteous image there thou may'st regard,
Which strikes with modest awe the meaner bard.
Sure, had he living view'd thy tender youth,
The blush of honor, and the grace of truth,

Ne'er with Belinda's charms his song had glow'd,
But from thy form the lov'd idea flow'd ;
His wanton satire ne'er the sex had scorn'd,
For thee, by Virtue and the Muse adorn'd.

EPISTLE L.

TO
A LADY,

SENT HER WITH
LORD LANSDOWNE's HEROIC LOVE.

THE noble Granville here has nicely shown
Heroic Love, a copy of his own ;
No flight of fancy, but his heart indites
These moving scenes ; and what he feels, he writes.
With love like his, though in unequal lays,
Too charming Maid, I offer at thy praise.
Look on Chryseis ; she each feature drew
In nature's pride, and sure she sate for you.
Observe her sad farewell, she best can give
The dire account, what 'tis to part—and live !
You 've all her charms, her beauty, and her youth ;
But want, I fear, her kindness, and her truth.

Well had it been for Priam and his race,
Had Fate set me in Agamemnon's place,
And you Chryseis : glory should have strove
But faintly then against the force of Love.

Deaf to renown, and scorning to be great,
I'd left the camp for some obscure retreat.
There, gazing on those lovely eyes, prefer
One smile of yours to all the pomp of war;
And, every mark of royalty laid down,
Had languish'd at your feet, and sav'd the town.

EPISTLE LI.

TO

A LADY,

WITH A BOOK OF MORALITY,

Entitled

VISIONS.

“ So strong the passions of the human mind,
To truth reluctant, and to reason blind ;
These rules, compar'd with real life, must seem
All airy visions, and an empty dream :
For when a plan of conduct we would draw,
That dares the critic's eye to show a flaw,
Fancy may wish its antitype to see,
And feast upon its charms in theory ;
Yet still in practice all our hopes are vain,
To realize this image of the brain.”
Thus, foe to nature, spoke the gloomy sage ;
But let his labor'd lines inform the page ;
Let him exhaust his genius to display,
Truth's pleasant path, and virtue's peaceful way :

Each moral rule with energy dispense,
That forms the conduct, or improves the sense :
Still must philosophy renounce the prize,
Still nature must to art superior rise ;
For nature now triumphantly can shew
A living instance of those rules in You.

EPISTLE LII.

TO
THREE AMIABLE SISTERS,

WITH
HAMMOND'S LOVE ELEGIES.

BY
THE REV. — KYNASTON, M. A.
Late Fellow of Brazen-Nose, Oxford.

READ here the pangs of unsuccessful Love ;
And oh ! let pity your soft bosoms move.
Whilst Hammond, hapless youth ! for Delia burns,
The plaintive Muse in sweetest accents mourns :
What Belle so savage, but their force must own ?
What heart that melts not, but an heart of stone ?

Read then, and listen to the Muse's voice :
Let this example sanctify your choice.
When the fond youth his passion strives to prove,
By Hammond's symptoms try the force of love :
Mark well the speaking eye, th' impassion'd tear,
The pulse quick-throbbing, and the sigh sincere.
Then, then be banish'd every meaner guest,
Nor avarice, nor ambition, fire your breast.

Ye fairer Delias ! choose the better part,
Nor slight the youth who gives you all his heart ;
But crown with mutual love the generous flame,
And happier Hammonds shall record your name.

EPISTLE LIII.

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER

PRESENTING THE AUTHOR

WITH A LOCK OF HER HAIR.

By the Same.

THE Poets (fabling tribe!) aver,
That once the ruthless God of War,
(Who, bred amid the din of arms,
Defy'd the power of Beauty's charms,
And long had, proudly, scorn'd to wear
The pleasing fetters of the Fair)
Struck with the graceful air and mien,
And roseate bloom of Cyprus' Queen;
His savage fierceness all forbore,
Subdued by Venus' magic lore;
And soon became, her power to prove,
A convert to the force of Love.

The wily Goddess then, 'tis said,
All with an heavenly-temper'd braid

Of net-work, circled him around,
And to her snowy bosom bound ;
Secur'd the conquest of her eyes,
And, by the rulers of the skies,
From the fierce God of War so tam'd,
Thenceforth was BEAUTY'S GODDESS nam'd.

Thus say the Poets—who in fiction,
In figure, and in contradiction
To all the laws of modest Nature,
Trick out a strange romantic creature,
Which after all they quaintly feign,
No where exists, but in the brain.

Might I the genuine truth reveal,
And would you listen to the tale ;
Would you, indulgently, supply
Whate'er I pass in silence by—
Whose was the dull, insensate breast,
Which Beauty's power, at length confess'd—
Who soon became, that power to prove,
A convert to the force of love :
Would you conceive who 'tis I mean—
The rest 'twere easy to explain :
“ The heavenly net-work, Venus' snare,
Was this—A RINGLET OF HER HAIR :
And She, to give her ALL her due,
Some faint resemblance was of—YOU.”

EPISTLE LIV.

TO A
LADY

MAKING A PIN-BASKET.

BY
SIR JAMES MARRIOT.

WHILE objects of a parent's care
With joy your fond attention share,
Madam, accept th' auspicious strain ;
Nor rise your beauteous work in vain :
Oft be your second race survey'd,
And oft a new pin-basket made.

When marriage was in all its glory
(So poets, madam, tell the story,)
Ere Plutus damp'd love's purer flame,
Or Smithfield bargains had a name,
In heav'n a blooming youth and bride
At Hymen's altars were ally'd ;
When Cupid had his Psyche won,
And, all her destin'd labors done,
The cruel Fates their rage relented,
And mamma Venus had consented.

At Jove's command, and Hermes' call,
The train appear'd to fill the hall,
And gods and goddesses were drest,
To do them honor in their best.
The little rogues now pass'd the row,
And look'd and mov'd I don't know how,
And, ambling hand in hand, appear
Before the mighty Thunderer.
Low at his throne they bent the knee :
He smil'd the blushing pair to see,
Lay'd his tremendous bolt aside,
And strok'd their cheeks, and kiss'd the bride.

Says Juno, since our Jove's so kind,
My dear, some present I must find.
In greatest pleasures, greatest dangers,
We and the sex were never strangers ;
With bounteous hand my gifts I spread,
Presiding o'er the marriage-bed.
Soon, for the months are on the wing,
To you a daughter fair I bring,
And know, from this your nuptial morn
Shall Pleasure, smiling babe, be born.
But for the babe we must prepare ;
That too shall be your Juno's care.
Apollo from his golden lyre
Shall first assist us with the wire ;
Vulcan shall make the silver pin ;
The basket thus we shall begin,

Where we may put the child's array,
And get it ready by the day.
The nymphs themselves with flowers shall dress
it,
Pallas shall weave, and I will bless it.

EPISTLE LV.

TO
A LADY,
WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES
ON
VALENTINE'S DAY.

FROM
VILLIERS,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

BRIMFUL of anger, not of love,
The champion sends his foe one glove;
But I, who have a double share
Of softer passion, send a pair.
Nor think it, dearest Celia, cruel,
That I invite you to a duel:
Ready to meet you face to face,
At any time, in any place:
Nor will I leave you in the lurch,
Tho' You should dare to name the church;
There come equipp'd with all your charms,
The ring and licence are my arms;
With these I mean your power to try,
And meet my charmer, though I die.

EPISTLE LVI.

TO
A LADY,

WITH A
BOUGH OF AN ORANGE TREE.

BY
WILLIAM HARRISON, ESQ.

FROM a warm clime and generous soil
This plant remov'd deludes our toil,
Disdains what baffled art has done,
And drooping mourns the distant sun.
Yet, Mira, near thy bosom plac'd,
It shall new life, new pleasure taste ;
Sweets, more than nature gave, dispense,
Nor lend thee charms, but borrow thence.

See the young fruit thy power confess,
And love their own Bermudas less ;
Though all that we think bright and fair,
Though Paradise itself be there.

Ripen'd by thy auspicious eyes,
And eager to bestow the prize,
For which thy matchless beauties call,
Each kindles to a golden ball ;
Love's smiling Queen, whose tender aid
Protects the Myrtle's fragrant shade,
Fore-knowing what thy charms would be,
Left to thy choice this fairer tree.

EPISTLE LVII.

WRITTEN AT THE
REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN

To whom
A LADY HAD GIVEN A SPRIG OF MYRTLE.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.

WHAT hopes, what terrors does thy gift create,
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate !
The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand)
Not less capricious than a reigning Fair,
Oft favors, oft rejects a lover's pray'r :
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain ;
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
Th' unhappy lovers graves the myrtle spreads ;
Oh ! then the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart ;
Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

EPISTLE LVIII.

TO

A LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

A KNIFE, dear Girl, cuts love they say—
Mere modish love, perhaps it may ;
For any tool of any kind,
Can sep'rate what was never join'd.
The Knife that cuts *our* love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do :
Must cut your softness, worth and spirit
Down to the vulgar size of merit ;
To level your's with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste ;
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip what would dizen out a score.
The self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight, for ever ;
All mem'ry of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last,
All that makes fourteen years with you,
A Summer ;—and a short one too :

All that affection feels, and fears,
When hours, without you, seem like years.—
Till that be done (and I'd as soon
Believe this Knife will chip the moon)
Accept my present undeterr'd,
And leave their Proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiss—delicious treat !—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt ;
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—' cut and come again.'

EPISTLE LIX.

FROM
A GENTLEMAN,
ON THE LATE
ANNIVERSARY OF HIS WEDDING-DAY,

TO HIS WIFE
WITH A RING, AND THE FOLLOWING LINES.

By the Same.

“THEE, MARY, with this ring I wed,”
So sixteen years ago I said—
Behold another ring!—“For what?”
“To wed thee o’er again,—why not?”—

With the FIRST ring I married Youth,
Grace, Beauty, Innocence, and Truth;
Taste long admir’d, Sense long rever’d:
And all my MOLLY THEN appear’d.

If she, by merit since disclos’d,
Prove twice the woman I suppos’d,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.

Here then, to-day, (with faith as sure,
With ardor as intense and pure,
As when amidst the rites divine
I took thy troth, and plighted mine)
To thee, sweet girl, my SECOND ring,
A token and a pledge I bring;
With this I wed, till Death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
These virtues, which, before untry'd,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing Wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For Conscience sake, as well as Love's.

For why?—They shew me hour by hour
Honor's high thought, Affection's pow'r,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence:
And teach me all things—but Repentance!

EPISTLE LX.

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

ON

SEEING HER DANCE.

BY PETER PINNELL, M. A.

O! may you walk, as years advance,
Smooth and erect, as now you dance ;
May you on each important stage,
From bloom of youth to wither'd age,
Assert your claim to merit's prize,
And, as at present, charm our eyes ;
Observant of decorum's laws,
And moving with the same applause,
May you, thro' life's perplexing maze,
Direct your steps with equal praise ;
Its intricate meanders trace
With regularity and grace ;
From the true figure never swerve,
And time in every step observe ;
Give ear to harmony and reason,
Nor make one motion out of season !

Thus will life's current gently flow,
And pour forth every bliss below ;
Till nature failing, ebb shall bring
Death with his dart—but not his sting!

EPISTLE LXI.

TO
A LADY,
ON
ASKING MY OPINION OF FRIENDSHIP.

By the Same.

WOULD Chloe know the highest bliss,
That friendship boasts—it must be this ;—
When Hymen crowns what Love begun,
And two fond hearts unite in one ;
When each, as to delight or pain,
Is bound in sympathetic chain,
And both reciprocally borrow,
To heighten joy, or sweeten sorrow.
This is the highest bliss below,
This friendship only can bestow ;
And may propitious heaven design,
That such a friendship shall be mine,
And since this wish relates to two,
O ! may that friendship be with You !

EPISTLE LXII.

TO
A LADY.

BY
THE REV. S. HENLEY.

BY the side of a stream that strays thro' the grove,
I met in a ramble, the blithe God of Love ;
His bow o'er his shoulder was carelessly ty'd,
His quiver in negligence clanck'd at his side ;
A handful of arrows he held to my view,
Each wing'd with a feather that differ'd in hue.
" This fledg'd from the eagle, he smiling begun,
I aim at the heart that no dangers will shun ;
And this from the peacock, all gaudy array'd,
The breast of Sir Fopling is sure to invade.
When I point at the Witling proud of his wit,
My shaft in the plume of a parrot will hit ;
And when I've a mind that the Jealous should
smart,
I pierce with an owl-feather'd arrow his heart.

For the Youth, in whom truth and fondness reside,
From the breast of a dove my dart is supply'd :
This I value the most :—and this 'twas I found
From You, O my Delia, that gave me the wound.

EPISTLE LXIII.

TO

LADY HERVEY.

BY

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

HERVEY, would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast ?
Trifling is the inclination,
That by words can be express'd.

In my silence see the lover,
True love is by silence known ;
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the power of your own.

EPISTLE LXIV.

A
BIRTH-DAY OFFERING

TO A
YOUNG LADY.

FROM HER LOVER.

BY GEORGE CANNING, ESQ.

ERE this short winter's day be gone,
My MARY-ANNE is twenty-one.
Of days still shorter just a Lent,
Patch'd up from different years is spent,
Since her Devoted fairly reckon'd
The close of year the thirty-second.
Bending beneath the weight of years,
Full as infirm as he appears,
What can a worn-out lover do,
With twenty-one at thirty-two?
For such a phrenzy no defence is—
The girl has clearly lost her senses.

Perhaps deceiv'd by some fond notion,
Embrac'd in rapture of devotion,

(I quote such fancies to expose 'em)
She dreams of bliss in Abraham's bosom ;
And chuses an Antique the rather,
With better grace to call him father.

Perhaps—but fiction be suppress'd,
While real joy expands my breast—
My faithful flame her heart approves,
And O! transporting thought! she loves.

When Souls, by impulse sympathetic,
By intuition most prophetic,
By feelings, which they cannot smother,
Leap at first glance to meet each other,
When each itself in t' other traces,
What matter for their different cases?
Of kin, perhaps, in pre-existence,
Without dull Reason's slow assistance,
They recollect the happy union,
And long to recommence communion.
I must confess that such attraction,
For ease, convenience, satisfaction,
Were best if, on deliberation,
It met with Reason's approbation :
Not as of absolute dominion,
To rule by dint of dark opinion ;
Not as a Lord of sovereign sway,
Whom love must worship and obey ;
But merely as the herd inferior
May judge the acts of Powers superior ;

As my poor intellect, or thine,
May scan authority divine—
In short, I'd have our simple love,
Not *against* reason, but *above*.

Two birds, suppose, of various feather,
Hung in one room by chance together.
To airs melodious tune their voices,
While each the other's ear rejoices:
If, without half a note erroneous,
The song be perfectly harmonious,
What matter for the forms or ages,
Of bills, of feathers, and of cages?

DEAN SWIFT, whose talent lives no more,
His Stella sung at forty-four ;
And breath'd an idle wish to split
In twain her beauty, years, and wit—
Of half her charms he made a proffer
For youth ; but Time disdain'd his offer.
Far happier I, who well could spare,
Of each accomplishment a share,
Yet leave an ample store of charms,
To bring Elysium to my arms,
Am not reduc'd those charms to barter,
And cry to heedless Time for quarter—
Fly, Sluggard, on thy swiftest wing,
My charmer yields not All till Spring !

Then, firm in Constancy's reliance,
I bid thy cruel scythe defiance ;
Deal when thou wilt the deadly blow,
Thou canst but separate below,
Thy first can but for moments sever,
Thy second re-unites for ever.

Perhaps, suspending mortal rage,
By silent sap, and creeping age,
By subtile, secret slow approaches,
As mildew on the blade incroaches,
Thou hop'st, malignant fiend ! to tame
The ardor of love's fiercest flame—
Vain shalt thou find thy keenest blast,
Bliss once possess'd, thy power is past.
Can years, while sense remains, destroy
The memory of transcendent joy ?
Can years bright innocence impair ?
Can years make Virtue look less fair ?

But Beauty, by thy influence curst,
May sicken—Tyrant, do thy worst !
I know thy power, and am prepar'd
To meet thy sharpest darts unscar'd.
Though Body, Mind, thou canst control,
Own thy survivor in the Soul ;
Whose perfect bliss is not enjoy'd,
Till thou art utterly destroy'd.

Ev'n here, as health and beauty fail,
While lilies o'er the rose prevail,
Long ere thy menac'd ills can harm,
Though every hour should steal a charm——
Long ere, by twenty stars a day,
The spangled Heavens would wear away.

Unconscious of the gradual wane,
As years their empire slowly gain,
While my Ideas, in the race,
Observe a due-proportioned pace,
And limbs grow cold, and senses faulter,
I sha'nt perceive her Person alter.
When Age her dimpled cheek beguiles,
And wrinkles plants, instead of smiles,
Though every Cupid he should smother,
I'll think her handsome as their mother.
When, steady to his barbarous plan,
To spoil my lovely MARY-ANNE,
The savage unrelenting creature
Has robb'd her face of every feature,
And, to conceptions merely common,
My charmer seems a plain old woman,
Still in my heart she'll hold her throne,
Still in my eyes be twenty-one.

EPISTLE LXV.

TO
CORINNA,

BY
EARL NUGENT.

WHILE I those hard commands obey,
Which tear me from thee far away ;
Never did yet love-tortur'd youth,
So dearly prove his doubted truth ;
For never woman charm'd like thee,
And never man yet lov'd like me,

All creatures whom fond flames inspire,
Pursue the object they desire ;
But I, prepost'rous doom ! must prove
By distant flight the strongest love ;
And ev'ry way distress'd by fate,
Must lose thy sight, or meet thy hate.

EPISTLE LXVI.

TO

CAMILLA,

By the Same.

WEARY'D with indolent repose,
A life unmix'd with joys or woes ;
Where all the lazy moments crept,
And every passion sluggish slept ;
I wish'd for love's inspiring pains,
To rouse the loiterer in my veins.
Th' officious power my call attends,
He who uncall'd his succour lends ;
And with a smile of wanton spite,
He gave Camilla to my sight.
Her eyes their willing captive seize,
Her look, her air, her manner please ;
New beauties please, unseen before,
Or seen, in her they please me more ;
And soon, too soon, alas ! I find
The virtues of a nobler kind.

Now cheerful springs the morning ray,
Now cheerful sinks the closing day ;

For every morn with her I walk'd,
And every eve with her I talk'd ;
With her I lik'd the vernal bloom,
With her I lik'd the crowded room ;
From her at night I went with pain,
And long'd for morn to meet again.

How quick the smiling moments pass,
Through varying fancy's mimic glass !
While the gay scene is painted o'er,
Where all was one wide blank before ;
And sweetly sooth'd th' enchanting dream,
'Till love inspir'd a bolder scheme.

Camilla, stung with grief and shame ;
Now marks, and shuns the guilty flame ;
Fierce anger lighten'd in her face,
Then cold reserve assum'd its place :
And soon, the wretch's hardest fate,
Contempt succeeds declining hate.
No more my presence now she flies,
She sees me with unheeding eyes ;
Sees me with various passions burn,
Enrag'd depart, submiss return ;
Return with flattering hopes to find
Soft pity move her gentle mind.
But ah ! her looks were still the same,
Unmark'd I went, unmark'd I came ;
Unmark'd were all my hopes and fears,
While Strephon whispers in her ears.

O Jealousy ! distracting guest !
Fly to some happy lover's breast ;
Fitley with joy thou minglest care,
But why inhabit with despair ?

EPISTLE LXVII.

TO

CLARISSA.

By the Same.

'T WAS when the friendly shade of night
Suspends the busy cares of light,
And on the various world bestows
Or sprightly joy, or calm repose.
With gen'rous wine the glass was crown'd,
And mirth, and talk, and toasts went round.

Clarissa came to bless the feast,
Clarissa, dearly welcome guest.
Not such she look'd as when by day
She blazes in the diamond's ray;
And adding to each gem a grace,
Gives India's wealth the second place.
But soft reclin'd in careless ease,
More pleasing, less intent to please.
Loose flow'd her hair in wanton pride,
Her robe unbound, her zone unty'd;
Half bare to view her milk-white breast,
A slender veil scarce shades the rest;

Her eye with sparkling lustre glows,
And wit in sweetest accent flows.

Now sooth'd the angel's voice I hear,
And drink in love at either ear ;
Now stung with wilder rapture gaze,
While our eyes meet with blended rays ;
And kindling in th' infectious flame,
I feel what words want pow'r to name.

Awaking from the silent trance,
Cautious I steal a broken glance ;
In clam'rous mirth each pang disguise,
And laughter swell with bursting sighs ;
For Envy, pallid fiend, was there,
And Jealousy with watchful care.

Now ends the feast, each guest retires,
And with them all my soul desires,
Clarissa goes.—Ah ! cruel fate !
She goes with her ill-sorted mate :
Sullen and slow he moves along,
And heavy hums a drowsy song.
O ! drowsy may the monster lye,
And instant slumbers seal his eye !
So shalt thou, best lov'd, escape
The horrors of a legal rape.

Or, should the brutish instinct goad,
And thou must bear th' unwelcome load ;

If struggle, pray'r, pretence be vain,
To shun what tyrant-laws ordain ;
Ah! sparing deal our scanty dues,
And keep whate'er thou canst refuse !
Ah! give no bounding pulse to beat,
No cheek to glow with genial heat !
No breast to heave in am'rous play,
No limbs to twine, no hands to stray ;
But sluggish press the joyless bed,
And lie in cold indiff'rence dead :
Nor let the blasting spoiler sip
The fragrance of thy balmy lip !
To share with him the lover's part,
Were rank adultery of the heart.

But if, in chaster love's despite,
Warm nature catch the known delight ;
While fierce desires tumultuous rise,
And rapture melts thy closing eyes ;
Ah ! be those joys for me design'd,
And let me rush upon thy mind !
To me the burning kiss impart,
On me impress the humid dart,
For me unlock the nectar'd store,
Then sigh, and dream the transport o'er !

Thus with her lov'd idea fraught,
Delusive fancy charms my thought ;
And joining in the flatt'ring cheat,
Willing I hug the dear deceit ;

From fiction real bliss receive,
And all I fondly wish believe;
Nor envy to a husband's arms,
The dull fruition of her charms.

But when, regardless of my truth,
She smiles on some more favor'd youth;
And while he whispers in her ears,
With more than wonted pleasure hears;
My jealous thought his voice supplies,
And reads perdition in her eyes.
Then torn with envy, love, and hate,
I wish her with her wedded mate.

END OF EPISTLES
PANEGYRICAL AND GALLANT.

NOTES

ON

EPISTLES

PANEGYRICAL AND GALLANT.

EPISTLE I.

Page 5. *THE chaste Orinda rose ; with purer light,
Like modest Cynthia, beaming thro' the night :]*

Mrs. Catherine Philips : she was distinguished by most of the wits of king Charles's reign, and died young. Her pieces on friendship are particularly admired. See Epistle xiii. in this volume.

6. *Who can unmov'd hear Winchelsea reveal*

*Thy horrors, spleen ! which all, who paint, must
feel ?]* Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, a

lady of great wit and genius, wrote (among others) a poem, much admired, on the Spleen, and is praised by Mr. Pope, &c. under the poetical name of Ardelia.

*ibid. Hail, Cockburne, hail ! even now from Reason's
bowers*

*Thy Locke delighted culls the choicest flowers
To deck his great, successful champion's head,
And Clarke expects thee in the laurel shade.]*

Mrs. Catherine Cockburne was the wife of a clergyman, lived obscurely, and died a few years ago, in an

advanced age in Northumberland; her works on dramatic, philosophical, and sacred subjects, have been lately collected by the learned Dr. Birch, and are generally admired.

6. ————Manley, Centlivre, *and* Behn ;]

The first of these wrote the scandalous memoirs called *Atalantis*, and the other two are notorious for the indecency of their plays.

7. ————Philips, Pilkington, *and* Vane,]

These three ladies have endeavoured to immortalize their shame by writing their own memoirs.

ibid. But hark! what Nymph, in Frome's embroider'd
vale,

With strains seraphic swells the vernal gale?

The character of Mrs. Rowe and her writings is too well known to be dwelt on here. It may be sufficient to say, that without any previous illness she met at last with that sudden death for which she had always wished.

ibid. Nor can her noble Friend escape unseen,

(Or from the Muse her modest virtues screen ;]

Frances, Countess of Hertford, and afterwards Dutchess Dowager of Somerset, Mrs. Rowe's illustrious friend, lamented her death in some verses prefixed to her poems, and was author of the letters in her collection signed *Cleora*.

8. *By generous views one Peeress more demands*

A grateful tribute from all female hands ;] Anne, Viscountess Irwin, and aunt to the present Earl of Carlisle: this lady, in a poetical epistle to Mr. Pope,

has rescued her sex's cause from the aspersions cast on them by that satyrist in his essay on the characters of women.

8. *Their own dark forms deceit and envy wear,
By Irwin touch'd with truth's celestial spear.]*

See Milton, book iv. ver. 811.

ibid. *What breast from sighs, what eye from tears refrains,*

When, sweetly-mournful, hapless Wright complains ?] Mrs. Wright, sister to the famous Wesleys, has published some pieces, which,

tho' of a melancholy cast, are written in the genuine spirit of poetry.

9. *In nervous strains, lo! Madan's polish'd taste
Has poetry's successive progress trac'd,]* Mrs.

Madan is author of a poem called the Progress of Poetry : wherein the characters of the best Grecian, Roman and English poets are justly and elegantly drawn.

ibid. *Young Leapor's form flies shadowy o'er the green.]* Mrs. Leapor, daughter to a

Northamptonshire gardener, has lately convinced the world of the force of unassisted nature, by imitating and equalling some of our most approved poets, by the strength of her parts, and the vivacity of her genius.

10. *Now bear me, Clio, to that Kentish strand,
Whose rude o'erhanging cliffs and barren sand
May challenge all the myrtle-blooming bowers*

Of fam'd Italia, when, at evening hours,

Thy own Eliza muses on the shore,] Mrs. Eliza Carter, of Deal, well known to the learned world for her late translation of Epictetus, has translated, from the Italian, Algarotti's dialogues on light and colours; and lately published a small collection of elegant poems.

11. "*What magic powers in Celia's numbers dwell,*
We could not here, with justice, with-hold our tribute of praise from Mrs. Brooke, author of the tragedy of Virginia.

12. *Clio herself, or Ferrar tunes a lay,*

Sweet as the darkling Philomel of May.

Haste, haste, ye Nine, and hear a sister sing

The charms of Cynthia, and the joys of spring :]

This lady (now the wife of Dr. Peckard, the respectable master of Magdalen College, Cambridge) has written two beautiful odes to Cynthia and the Spring.

13. *Nor shall thy much-lov'd Pennington remain*

Unsung, unhonor'd in my votive strain.] Mrs.

Pennington has happily imitated Mr. Philips's Splendid Shilling, in a burlesque poem called the Copper Farthing.

ibid. And, hark! what songstress shakes her warbling throat?

Is it the nightingale, or Delia's note?] This lady has written odes to Peace, Health, and the Robin Red-breast, which are here alluded to; and she has been celebrated in a sonnet by Mr. Edwards, author of the Canons of Criticism.

14. *With lovely mien Eugenia now appears,*

The muse's pupil from her tenderest years;] This lady has successfully applied herself to the sister arts of drawing and poetry, and has written an ingenious allegory, wherein two pilgrims, Fidelio and Honoria, after a fruitless search for the palace of Happiness, are at last conducted to the house of Content.

EPISTLE II.

Page 17. We presume this Epistle to have been addressed by the Author to his Daughter; but if not, MISS SEWARD's claim to the right it asserts will never admit of a doubt.

EPISTLE IV.

Page 27. *To joys that Mordaunt,——]* Earl of Peterborough, conquerer of Valencia. D.

EPISTLE V.

Page 29. The ingenious writer of this Epistle was shot by a ruffian near Naples, about the month of June, 1753, whilst travelling in his post-chaise.

EPISTLE XI.

Page 45. *Or rising from her borrow'd guise,*

She struck th' astonish'd Grecian's eyes.]

When Minerva had conducted Telamachus to Ithaca, under the appearance of Old Mentor, she resumed her form and left him.

EPISTLE XIII.

Page 51. Urania's birth in glittering fiction sung ;]

There were two Venuses among the ancients ; one called Pandemus, to whom they attributed the love of wild disorderly pleasures ; the other named Urania, the patroness and inspirer of Friendship, Knowledge, and Virtue.

52. *What shining visions rose on Plato's thought !*

While by the Muses gently winding flood,] Ilyssus, a river near Athens, dedicated to the Muses. On the banks of this river, under a plantane, Plato lays the scene of some of his dialogues on love and beauty.

EPISTLE XXII.

Page 82. —————CONSTANCE flies ;] Mrs. Cibber.

83. *Though Falstaff should forsake the stage.]* Mr. Quin, inimitable in that character, who was then quitting it.

EPISTLE XXIV.

Page 87. This temple was erected by Garrick in his garden, on the bank of the Thames, at Hampton.

EPISTLE XXV.

Page 90. Upon the back of this picture, which was sent to a gentleman of the university of Oxford, Mr. Garrick inscribed the following lines :

The mimic form on t'other side,
That you accepted is my pride ;
Resembles one so prompt to change,
Through ev'ry mortal whim to range,
You'd swear the lute so like the case,
The mind as various as the face.
Yet to his friends be this his fame,
His heart's eternally the same.

EPISTLE XXXII.

Page 105. John Dennis the celebrated critic, at the age of almost 77, became blind and overwhelmed with debts. His deplorable situation exciting the compassion of Mr. Thomson, that gentleman procured for him a benefit at the theatre in the Hay-market. The play was the Provoked Husband : and Mr. Pope wrote a Prologue, which was spoken by Theophilus Cibber. The exhibition, however, which produced near 100*l.* was of but little service, as the unfortunate old man survived but a very short time. A writer of Dennis's Life, asserts these verses to have been the production of Savage.

EPISTLE XXXV.

Page 111. The Author of this Epistle was born at Windsor, (where his father was treasurer and chapter clerk of the college) received his education at Eton and Cambridge, and after studying under Boerhaave, practised physic in London. Towards the close of life he retired to Hampstead, where he died, and was meanly buried. The amiableness of

his temper was a pass-port to the best company, and procured him very general esteem. He was the author of various pieces both of poetry and prose, and was principally concerned in the ninth volume of the Spectator.

EPISTLE XLIII.

Page 134. ————— *Sapphira* —————] The name by which Mrs. Barber was known by her friends.

EPISTLE XLV.

Page 137. ————— *Orinda sung.*] The name given to Mrs. Catherine Philips.

EPISTLE XLVII.

Page 139. It appears from this Epistle, that Lady Craven is not the first of her family who has voyaged to Turkey. The fair Traveller to whom this epistle was addressed, was eldest daughter to the Earl of Berkley, and sister to Lady Elizabeth Germaine. She married Sir Thomas Chambers of Hanwell.

EPISTLE XLVIII.

Page 141. The fair Authoress was second daughter of the late Earl of Hardwicke, and afterwards wife of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart. she died in child-bed, 1769. These lines were written by her at the age of fourteen and a half.

EPISTLE LXIII.

Page 169. Mary, daughter of General Lepel, and widow of John Lord Hervey. Of this Lady, it was observed by the Earl of Chesterfield to his son, that “ She has been all her life at courts ; of which she has acquired all the easy good breeding and politeness, without the frivolousness. She has all the reading that a woman should have ; and more than any woman need have ; for she understands Latin perfectly well, though she wisely conceals it. No woman ever had more than she has, *le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie, les manieres engageantes et le je ne sais quoi qui plait.*”

THE END.

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BELL's
CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT
OF
FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. VII.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.



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M DCC LXXXIX.

EPISTLES
HEROIC AND AMATORY.

EPISTLES
HEROIC AND AMATORY.

EPISTLE I.

ROSAMOND

TO

KING HENRY.

BY WILLIAM PATTISON.

Qualis populea moerens Philomela sub umbra
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et moestis late loca questibus implet. Virg.

FROM these lone shades and ever-gloomy bowers,
Once the dear scenes of Henry's softer hours!
What tender strains of passion can impart
The pangs of absence to an amorous heart!
Far, far too faint the powers of language prove,
Language that slow interpreter of love!
Souls pair'd like ours, like ours to union wrought,
Converse by silent sympathy of thought;
O then, by that mysterious art, divine
The wild impatience of my breast by thine!
And, to conceive what I would say to thee,
Conceive, my Love, what thou wouldst say to me!

As in the tenderness of soul I sigh,
Methinks I hear thy tender soul reply ;
And as in thought, o'er heaps of heroes slain,
I trace thy progress on the fatal plain,
Perhaps thy thought explores me thro' the grove,
And, softening, steals an interval of love ;
In the deep covert of a bowering shade
Describes my posture—languishingly laid !
Now, sadly solac'd with the murmuring springs,
Now, melting into tears, the softest things !
And how the feign'd ideas all agree !
So bowers the shade, so melt my tears for thee !
Here, as in Eden, once we blissful lay,
How oft night stole, unheeded, on the day !
Our soft-breath'd raptures charm'd the listening
grove,
And all was harmony, for all was love !

But hark ! the trumpet sounds ! see discords rise !
'Tis honor calls ; from me my Henry flies !
Honor to him, more bright than Rosamonda's eyes !
Not thus my honor with his passion strove,
His sighs I pitied, and indulg'd his love :
He then cried, " honor was an empty name,
" And love a sweeter recompense than fame."

Oh ! had I liv'd in some obscure retreat,
Securely fair, and innocently sweet ;
How had I bless'd some humble shepherd's arms !
How kept my fame as spotless as my charms !

Then hadst thou ne'er beheld these eyes of mine,
Nor they bewail'd the fatal power of thine!
Dear fatal power! to me for ever dear—
Fix'd in my tender breast, and rooted there!
For ever in my tender breast remain—
And be for ever a delightful pain!

With what surprize those glories first I view'd,
That in one moment my whole heart subdued!
With such resistless beams, so fierce they shone,
Not such the dazzling radiance of thy crown!
Sent from thy crown I never felt a dart;
The lover, not the monarch, won my heart:
Nor e'er the monarch with such charms appears,
As when the lover's soften'd dress he wears:
As when he, silent, deigns my breast to seek,
And looks such language as no tongue can speak.

Whene'er my crimes (if love a crime can be,
If 'tis a crime to live, and die for thee!)
In hideous forms arise, and cloud my soul,
One thought of Henry can that gloom control:
No more my breast alternate passions move,
The frosts of honor melt before the fires of love:

Again I must repeat that fatal hour,
Which snatch'd my Henry from his Woodstock
bower;
When mad Bellona, with tumultuous cries,
The hero rous'd, and drown'd the lover's sighs.

Stretch'd on my downy couch at ease I lay,
And sought by reading to beguile the day;
With amorous strains I sooth'd a grateful fire,
And all the woman glow'd with soft desire.
'Till, as I wish'd, I heard the vocal breeze
Proclaim my Henry rustling thro' the trees;
O'erjoy'd, I ran to meet thy longing arms,
And taste a dear remembrance of thy charms;
But soon I saw some sad conceal'd surprize,
Fade on thy cheeks, and languish on thine eyes;
Thro' each dissembled smile a sorrow stole,
And whisper'd out the secret of thy soul.
What this could mean uncertain to divine;
No fault I knew, yet fear'd some fault was mine.
But soon thy love dispell'd those airy fears,
Dispell'd alas!—but brought too solid cares.
For as with hands, entwin'd in hands, we walk'd,
Of love, and hapless lovers, still thou talk'd:
Thy tears of pity answer'd each sad moan,
And in their seeming miseries wept thy own.
“ I cannot leave her!”—I o'erheard thee say,—
Pierc'd to the soul, I sunk, and died away.
What art restor'd me, thou alone canst tell,
For thy kind arms embrac'd me as I fell.
My opening eyes fix'd on thy beauties hung,
And my ears drank the cordial of thy tongue.
Again my thoughts return with killing pain,
Within thy arms I sink, and swoon again:
Again thou dost my sweet physician prove,
From death to life alternately I move,

Now dead by anguish, now reviv'd by love.
But when, without disguise, the truth I found,
My agonizing sorrows knew no bound:
My locks I tore; then all-intranc'd I lay,
Till by degrees my grief to words gave way,
And soft I cried,—“oh! stay, my Henry stay.
One moment more!—add yet,—and yet, a kiss!—
Oh! give me thine, and take my soul in this!
Farewell!—perhaps, farewell for ever!—oh!
Who can sustain so dire a weight of woe?”

Ah! wretched Maid!—alas! a maid no more!
No herbs that spotless title can restore!
Ah! who shall now protect thy injur'd fame?
Who shield thy weakness from th' assaults of shame?
Who lull thy anxious soul to balmy rest,
If Henry, dearest Henry, flie thy breast?

Yet, tho' he flie, your wings, ye Angels, spread,
And hover guardians o'er my Henry's head!
Who knows, but this kind prayer is pour'd too late,
And he already struggles with his fate?
Already wounded, pants, and gasps in death,
And Rosamonda is his latest breath?

Propitious Heaven! vouchsafe a gracious ear!
Grant these be only phantoms of my fear:
Heaven still is gracious, if true suppliants pray!
And lo!—the foul chimeras fleet away!

Transporting prospects to my wishes rise,
Beam on my soul, and brighten in my eyes !
He lives ! he lives ! I see his banner spread,
And laurels wreath'd round the gay victor's head !
Ye winds ! convey the news to Albion's floods !
Ye floods ! resound it to the joyous woods !
Ye joyous woods ! your tuneful choirs prepare
To hail my Hero from the toils of war !

Delusive scenes ! too beautiful to stay !
They fade in visionary streaks away.
Alas ! no lovely Henry now is nigh !
His Genius took his form to sooth my eye.
No more I seem his melting voice to hear !
Peace ! babbling fountains ! nor abuse my ear,
Ye flowers ! ye streams ! ye gales, no longer move !
For ah ! how strong is fancy join'd with love !

O ! frail inconstancy of mortal state !
One hour dejected, and the next elate !
Rais'd by false hopes, or by false fears deprest,
How different passions sway the human breast !
Now smiling pleasures with fair charms invite,
Now frowning horrors with black trains affright,
Future distrusts the present joys control,
And fancy triumphs o'er the reasoning soul ;

As mid the trees I solitary rove,
The trees awake some image of my love :

Where-e'er their arms in amorous foldings join,
My longing arms I spread to fold in thine.
The beauteous flowers thy face reflected bear,
(If flowers in beauty may with thee compare)
Their wafted fragrances thy breath inspire,
And my soul kindles with ideal fire !
The thick-weav'd shades, and grove incircling grove,
Are emblems of th' eternity of love.
My blushing guilt the crimson roses paint,
And I, like roses, unsupported faint :
Like theirs my youthful charms (if charms) consume,
For love, a closer canker, eats my bloom.

How blest might other Nymphs survey these scenes,
Fountains, and shades, and hills, and flowery greens ?
Prospects on prospects might detain the sight,
And still variety give new delight.
But I, with thee, should find in deserts ease ;
Without thee, not even Paradise could please :
Wilds, by thy presence, gardens would appear ;
Gardens are wild, since Henry is not here.
Let grottos sink, or porticos arise,
Heedless I view them with unpleasur'd eyes :
Their mantling umbrage cools the noon-day fire,
But what can cool a lover's fierce desire ?

In the deep bosom of a darksome shade,
By baleful yew and mournful cypress made,
A widow-turtle weeps her ravish'd love,
And sorrowfully solaces the grove ;

Sometimes my passion I aloud disclose ;
The widow'd turtle, answering, cooes her woes.

Bred by my hand, my sorrow's sad relief,
A little linnet learns to sigh my grief ;
Taught by my voice, and by obedience tame,
The pretty lisper whistles Henry's name :
Perch'd on my head the sylvan syren sings,
And tunes the harsher notes of gurgling springs.

Embosom'd in a vale, thou know'st the shade,
Fast by the murmurs of a soft cascade :
There, while one night full beams of Cynthia play,
(Warm was the night) with wanderings tir'd, I lay,
Till, by degrees, the falling waters clos'd
My eye-lids, and my wearied limbs repos'd.
Sudden the fairy Monarch I behold,
Near he approach'd, and thus my fate foretold :
('Twas the same Oberon, that once we saw
Circle the green, and give his dancers law.)

"Unhappy Nymph ! thy beauty is thy crime—
And must such beauty perish in its prime !
No more great Henry shall enjoy those charms,
Nor thou ill-fated Fair adorn his arms !
Cropt like an opening rose, thy fall I fear !
But rise and supplicate the vengeance near."

Then (as methought) I wak'd with threaten'd woes,
Emerging from thick shades a Phantom rose :

One hand sustain'd a short, but naked sword,—
And one a golden bowl with poison stor'd :
The jealous Queen the frowning form express'd,
It spoke, and aim'd the dagger at my breast.

“ Arise! nor ask thy crime—but choose thy fate,
Know prayers are vain—repentance is too late!
Vengeance is mine—Here! drink this poison'd bowl,
Or this keen dagger drinks thy guilty soul!”
It ceas'd: convulsions in my bosom strove,
My curdling blood scarce in stiff tides could move.
Thrice I cried, “ Henry!” with a feeble sound,
And thrice I started at the sad rebound!
Even echo now grew frightful: with surprize
Trembling I lay, nor dar'd unveil my eyes,
'Till warbling birds proclaim'd the morning light,
And told me, 'twas a vision of the night;
Yet not the morn could chase my gloomy care,
But winds and trees alarm'd my soul with fear;
While waving boughs, that in the sun-beams play'd,
Seem'd to show daggers in each pointed shade.

Why was I form'd with such a coward mind?
The sport of shadows, or a rustling wind!
Nerves, better strung, did manly spirits warm,
Glad would I part with every female charm,
Then, cas'd in steel, the front of battle dare,
And, with great Henry, rouze the soul of war!
This arm should guard the Hero from the foe,
Repel the storm, or intercept the blow;

And should my weakness in the warrior fail,
The soft-beseeching woman should prevail ;
For thee I'd sooth each proud insulting foe,
And melt him with petitionary woe ;
With thee in every hardy hazard join,
In danger save thy life to make it mine ;
By night compose thy harrass'd head to rest,
And hush it on the pillow of my breast ;
With patient eyes eternal vigils keep,
And court good Angels to protect thy sleep.

Alas ! in vain I urge my frustrate will,
I find myself a feeble woman still ;
The feeble woman to my breast returns,
For Henry's gone, and Rosamonda mourns !
O ! see my eyes their streaming anguish pour,
O ! hear my sighs increase the swelling shower ;
What can I more than shed my tears and sighs ?
Poor woman's strength alone in weakness lies.

But whither is ungovern'd fancy flown ?
Thoughts of impossibilities be gone !
Guilt claims no miracles, nor Heaven conspires
To aid my crimes, and fan my lawless fires.
Life irksome grows ; detested is the light,
And my soul dreads the visions of the night.
Swift let me to some hallow'd convent go !—
Can I, for ever, Henry leave ?—ah ! no :—
But O, lost Innocence !—I lost a name :—
O Honor !—broken is the bubble, fame.

Are my sins monstrous ? do invented crimes,
Alike unknown to past or present times,
Demand red vengeance ? some peculiar curse ?—
Crowds stand recorded for the same,—or worse.
Have I, unpitying, heard the poor complain,
Or seen the wretched weep, and weep in vain ?
Have I my flame feign'd for a sordid end ?
E'er wrong'd a foe, or e'er betray'd a friend ?
Not to my charge such crimes has malice brought,
Love, only love, is my unbounded fault :
A fault, that sure may Heaven to pity move,
Since half of Heaven ('tis said) consists in love.

Ah ! foolish Nymph !—Here, view the Queen ! the
laws !—

But there view Henry as th' enchanting cause !
By such a cause the priestess would retire,
And quit the vestal for a nobler fire.

I will again th' immortal Powers implore ;
Brave Henry for Britannia's sake restore !
In him she lives, to him her joys are due,
And only sends her earliest thanks to you.
But O ! my Lord, my darling Lord, beware !
Tempt not too bold the dangers of the war !
Think, when thou seest the fate-impelling dart,
O ! think it aim'd at Rosamonda's heart !
Were but each breast as soft as mine, no more
Should tumults rise, or martial thunders roar :

Heroes should scorn the glories of the field,
And the fam'd laurel to the myrtle yield :
For sweeter passions sweeter strifes inspire,
And love alone should set the soul on fire.

May then these eyes in tears no longer mourn,
But cheerful hail their Henry's wish'd return !
O! swift, victorious, hush the war's alarms !
Swift, if thy Rosamonda boasts some charms,
Fly on the wings of Love and Conquest to her arms !

EPISTLE II.

KING HENRY

TO

ROSAMOND.

By the Same.

SHALL then his beauteous Rosamonda mourn,
Nor Henry's soul the soft complaint return ?
O cease, my Fair ! I deeply feel thy smart,
And all thy sorrows double in my heart :
Far from my breast, ye scenes of war ! remove,
Far from my breast be every scene but love ;
Soft rising thoughts as when, in Woodstock-bowers,
Joyful, we lov'd away the laughing hours.

Now midnight rest relieves the soldier's care,
Hush'd are the drums, and every voice of war ;
Faint gleam the fires along the dewy field,
And faint the noise that sleeping coursers yield ;

Yet Love, the lordly tyrant of my breast,
Alarms my soul, and interrupts my rest :
In vain a nation's cares the monarch move,
For ah ! far greater is the monarch Love !

Warm from my lips thy tender letter lies,
And every word is magic to my eyes ;
Weeping, I read, and hear thy soft-breath'd woes,
And all the warrior in the lover lose :
Then I by fancy vanish'd joys restore,
Feast on false love, and act past pleasures o'er ;
Fancy can sooth my soul with pleasing dreams,
While tented Gallia bowery Woodstock seems ;
Led by delusive steps, in thought I rove
Thro' well known greens, and every winding grove ;
There, haply on some flowery bank reclin'd,
My sweet-reposing Rosamonda find ;
When thou (for then thy secret thoughts I see)
In pious slumbers breath'st thy soul to me ;
Dissolv'd with joy, and feasting on thy charms,
I clasp thee in imaginary arms ;
And then—ah then !—I seem sincerely blest—
Then only Rosamonda knows the rest—

O glories ! empires ! crowns ! how weak ye prove,
If thus out-rivall'd by a dream of love !
O Love ! what joys thy real sweets bestow,
When even their shadows can transport me so !
O bliss extatic ! blest relief from cares !

Thus let me lose my soul in softer wars!
Be love's transporting sighs my sweet alarms,
Nor worlds, but Rosamonda crown my arms!
In her alone my full desires agree,
Her charms are empires, glories, all to me!

EPISTLE III.

FROM

DE LA POLE,

Duke of Suffolk.

TO

MARGARET

Queen of Henry the Sixth.

BY W. J.

OH royal Margaret, from the Kentish strand
Receive these tokens of thy Suffolk's hand,
And may kind Love the sacred charge convey,
And love-born Zephyrs waft it on its way
To thee, thou pride, thou pleasure of my life,
Thou more than friend, than sister, or than wife !

At this sad hour, left friendless and alone,
With my lost greatness all my friends are flown.
Ah, fickle greatness ! and ah, friends unkind !
Faith, friendship, duty, vanish into wind !
Say, will my pen prove faithful to my woes,
And the sad story of my grief disclose,
This last sad scene of all my sorrows tell,
And bid the darling of my soul farewell ?

When pass'd the dread decree which bade me roam,
For five long years, an exile from my home ;
And when Oppression sanctify'd by Might,
And Rapine, hallow'd by the name of Right,
Had seiz'd with impious hand my fair domains,
My native forests, and paternal plains ;
And when keen Malice, watchful to destroy,
Raz'd my proud domes, once fill'd with mirth and
joy ;

Firm and unmov'd the dreadful tale I hear,
Nor think the mighty ruin worth a tear.
Lamp of my life ! I shed for thee alone
The frequent tear, and heav'd the ceaseless groan.
Still present to my soul, in act to part,
Thy dear idea clung around my heart ;
Ah ! had not there thy image been enshrin'd,
That heart had danc'd all lightly as the wind :
Scorn paid with scorn, I then had left the land,
And courted pleasure on another strand.
Pride of thy sex ! believe me, whilst I swear
Thou wert alone the cause of all my care ;
I swear by all my former feats of arms,
And by an oath more sacred, by thy charms.

I go, sad exile, (such the stern decree !)
For five long years from happiness and thee ;
To pass the night in woe, and waste away,
In sad complaints and vain, the lengthening day :
For to the stranger in a friendless land
Time counts the tedious hours with sparing hand.

His lazy sands almost forget to run,
And the long lingering year rolls slowly on,
The lagging months in sad succession flow,
The day too lingers, and the hours move slow.

But oh, my Queen, if Suffolk still be dear,
Still harsher notes than these must grate thy ear,
For Fate's dire laws, unknowing to relent,
Pronounce a harsher doom than banishment!
For me no more soft smiling Hope prepares
The treasur'd joy to calm my present cares.
No more my Hero hangs the friendly light
To guide her true Leander through the night;
Life's fickle sea tempestuous gales deform,
And, my light lost, I perish in the storm.

Brief be the tale—All hopes of pardon o'er,
I sought with sorrowing step the Kentish shore:
Grief my companion, Fortune was my guide,
With heavy heart I scal'd the vessel's side:
Th' attendant crew with ready hands unbind
The spreading sails, and stretch them to the wind;
And the swift vessel, loosen'd from the strand,
Flies from the sinking hills and lessening land;
To Gallia's coast we plough'd the smiling main,
And ah! we all but gain'd the friendly plain;
When lo! a pirate mark'd our hasty flight,
And swiftly chac'd us, unprepar'd for fight;
And now, to reach in peace the friendly shores,

The bending sailors ply their equal oars,
And every art is tried, and every sail
Expanded waves to catch the fleeting gale :
But all in vain to reach the friendly shores
The bending sailors ply their equal oars,
And every art is tried, and every sail
Expands in vain to catch the fleeting gale :
The swift pursuer o'er the watery waste
Urges his course, and, with increasing haste,
Approaching near prepares the missile fight,
And furious force arrests our fruitless flight ;
Close by our side the leader gave the word,
With vengeful rage the ruffians haste on board.
Though unprepar'd for war, our numbers few,
Yet still we strove against the lawless crew ;
Awhile th' unequal conflict we maintain,
Then sink o'erpower'd beneath the conqueror's chain :
The ruthless ruffians with vindictive breath
Pour bitter threats on all, and menace death,
But chief to Suffolk, as his happier hand
Had maim'd the leader of the ruffian band.
Rous'd by their threats, impatient of the wrong,
I bore but little, nor that little long ;
Rashly I told them, for my rage burst forth,
My rank, my name, my titles, and my birth :
But those gay pageants all unuseful prove,
Nor rank regard they, nor can titles move.
Those envied honors, impotent to fame,
Heighten'd their fury, and increas'd their flame.

Now whilst his lot each wretched captive mourns,
To Kent's dread shore the bounding bark returns.
Flush'd with success, each nerve the robbers strain,
Hoist the broad sail, and measure back the main ;
And soon we view, for well they plied their oars,
The rising mountains, and approaching shores,
Th' approaching shores we view with anxious eye,
Drop the vain tear, and heave the fruitless sigh.

Whilst in dumb sorrow on the deck I lay,
And cast a long glance o'er the watery way,
Th' unfeeling leader wounds my anguish'd ear
With many a foul reproach and many a sneer,
Arraigns my warlike deeds, insults my name,
Nor spares th' unfeeling wretch my Margaret's fame ;
Then, pointing to the strand, he cries, " 'Tis nigh,
That is thy destin'd port, prepare to die !"

I heard unmov'd, and now th' increasing gales
Propitious blew, and fill'd the swelling sails,
Near and more near we draw, we gain the strand,
And the sharp keel divides the yellow sand.

A cliff there is, which rears its rocky steep
In awful state, and trembles o'er the deep,
Scarce can the wanderer on the beach below
Lift his tir'd eye to gain the mountain's brow,
For oft from mortal view thick vapors shroud
Its misty top, and wrap it in a cloud ;

What time with rising ray the Lord of light
In Eastern climes exalts his banners bright,
Or when, more mild, in purple tints array'd,
Forth from the West he casts a lengthening shade.

Here must I fall, fast by the rolling main
(Nor was the mutter'd spell pronounc'd in vain,
When rose th' infernal Spirit, whilst by night
The sorceress plied th' unutterable rite),
Here bid adieu to crowns, to cares, and strife,
To Margaret and to joy, to love, and life.

But ere my body, on the cold beach spread,
Is mangled thrown, and number'd with the dead,
Let me, to sooth my sorrows, let me cast
One parting view on all my pleasures past,
Nor will my fate deny this transient stay,
Nor will my Margaret blame the lengthen'd lay.

In youthful bloom I plac'd my sole delight
In warlike exercise and feats of fight;
And, more mature, I left the listed plain,
And sought renown in tented fields to gain;
But when to Tours, thy residence, I came,
Unnumber'd beauties fann'd my rising flame;
I gaz'd in speechless rapture on thy charms,
Forgot the tented plain, the feats of arms,
Forgot the listed field, the marshal'd host,
And all the warrior in the lover lost.

Thus I, who 'scap'd the sword and javelin's power,
Launch'd by the foe in danger's darkest hour,
Who 'scap'd th' embattled war and ambush'd fight,
Who 'scap'd dire force by day, and fraud by night,
Undaunted by the woes that wait on arms,
Fall, vanquish'd fall, the victim of thy charms.

Oh vale of Tours, and Loire, macandering flood,
On whose green bank my Margaret first I view'd,
Oh lovely stream ! and oh enchanting grove !
How often have ye heard my tale of love !
Macandering Loire ! how often hast thou seen
This faded form upon thy banks of green,
Seen me with folded arms and visage pale,
Seen my despair, and heard my hapless tale !
And she, the nymph that holds her airy reign
'Mid the steep rocks that tremble o'er the plain,
Lone Echo, musing maid, was wont to stray
Where'er I went, the partner of my way ;
Whether I wander'd by the neighboring tide,
Or vent'rous climb'd the mountain's cultur'd side ;
Or whether choice my wandering steps invite,
To where, unenvious of the mountain's height,
Of lordships wide and princely treasures vain,
The Benedictine rears his stately fane :
Aloft in air the gorgeous mansion springs,
And towers disdainful of the pomp of kings :
Where'er I wander'd, still the nymph was nigh,
Answer'd my griefs, and gave me sigh for sigh.

With what delight, amid the landscape gay,
The slow stream winds his pleasurable way,
With such delight my life's smooth current roll'd,
By fate allow'd my Margaret to behold.
And, ah ! so sad, so languid, and so slow,
When doom'd by Fate thy presence to forego !
Whilst in mute wonder on thy face I gaze,
Dire doubts distract, alarm me, and amaze ;
I think, I pause, and many a scheme revolve,
Till at the last I fix'd my firm resolve ;
Soon was my plan propos'd, and soon approv'd,
I woo'd for Henry, for myself I lov'd,
And gave, in change for thee, thy Sire to reign
O'er fertile Anjou, and the fields of Maine.
Then straight, for love like mine ill brook'd delay,
To England's court I bent my hasty way,
And soon the tale to Henry's ear convey'd,
Whilst soft persuasion gave me all her aid ;
He heard the oft told tale with favoring ear,
And sigh'd in secret for the pictur'd fair :
I mark'd the gradual growth of young desire,
And added fuel to the rising fire ;
I nurs'd the flame, and, when maturer grown,
I urg'd the timorous King that flame to own,
When the proud barons, insolent and vain,
Thy rank, thy country, and thyself disdain,
And when the noisy crowd, still prone to strife,
Scorn'd the bought nuptials, and the dowerless wife,
“ Hence with the idle tale, enrag'd I cried,
Kingdoms are well exchange'd for such a bride,

It now alone remains to waft her o'er
From Gallia's coast to England's happier shore."

I spoke. Th' attendant lords, with zealous care,
And costly art my princely train prepare ;
Soon in her port my gallant vessel rode,
And soon receiv'd with joy her precious load.
And soon my beauteous Queen was wafted o'er
From Gallia's coast to England's happier shore.

When bright in all her charms my Margaret came,
Faction was hush'd, and Pride forgot to blame,
Thy beauty was the theme of every tongue,
Was prais'd by grave and gay, by old and young ;
That winning air, that heavenly smile, disarms
E'en Envy's self, enamor'd of thy charms ;
She dwells in rapture on thy faultless face,
Majestic mien, and more than mortal grace.

How did thy charms thy Suffolk's bosom move !
How deeply did he drink the draught of Love !
For not the crown that bound thy beauteous brow
Woke my warm wish, or drew the venal vow :
I scorn'd the pageant toys, for, bless'd with thee,
Ah, what were sceptres, what were crowns to me !
Nor gorgeous crowns, nor regal sceptres move ;
I listen'd only to the voice of Love.

But now, alas ! far other thoughts arise,
Far other scenes distract my closing eyes !

For, ah! the ruthless ruffian chides my stay,
And envious Death denies this short delay;
Denies me longer on the theme to dwell:—
More lov'd than life, my beauteous Queen, farewell!

EPISTLE IV.

FROM

MARY

Queen of France,

TO

CHARLES BRANDON

Duke of Suffolk.

LET these soft lines my kindest thoughts convey,
And tell thee what I suffer by thy stay.
Did seas divide us, this might well excuse
Thy negligence, and my fond heart abuse.
But Calais from the Kentish strand is seen ;
A gentle current only rolls between.
Nor needs my Suffolk, like Leander, brave
A present death in every breaking wave,
When, guided only by a glimmering light,
He cross'd the stormy Hellespont by night.
Tall ships, with flying sails and laboring oars,
Attend to land thee on the Gallic shores.
But thou art chang'd—that ardor is expir'd,
Which once thy wishes with impatience fir'd ;
When Savoy's blooming duchess strove in vain
From me the conquest of thy heart to gain :

Invited by great Henry's martial fame,
The haughty princess, with her brother, came
To compliment the King for Tournay gain'd;
Where, in a rich pavilion entertain'd,
Thy noble form th' unguarded Fair surpriz'd;
Nor were her tender wishes long disguis'd:
Whatever Flattery, Love, or wanton Art,
Could do, she practis'd to seduce thy heart.
Great Antony, by such allurements gain'd,
For Cleopatra all his glory stain'd:
But thy firm faith no injury receiv'd;
For you still lov'd, or I was well deceiv'd:
Nor were my virgin vows less true to thee,
When young Castile address'd the court for me,
The charms of proffer'd empire I resign'd;
Brandon was more than empire to my mind:
While, without rivals, in thy breast I reign'd,
My thoughts the pageantry of power disdain'd.
But, ah! what changes human joys attend!
On fickle turns our brightest hopes depend.
Victorious Henry's arms still meet success;
The vanquish'd Gauls at last propose a peace.
By Wolsey's policy their terms succeed;
The long contending nations are agreed;
And I the public victim am decreed.
Condemn'd to share the Christian Monarch's bed,
And curs'd with that magnificence I fled.
I knew my rank no private choice allow'd,
And what a Princess to her country ow'd.
These splendid maxims should have sway'd my breast,

But Love entirely had my soul possess'd.
How oft I wish'd my kinder destiny
Had sunk the Queen in some obscure degree ;
While, crown'd by rural maids with painted flowers,
I rang'd the fields, and slept in verdant bowers ;
Belov'd of some young swain, with Brandon's face,
His voice, his gesture, and his blooming grace,
In all but birth and state resembling thee !
Then unmolested we had liv'd, and free
From all the curst restraints which greatness brings ;
While grots, the meads, the shades, and purling
springs,

The flowery valley, and the gloomy grove,
Had heard of no superior name to Love.
Such scenes of this inglorious life I drew,
And half believ'd the charming fiction true,
Till real ills dissolv'd the pleasing dreams,
The groves and vallies fled, the lawns and silver
streams.

The gay fantastic paradise I mourn'd ;
While courts and factions, crowns and cares, return'd.

With sighs I still recall the fatal day,
When no pretence could gain a longer stay.
The lovely Queen my parting sorrow saw,
Nor Henry's presence kept my grief in awe.
No rules of decent custom could control,
Or hide the wide disorder of my soul,
When shipp'd for France before the dancing wind
The navy fled and left my hopes behind.

With weeping eyes I still survey'd the strand,
Where on a rising cliff I saw thee stand ;
Nor once from thence my stedfast sight withdrew,
Till the lov'd object was no more in view.
“ Farewell, I cry'd, dear charming Youth ! with thee
Each chearful prospect vanishes from me.”

Loud shouts and triumphs on the Gallic coast
Salute me ; but the noisy zeal was lost.
Nor shouts nor triumphs drew my least regard,
Thy parting sighs, methought, were all I heard.
But now at Albeville by Louis met,
I strove the thoughts of Suffolk to forget ;
For here my faith was to my monarch vow'd,
And solemn rites my passion disallow'd :
However pure my former flames had been,
Unblemish'd honor made them now a sin.
But scarce my virtue had the conquest gain'd,
And every wild forbidden wish restrain'd ;
When at St. Dennis, with imperial state
Invested, on the Gallic throne I sate ;
The day with noble tournaments was grac'd,
Your name amongst the British champions plac'd.
Invited by a guilty thirst of fame,
Without regard to my repose, you came.
The lists I saw thee entering with surprize,
And felt the darting glances of thine eyes.

“ Ye sacred Powers, I cry'd, that rule above !
Defend my breast from this perfidious love !

EPISTLE V.

FROM

LADY JANE GRAY

TO

LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN THE TOWER,
A FEW DAYS BEFORE THEY SUFFERED.

BY G. KEATE, ESQ.

Quis Regni posthac confidet viribus ? aut quem

Gloria decipiet Sceptri, Soliive superbi

Lubrica Majestas ?-----

Supplem. Lucan.

FROM these dread walls, this melancholy Tow'r,
Doom'd the sad victim of relentless Pow'r,
Where Ruin sits in gloomy pomp array'd,
And circling horrors spread their mournful shade,
I send the tribute of a short'ning life,
The last memorial of a faithful Wife.
For ev'ry hope on this side Heav'n is fled,
And Death's pale banner waves around my head.
It yet perchance may cheer my Lord to know
That SUFFOLK's Daughter sinks not with her woe;

Beneath its weight I feel myself resign'd ;
Tho' strong its pressure, stronger still my mind.
This duty paid to Thee, each care is o'er,
Nor my hard fortune shall distress me more.

Yet spite of all, one anxious thought survives,
For Thee, my GUILFORD, 'tis for Thee it lives.
Yes, Thou alone with Heav'n divid'st my heart,
Tho' all Heaven's due, yet Nature gives Thee part.
If love be still a crime, I'm guilty still,
But to forget, depends not on our will.
Affection once deep rooted in the breast,
Is sometimes shook, tho' rarely dispossess ;
The ruling passion there in triumph reigns,
It soothes my weakness, but augments my pains.
O'er the dear past my roving fancy flies,
And brings thy image to my raptur'd eyes.
No mourner's weeds, no captive's chain it wears,
But bright in all its native charms appears ;
Such grace, such virtue beaming from thy brows,
As stole my heart, and fix'd my virgin vows ;
Such as Thou wert, when at the altar's side
I gave Thee up my hand, a willing Bride :
How little then expected we to find
Our nuptial wreath by Death had been intwin'd !
Scenes different far from these gay HOPE display'd !
Ah ! how the false one sung, and how betray'd !
Each joy she promis'd perish'd in its birth,
And ev'ry flatt'ring blossom fell to earth !—

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But from Man's weakness still some comfort flows,
'Tis that he nought beyond the present knows ;
Heav'n draws a friendly curtain o'er his doom,
And hides in deepest shades each ill to come.——
Then be its will ador'd, which, understood,
From seeming mischief draws forth certain good.
Nor in these lines suspect that I complain,
Tho' mem'ry loves to trace past time again.

Thus do I waste the solitary day,
With tedious pace thus creep my hours away ;
And when the Moon, rob'd in her paler light,
Revisits mortals, and directs the Night,
If then my weary'd strength some slumber shares,
The Soul reflecting wakes to all her cares :
Delusion o'er my mind usurps command,
And rules each sense with Fancy's magic wand.
One moment tidings of forgiveness brings,
Descending Mercy spreads her cherub wings ;
Our guards are vanish'd, ev'ry grief effac'd,
We meet again, embracing and embrac'd.——
O bliss supreme !——but too supreme to last ;
Ere words can find their way, the vision's past :
It fleets, I call it back——it will not hear,
And fearful shadows in its place appear.
The unrelenting Queen stalks fiercely by,
Fate on her brow, and fury in her eye.——
Hark! the dread signal that compleats our woes :—
Hark! the loud shoutings of our barb'rous Foes!—

I see the axe rear'd high above thy head,——
It falls!—and GUILFORD's number'd with the dead.
Alas! how ghastly!—Ev'ry vein streams blood,
And the pale corpse sinks in the crimson flood.——
Could that sad Form be once my Soul's delight?——
Quick tear the mad'ning Phantom from my sight.
Hold, hold your hands, ye Ministers of Fate,
Suspend the blow, lest Mercy come too late;
Let Innocence at last your pity move,
And spare my Lord, my Husband, and my Love!—
NORTHUMBERLAND! Thee, Thee could I upbraid,
And bid Thee view the ruin thou hast made.
This tragic picture thy ambition plann'd,
And all its colors own thy daring hand.
But thou art fall'n!—Nor shall my parting breath
Call out for vengeance in the hour of death:
I as thou wert, am to the Scaffold doom'd,
Soon with my ancestors must lie entomb'd;
With the world's transient contests I have done,
The hast'ning sands of life are nearly run;
A moment such as this, is not the time
To blame thy weakness, or reproach thy crime!
May all remembrance of thy guilt subside,
And the dark grave thy dust and frailties hide!

The searching eye of Heav'n, whose wisdom darts
Thro' all the mean disguises of our hearts,
And ev'ry silent motive, knows alone
With what reluctance I approach'd the throne.

I never sigh'd for Grandeur's envy'd rays,
For regal Honors, or a Nation's praise.
My bosom never felt Ambition's fire ;
For what exchange could GUILFORD's Wife desire ?
The bloom of MAY beneath our feet was spread,
And all its roses deck'd our nuptial bed.
With Thee conjoin'd, each social joy I found ;
With Thee conversing, Pleasure breath'd around.
To prize the world aright, and form the mind
To my lov'd books my leisure I resign'd :
Or absent thou, to cheer the ev'ning's gloom,
Encircled with my Maidens, ply'd the Loom.
PEACE was my *Sister*, and my *Friend* CONTENT,
The best companion e'er to mortals sent ;
Plac'd at my side, they tun'd their soothing lyres,
And sung those carols Innocence inspires.
But when, obedient to a Father's pow'r,
And the last wish of EDWARD's dying hour,
Destructive counsel ! I my home forsook,
Assum'd the purple, and the sceptre took,
Swift from my sight the heav'nly Pair withdrew,
And *Friend* and *Sister* bade me both adieu.

Let such as, flatter'd by a pompous name,
Risk their own quiet in pursuit of Fame,
Beware th' exchange ; awhile their purpose turn,
And from a *wretched Queen* one moral learn.
It is the cheat of ev'ry worldly joy,
To tempt when distant, but possess'd to cloy ;

Hence flows a truth of much import, 'tis this ;
“ Content's the highest pitch of human bliss.”
Strange we should then the proffer'd boon reject !
All know to seek it, yet the search neglect.
To no one soil, no station 'tis confin'd,
Springing, if cultur'd, in each steady mind,
Far from Ambition's fiery tract it flies,
But lives with Virtue, and with Virtue dies !

O had our lot by kinder stars been thrown
Beneath some lonely shade, to Fame unknown ;
Far from those scenes remov'd, where Pride resorts,
Far from the Cares, far from the Crimes of Courts,
Unconscious of the thorns which wound the Great,
Our lengthen'd years had own'd a happier fate :
Pleas'd with our fortune, by ourselves approv'd,
Secure from Envy, and by all belov'd.
Whilst, from a busy, faithless World retir'd,
By no blind folly vex'd, no passion fir'd,
Calmly we then afar had heard the strife,
The noise, the tumult that perplexes life ;
Smil'd at Contention's visionary plan,
And the vain toils of self-deluded man.

Yet cease, my heart, these plaintive murmurs cease ;
For why, my GUILFORD, should I wound thy peace ?
Why with imagin'd joys thy thoughts engage,
Since we are fetter'd on a tragic stage ?

But say, what Tyranny can reach the Soul ?
What Terrors shake her, or what Force control ?
Immortal as the Pow'r from whence she springs,
Sick of her home, she mounts on Fancy's wings,
With inborn Freedom nourish'd, spurns her chains,
And roves unbounded thro' ideal scenes !
Ideal joys are all I now have left,
Of Thee,——a Crown,——and Liberty bereft ;
Torn from the pleasures of domestic life,
From each fond rapture of a virtuous Wife :
By all Hope here forsaken !——'tis in vain
That Reason whispers I should not complain :
A sigh will heave, in spite of all my pow'rs ;
And sighs are due to miseries like ours.——
Ha ! meet no more !——How cruel the decree !——
Heart-rending sentence ! —— No —— It must not
be.

Down prison walls, each obstacle remove,
And let me clasp once more the Man I love !
One parting look a wretched Wife desires ;
One parting kiss the seal of Death requires !——
And is there none to plead th' Unhappy's suit ?——
——All ears are deaf, and ev'ry tongue is mute !——
Then, come the worst——Yet, howsoe'er distress,
Still shall thy Image live within my breast ;
My senses still that object shall pursue,
And each fond wish be offer'd up for You.
Tho', all unfeeling for this bleeding heart,
Our Foes dismiss to Heav'n thy nobler part,

Deep in the dust thy injur'd form I'll trace,
And grudge th' unconscious grave its cold embrace.—

But hold thy hand, presumptuous Woman, hold ;
Too warm thy passion, as thy pen too bold.
Far other thoughts the present hour demands,
Lo ! at my side the shadowy Monarch stands ;
Aid me, great Teacher, this hard conflict end,
Tho' *King of Terrors* call'd, I'll hail thee *Friend* !
Since thou alone portray'st to mortal eyes
How weak, how baseless are the joys we prize :
Thou mock'st our useless toils, our mimic state,
And warn'st a brother, by a brother's fate !
Thy moral then shall not be lost on me,
Convinc'd, my Soul approves the just decree ;
And unrepining quits this scene of strife,
Which points thro' Virtue to a happier Life.

The Priest this morn, with every art endu'd,
Th' accursed purpose hath again renew'd ;
“ Be ours,” he cries, “ our better faith embrace,
“ And live preserver of your falling race.
“ Tho' yet misled, stand forth the child of ROME,
“ The Queen, in mercy, will avert your doom.”
Merciful Queen !——Yet since thus greatly kind,
Tell us what mercy shall th' Apostate find ?
Thy royal mandate may decide our fates,
But Peace alone on conscious duty waits ;

Who wars against it, does the work of hell,
And arms a Daemon he can never quell;
Whose shafts receiv'd, search the wide globe around,
Nor herb, nor balsam heals the fatal wound.
Bear back, false WINCHESTER, thy proffer'd bliss,
Weigh crowns and kingdoms with a deed like
this,

Far, far too light in Wisdom's eye they seem,
Nor shake the scale, while Reason holds the beam.—
And can she, GUILFORD, deem me sunk so low,
So fondly wedded to this world of woe,
To think her bounty would my fears entice
To purchase fleeting breath at such a price?
Which when obtain'd, the poor precarious toy
A thousand ills might weaken, or destroy?—
No—Since I'm sworn a sister to Mischance,
Let the clouds gather, let the storm advance,
Unmov'd, its bursting horrors I'll defy,
And steady to my faith a Martyr die.
For Life's, alas! too like the transient rose,
Which oft is blasted the same day it blows;
Its beauty from the wind a blight receives,
Or some foul canker taints its crimson leaves!
Nor judge it hard to fall an early flow'r,
Rescu'd perchance from some tempestuous shower,
From noxious vapors arm'd with force to kill,
The noontide sunbeam, or the ev'ning's chill.
Howe'er the thought appal, Death's gloomy road
By ev'ry mortal foot must once be trod!

Deep thro' the Vale of Tears man's journey lies,
And sorrow best prepares him for the skies !——
O then, my Husband, I conjure thee, hear,
If SUFFOLK's Daughter e'er to Thee was dear,
By ev'ry wish of happiness to come,
By ev'ry hope beyond the mould'ring tomb ;
If anxious that thy better fame should soar,
And shine applauded when the Man's no more :
Let not the wily Churchman win thine ear,
Or sooth thy weakness by his fraudulent care ;
But arm'd with Constancy's unfailing shield,
As God's own soldier valiant, scorn to yield.
So when Religion, stript of each disguise,
In ancient purity again shall rise,
To her true throne once more shall be restor'd,
And rule by *Reason*, stronger than the *Sword*,
Posterity our merits may attest,
And our fair deeds by all good men be blest.
In distant times, then shall old people tell
How firmly GUILFORD and his Consort fell.
To all their list'ning family relate,
How our faith triumph'd, though our woes were
great.
Then shall each youth and maid our names re-
vere,
Grace our sad story with a gen'rous tear,
And give our dust this *Requiem* with a sigh,
" Peace guard the shrine where Virtue's Children
lie."

O THOU SUPREME, on whom we all depend,
Our common Parent, and our common Friend,
Who deign'st to watch us from thy distant skies,
Bidding the pray'rs of humbled suff'ers rise,
Ruler of Heav'n, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And save from civil rage my native land.
Let ROME's ambitious sons no more prevail,
Blast all their hopes, and let their counsels fail.
Raise up some Prince to perfect that great plan
Thy servant EDWARD (under Thee) began;
That Error's clouds dispers'd, may ne'er return,
And thy pure light with fires rekindled burn.
So, Peace, sad fugitive, again shall smile,
And fix her dwelling on this prosper'd Isle.—
Whilst for myself one only boon I crave,
Support that fortitude thy Mercy gave;
The heart thou mad'st, preserve severely just
Firm in its fate, and steady to its trust.
There, whilst it beats, thy praise shall ever reign,
Live, whilst it lives, and flow in ev'ry vein:
Praise the sole tribute I have left to give,
Nay, all a GOD from Mortals can receive.

Come then, my Lord, my Husband, and my Love,
(For Death alone those titles shall remove)
With decent courage meet thy certain doom,
Nor shrink with horror at the op'ning tomb.
What from the grave can virtue have to fear?
'Tis peace, 'tis refuge from the worst despair;

All strife, all human contests 'twill adjust,
Nor can the hand of Pow'r insult the dust!—
Religion sitting by the Mourner's side
Inspires that comfort which the World deny'd ;
And, 'midst our woes, of this one truth we're sure,
Whate'er is mortal cannot long endure.
Our pains, as well as joys, soon find an end,
And, tir'd of both, we call our shroud a Friend!—
Meet it as such, my GUILFORD, nor thy soul
O'er-awe with fancy, or with fear control.
Think, 'twill the rigor of thy lot repay,
Think, 'tis a passport to the realms of day.
On Faith's strong pinions thou shalt wing thy flight,
And (the World conquer'd) with the Blest unite.
The pomp of Death, the scaffold, and the steel,
The Man recoiling, may an instant feel,
For Nature will be heard ; but be thy mind
Warm with its future prospects, and resign'd.—
What then remains for me?—Ah! wherefore ask?—
Fain would my trembling pen avoid the task ;
Here would it stop, nor wake thy suff'rings more,
But idle ceremony now is o'er ;
These tear-stain'd lines must their whole purpose tell,
And bid my dying Lord a last farewell.
A last ! a long farewell !—Oh cruel sound,
It pains, it tears, it harrows up my wound.
Alas! the transient dream !—Down, rebel Heart,—
Yet, keen their pangs that must for ever part !—
A thousand, thousand things I had to say,

But the fleet minutes suffer no delay.
Might these fond eyes once more that form behold,
These arms, tho' 'twere in death, my Love enfold ?
A Woman's weakness sure might be forgiven,
And this last frailty be absolv'd by Heav'n,——
'Twas a rash wish ;—no—shun me,—for I fear
A final interview we could not bear !
Ere yet a little space, this scene will close,
And end the malice of our ruthless foes.
Arm'd as we are for Fate, we'll die content ;
Fortune hath done its worst,——its rage is spent.
To happier mansions we shall soon remove,
And meet in bliss, for we shall meet above,
Crown'd with eternal peace, we then shall own
How poor the contest for a worldly throne !
No feuds, no treasons can our joys molest,
Or shake th' immortal triumphs of the Blest !——
And see, our wish'd-for haven is not far,
This hope shall cheer us like a guiding star ;
Safe in our sea-beat bark we'll stem the flood,
And spread each sail to meet the coming Good.—
Descend, my Guardian Angel, from the skies,
In my firm breast let dauntless Virtue rise ;
Loose, loose all ties that hold me captive here,
And from my mem'ry blot what most was dear.——
Yes, my Deliv'rer, yes, I find thy aid ;
Each passion's calm, and all the storm is laid.
I felt its influence, GUILFORD, as I spoke ;
The complicated chain at length is broke ;

Life's vain enchantments all have ta'en their flight,
And Earth diminish'd fades before my sight ;
One last, sad, parting sigh is left for You ;
The rest is Heav'n's :—a long—long—long Adieu !

EPISTLE VI.

FROM
LORD WILLIAM RUSSEL
TO
WILLIAM LORD CAVENDISH.

BY GEO. CANNING, ESQ.

LoST to the world, to-morrow doom'd to die,
Still for my country's weal my heart beats high.
Tho' rattling chains ring peals of horror round,
While Night's black shades augment the savage sound,
Midst bolts and bars the active soul is free,
And flies, unfetter'd, CAVENDISH, to thee.

Thou dear companion of my better days,
When hand in hand we trod the paths of Praise ;
When, leagu'd with patriots, we maintain'd the cause
Of true religion, liberty, and laws,
Disdaining down the golden stream to glide,
But bravely stemm'd Corruption's rapid tide ;
Think not I come to bid thy tears to flow,
Or melt thy generous soul with tales of woe ;

No : view me firm, unshaken, undismay'd,
As when the welcome mandate I obey'd——
Heavens ! with what pride that moment I recall !
Who would not wish, so honor'd, thus to fall !
When England's Genius, hovering o'er, inspir'd
Her chosen sons, with love of Freedom fir'd,
Spite of an abject, servile, pension'd train,
Minions of Power, and worshippers of Gain,
To save from Bigotry its destin'd prey,
And shield three nations from tyrannic sway.

'Twas then my CA'NDISH caught the glorious
flame,
The happy omen of his future fame ;
Adorn'd by Nature, perfected by Art,
The clearest head, and warmest, noblest heart,
His words deep sinking in each captiv'd ear,
Had power to make even Liberty more dear.

While I, unskill'd in Oratory's lore,
Whose tongue ne'er speaks but when the heart runs
o'er,
In plain blunt phrase my honest thoughts express'd
Warm from the heart, and to the heart address'd.

Justice prevail'd ; yes Justice, let me say,
Well pois'd her scales on that auspicious day.
The watchful shepherd spies the wolf afar,
Nor trusts his flock to try the unequal war ;

What tho' the savage crouch in humble guise,
And check the fire that flashes from his eyes,
Should once his barbarous fangs the fold invade,
Vain were their cries, too late the shepherd's aid,
Thirsting for blood, he knows not how to spare,
His jaws distend, his fiery eyeballs glare,
While ghastly Desolation, stalking round,
With mangled limbs bestrews the purple ground.

Now, Memory, fail! nor let my mind revolve,
How England's Peers annull'd the just resolve,
Against her bosom aim'd a deadly blow,
And laid at once her great Palladium low!

Degenerate nobles! Yes, by Heaven I swear,
Had BEDFORD's self appear'd delinquent there,
And join'd, forgetful of his country's claims,
To thwart the exclusion of apostate JAMES,
All filial ties had then been left at large,
And I myself the first to urge the charge.

Such the fix'd sentiments that rule my soul,
Time cannot change, nor Tyranny control;
While free, they hung upon my pensive brow,
Then my chief care, my pride and glory now;
Foil'd I submit, nor think the measure hard,
For conscious Virtue is its own reward.

Vain then is force, and vain each subtle art,
To wring retraction from my tortured heart ;
There lie, in marks indelible engrav'd,
The means whereby my country must be sav'd ;
Are to thine eyes those characters unknown ?
To read my inmost heart, consult thine own ;
There wilt thou find this sacred truth reveal'd,
Which shall to-morrow with my blood be seal'd,
Seek not infirm expedients to explore,
But banish JAMES, or England is no more.

Friendship her tender offices may spare,
Nor strive to move the unforgiving pair,
Hopeless the tyrant's mercy-seat to climb——
Zeal for my country's freedom is my crime !
Ere that meets pardon, lambs with wolves shall range,
CHARLES be a saint, and JAMES his nature change.

Press'd by my Friends, and RACHEL's fond desires,
(Who can deny what weeping love requires !)
Frailty prevail'd, and for a moment quell'd
Th' indignant pride that in my bosom swell'd ;
I sued—the weak attempt I blush to own—
I sued for mercy, prostrate at the throne.
O ! blot the foible out, my noble friend,
With human firmness human feelings blend !
When Love's endearments softest moments seize,
And Love's dear pledges hang upon the knees,
When Nature's strongest ties the soul enthrall,
(Thou canst conceive, for thou hast felt them all !)

Let him resist their prevalence, who can ;
He must, indeed, be more or less than man.

Yet let me yield my RACHEL honor due,
The tenderest wife, the noblest heroine too !
Anxious to save her husband's honest name,
Dear was his life, but dearer still his fame !
When suppliant prayers no pardon could obtain,
And, wonderous strange ! ev'n BEDFORD's gold
 prov'd vain,
The informer's part her generous soul abhorr'd,
Though life preserv'd had been the sure reward ;
Let impious ESCRICK act such treacherous scenes,
And shrink from death by such opprobrious means.

O ! my lov'd RACHEL ! all-accomplish'd fair !
Source of my joy, and soother of my care !
Whose heavenly virtues, and unfading charms,
Have bless'd through happy years my peaceful arms !
Parting with thee into my cup was thrown,
Its harshest dregs else had not forc'd a groan !—
But all is o'er—these eyes have gaz'd their last—
And now the bitterness of death is past.

BURNET and TILLOTSON, with pious care,
My fleeting soul for heavenly bliss prepare,
Wide to my view the glorious realms display,
Pregnant with joy, and bright with endless day.
Charm'd, as of old when Israel's prophet sung,
Whose words distill'd like manna from his tongue,

While the great bard sublimest truths explor'd,
Each ravish'd hearer wonder'd and ador'd ;
So rapt, so charm'd, my soul begins to rise,
Spurns the base earth, and seems to reach the skies.

But when descending from the sacred theme,
Of boundless power, and excellence supreme,
They would for man, and his precarious throne,
Exact obedience, due to Heaven alone,
Forbid resistance to his worst commands,
And place God's thunderbolts in mortal hands ;
The vision sinks to life's contracted span,
And rising passion speaks me still a man.

What! shall a tyrant trample on the laws,
And stop the source whence all his power he draws ?
His country's rights to foreign foes betray,
Lavish her wealth, yet stipulate for pay ?
To shameful falshoods venal slaves suborn,
And dare to laugh the virtuous man to scorn ?
Deride Religion, Justice, Honor, Fame,
And hardly know of Honesty the name ?
In Luxury's lap lie screen'd from cares and pains,
And only toil to forge his subjects chains ?
And shall he hope the public voice to drown,
The voice which gave, and can resume his crown !

When Conscience bares her horrors, and the dread
Of sudden vengeance, bursting o'er his head,

Wrings his black soul ; when injured nations groan,
And cries of millions shake his tottering throne ;
Shall flattering churchmen soothe his guilty ears,
With tortured texts, to calm his growing fears ;
Exalt his power above the aetherial climes,
And call down Heaven to sanctify his crimes !

O! impious doctrine !—Servile priests away !
Your Prince you poison, and your God betray.

Hapless the Monarch! who, in evil hour,
Drinks from your cup the draught of lawless power!
The magic potion boils within his veins,
And locks each sense in adamantine chains;
Reason revolts, insatiate thirst ensues,
The wild delirium each fresh draught renews;
In vain his people urge him to refrain,
His faithful servants supplicate in vain ;
He quaffs at length, impatient of control,
The bitter dregs that lurk within the bowl.

Zeal your pretence, but wealth and power your
 aims,
You ev'n could make a SOLOMON of JAMES.
Behold the pedant, thron'd in awkward state,
Absorb'd in pride, ridiculously great ;
His courtiers seem to tremble at his nod,
His prelates call his voice the voice of God ;

Weakness and vanity with them combine,
And JAMES believes his majesty divine.
Presumptuous wretch ! almighty power to scan,
While every action proves him less than man.

By your delusions to the scaffold led,
Martyr'd by you, a royal CHARLES has bled.
Teach then, ye sycophants ! O ! teach his son,
The gloomy paths of tyranny to shun ;
Teach him to prize Religion's sacred claim,
Teach him how Virtue leads to honest fame,
How Freedom's wreath a monarch's brows adorns,
Nor, basely fawning, plant his couch with thorns.
Point to his view his people's love alone,
The solid basis of his stedfast throne ;
Chosen by them their dearest rights to guard,
The bad to punish, and the good reward,
Clement and just let him the sceptre sway,
And willing subjects shall with pride obey,
Shall vie to execute his high commands,
His throne their hearts, his sword and shield their
hands.

Happy the Prince ! thrice firmly fix'd his crown !
Who builds on public good his chaste renown ;
Studious to bless, who knows no second aim,
His people's interest, and his own the same ;
The ease of millions rests upon his cares,
And thus Heaven's high prerogative he shares.

Wide from the throne the blest contagion spreads,
O'er all the land its gladdening influence sheds,
Faction's discordant sounds are heard no more,
And foul Corruption flies the indignant shore.

His ministers with joy their courses run,
And borrow lustre from the royal sun.

But should some upstart, train'd in Slavery's
school,
Learn'd in the maxims of despotic rule,
Full fraught with forms, and grave pedantic pride,
(Mysterious cloak! the mind's defects to hide!)
Sordid in small things, prodigal in great,
Saving for minions, squandering for the state——
Should such a miscreant, born for England's bane,
Obscure the glories of a prosperous reign;
Gain, by the semblance of each praiseful art,
A pious prince's unsuspecting heart;
Envious of worth, and talents not his own,
Chase all experienc'd merit from the throne;
To guide the helm a motley crew compose,
Servile to him, the king's and country's foes;
Meanly descend each paltry place to fill,
With tools of power, and panders to his will;
Brandishing high the scorpion scourge o'er all,
Except such slaves as bow the knee to Baal——
Should Albion's fate decree the baneful hour——
Short be the date of his detested power!

Soon may his sovereign break his iron rods,
And hear his people; for their voice is God's!

Cease then your wiles, ye fawning courtiers! cease,
Suffer your rulers to repose in peace;
By Reason led, give proper names to things,
God made them men, the people made them kings:
To all their acts but legal powers belong,
Thus England's Monarch never can do wrong;
Of right divine let foolish FILMER dream,
The public welfare is the law supreme.

Lives there a wretch, whose base, degenerate soul
Can crouch beneath a tyrant's stern control?
Cringe to his nod, ignobly kiss the hand
In galling chains that binds his native land?
Purchas'd by gold, or aw'd by slavish fear,
Abandon all his ancestors held dear?
Tamely behold that fruit of glorious toil,
England's Great Charter made a ruffian's spoil;
Hear, unconcern'd, his injured country groan,
Nor stretch an arm to hurl him from the throne?
Let such to freedom forfeit all their claims,
And CHARLES's minions be the slaves of JAMES.

But soft awhile——Now CAVENDISH, attend
The warm effusions of thy dying friend;
Fearless who dares his inmost thoughts reveal,
When thus to Heaven he makes his last appeal.

All-gracious God ! whose goodness knows no
bounds !

Whose power the ample universe surrounds !
In whose great balance, infinitely just,
Kings are but men, and men are only dust ;
At thy tribunal low thy suppliant falls,
And here condemn'd, on thee for mercy calls !

Thou hear'st not, Lord ! an hypocrite complain,
And sure with thee hypocrisy were vain ;
To thy all-piercing eye the heart lies bare,
Thou know'st my sins, and, knowing, still canst spare !
Though partial power its ministers may awe,
And murder here by specious forms of law ;
The axe, which executes the harsh decree,
But wounds the flesh, to set the spirit free !
Well may the man a tyrant's frown despise,
Who, spurning earth, to Heaven for refuge flies ;
And on thy mercy, when his foes prevail,
Builds his firm trust ; that rock can never fail !

Hear then, Jehovah ! hear thy servant's prayer !
Be England's welfare thy peculiar care !
Defend her laws, her worship chaste, and pure,
And guard her rights while Heaven and Earth endure !
O let not ever fell Tyrannic Sway
His blood-stain'd standard on her shores display !
Nor fiery Zeal usurp thy holy name,
Blinded with blood, and wrapt in rolls of flame !

In vain let Slavery shake her threatening chain,
And Persecution wave her torch in vain!
Arise, O Lord! and hear thy people's call!
Nor for one man let three great kingdoms fall!

O! that my blood may glut the barbarous rage
Of Freedom's foes, and England's ills assuage!—
Grant but that prayer, I ask for no repeal,
A willing victim for my country's weal!
With rapturous joy the crimson stream shall flow,
And my heart leap to meet the friendly blow!

But should the fiend, tho' drench'd with human
gore,
Dire Bigotry, insatiate, thirst for more,
And, arm'd from Rome, seek this devoted land,
Death in her eye, and bondage in her hand—
Blast her fell purpose! blast her foul desires!
Break short her sword, and quench her horrid fires!

Raise up some champion, zealous to maintain
The sacred compact, by which monarchs reign!
Wise to foresee all danger from afar,
And brave to meet the thunders of the war!
Let pure religion, not to forms confin'd,
And love of freedom fill his generous mind!
Warm let his breast with sparks coelestial glow,
Benign to man, the tyrant's deadly foe!

While sinking nations rest upon his arm,
Do thou the great Deliverer shield from harm !
Inspire his councils ! aid his righteous sword !
Till Albion rings with Liberty restor'd !
Thence let her years in bright succession run !
And Freedom reign coeval with the sun.

'Tis done, my CA'NDISH, Heaven has heard my
prayer ;
So speaks my heart, for all is rapture there.

To Belgia's coast advert thy ravish'd eyes,
That happy coast, whence all our hopes arise !
Behold the Prince, perhaps thy future king !
From whose green years maturest blessings spring ;
Whose youthful arm, when all-o'erwhelming Power
Ruthless march'd forth, his country to devour,
With firm brac'd nerve repell'd the brutal force,
And stopp'd th' unwieldy giant in his course.

Great William hail ! who sceptres could despise,
And spurn a crown with unretorted eyes !
O ! when will princes learn to copy thee,
And leave mankind, as Heaven ordain'd them, free !

Haste, mighty Chief ! our injur'd rights restore !
Quick spread thy sails for Albion's longing shore !
Haste, mighty Chief ! ere millions groan enslav'd ;
And add three realms to one already saved !

While Freedom lives, thy memory shall be dear,
And reap fresh honors each returning year ;
Nations preserv'd shall yield immortal fame,
And endless ages bless thy glorious name !

Then shall my CA'NDISH, foremost in the field,
By justice arm'd, his sword conspicuous wield ;
While willing legions crowd around his car,
And rush impetuous to the righteous war.
On that great day be every chance defied,
And think thy RUSSELL combats by thy side ;
Nor, crown'd with victory, cease thy generous toil,
Till firmest peace secure this happy isle.

Ne'er let thine honest, open heart believe
Professions specious, forg'd but to deceive ;
Fear may extort them, when resources fail,
But O ! reject the baseless, flattering tale.

Think not that promises, or oaths can bind,
With solemn ties, a Rome-devoted mind ;
Which yields to all the holy juggler saith,
And deep imbibes the bloody, damning faith.
What though the Bigot raise to Heaven his eyes,
And call the Almighty witness from the skies !
Soon as the wish'd occasion he explores,
To plant the Roman cross on England's shores,
All, all will vanish, while his priests applaud,
And saint the perjurer for the pious fraud.

Far let him fly these freedom-breathing climes,
And seek proud Rome, the fosterer of his crimes;
There let him strive to mount the Papal chair,
And scatter empty thunders in the air,
Grimly preside in Superstition's school,
And curse those kingdoms he could never rule.

Here let me pause, and bid the world adieu.
While Heaven's bright mansions open to my view!—

Yet still one care, one tender care remains;
My bounteous friend, relieve a father's pains!
Watch o'er my Son, inform his waxen youth,
And mould his mind to virtue and to truth;
Soon let him learn fair liberty to prize,
And envy him, who for his country dies;
In one short sentence to comprize the whole,
Transfuse to his the virtues of thy soul.

Preserve thy life, my too, too generous friend,
Nor seek with mine thy happier fate to blend!
Live for thy country, live to guard her laws,
Proceed, and prosper in the glorious cause;
While I, though vanquish'd, scorn the field to fly,
But boldly face my foes, and bravely die.

Let princely MONMOUTH courtly wiles beware,
Nor trust too far to fond paternal care;
Too oft dark deeds deform the midnight cell,
Heaven only knows how noble Essex fell!

SIDNEY yet lives, whose comprehensive mind
Ranges at large through systems unconfin'd ;
Wrapt in himself, he scorns the tyrant's power,
And hurls defiance even from the Tower ;
With tranquil brow awaits the unjust decree,
And, arm'd with virtue, looks to follow me.

CA'NDISH, farewell! may Fame our names en-
twine!

Through life I lov'd thee, dying I am thine ;
With pious rites let dust to dust be thrown,
And thus inscribe my monumental stone.

“ Here RUSSEL lies, enfranchis'd by the grave,
He priz'd his birthright, nor would live a slave.
Few were his words, but honest and sincere,
Dear were his friends, his country still more dear ;
In parents, children, wife, supremely bless'd,
But that one passion swallow'd all the rest ;
To guard her freedom was his only pride,
Such was his love, and for that love he died.”

Yet fear not Thou, when Liberty displays
Her glorious flag, to steer his course to praise ;
For know, (whoe'er thou art that read'st his fate,
And think'st, perhaps, his sufferings were too great,)
Bless'd as he was, at her imperial call,
Wife, children, parents, he resign'd them all ;
Each fond affection then forsook his soul,

And AMOR PATRIAE occupied the whole ;
In that great cause he joy'd to meet his doom,
Bless'd the keen axe, and triumph'd o'er the tomb.

The hour draws near—But what are hours to me ?
Hours, days, and years hence undistinguish'd flee !
Time, and his glass unheeded pass away,
Absorb'd, and lost in one vast flood of day !
On Freedom's wings my soul is borne on high,
And soars exulting to its native sky !

EPISTLE VII.

ARISBE

TO THE YOUNGER

MARIUS.

BY

LORD HERVEY.

OF all I valued, all I lov'd, bereft,
Say, has my heart this little comfort left ?
That you the mem'ry of its truth retain,
And think with grateful pity on my pain ?
Though but with life my sorrows can have end,
(For death alone can join me to my Friend)
Yet think not I repent I set you free,
I mourn your absence, not your liberty.

Before my Marius left Numidia's coast,
Each day I saw him; scarce an hour was lost :
Now months and years must pass, nay life shall
 prove
But one long absence from the man I love.

Painful reflection ! poison to my mind !
Was it but mortal too, it would be kind :
But, mad with grief, I search the palace round,
And in that madness dream you're to be found.
Would'st thou believe it ? to those walls I fly
Where thou wert captive held ; there frantic cry,
These fetters sure my vagrant's flight restrain'd ;
Alas ! these fetters I myself unchain'd.
The live-long day I mourn, I loath the light,
And wait impatient each returning night :
What though the horrid gloom augment my grief,
'Tis grateful still, for I disclaim relief.
That coz'ner Hope intrudes not on my woe ;
One only interval my sorrows know ;
When dreams, the kind reversers of my pain,
Bring back my charming fugitive again.

Yet there's a grief surpassing all the rest ;
A jealous daemon whispers in my breast,
Marius was false, for liberty alone
The show of love the hypocrite put on.
Then I reflect (ah ! would I could forget !)
How much your thoughts on war and Rome were set,
How little passion did that conduct prove !
Too strong thy reason, but too weak thy love.
Thy sword, 'tis true, a father's cause demands ;
But 'twas a mistress gave it to thy hands :
To love and duty just, give each their part,
His be the arm, and mine be all thy heart.

But what avail these thoughts? fond wretch, give
o'er!

Marius, or false or true, is thine no more :
Since Fate has cast the lot, and we must part,
Why should I wish to think I had his heart?—
Yes : let me cherish that remembrance still ;
That thought alone shall soften every ill ;
To tell my soul, his love, his truth was such,
All was his due, nor have I done too much.
Deceitful comfort ! let me not persuade
My credulous heart its fondness was repaid ;
It makes my soul with double anguish mourn
Those joys, which never, never must return.

Perhap's ev'n you what most I wish oppose,
And in the Roman all the lover lose :
I'm a Numidian, and your soul disdains
To bear th' inglorious weight of foreign chains.
Can any climate then so barb'rous prove,
To stand excluded from the laws of Love ?
His empire's universal, unconfin'd,
His proxy beauty, and his slaves mankind.
Nor am I a Numidian but by name,
For I can int'rest for my love disclaim :
My virtue shews what 'twas the gods design'd,——
By chance on Afric's clay they stamp'd a Roman
mind.

Not all the heroes which your Rome can boast,
So much for fame, as I for you have lost :

Yourself I lost : oh ! grateful, then confess,
My trial greater, though my glory less.
Yes, partial gods ! inflictors of my care !
Be witness what I felt, what grief, what fear !
When full of stifled woes the night he fled,
No sigh I dar'd to breathe, no tear to shed.
Whilst men of faith approv'd, a chosen crew,
Firm to their trust, and to their mistress true,
With care too punctual my commands obey,
And in one freight my life and thee convey.
The harder task was mine ; condemn'd to bear,
With brow serene, my agonizing care ;
To mix an idle talk, to force a smile,
A king and jealous lover to beguile.
Think in that dreadful interval of fate,
All I held dear, thy safety in debate,
Think what I suffer'd, whilst my heart afraid
Suggests a thousand times, that all's betray'd.
A thousand times revolving in my mind
The doubtful chance ; oh ! Love ! said I, be kind :
Propitious to my scheme, thy vot'ry aid,
And be my fondness by success repaid.
Now bolder grown, with sanguine hopes elate,
My fancy represents thy smiling fate ;
The guards deceiv'd, and every danger o'er,
The winds already waft him from the shore.
These pleasing images anew impart
Life to my eyes, and gladness to my heart ;
Dispel the gloomy fears that cloud my face,
And charm the little flutterer to peace.

But now the king, or tasteless to my charms,
Or weary of an absent mistress' arms,
His own apartment seeks, and grateful rest ;
That courted stranger to the careful breast.
Whilst I, by hopes and fears alternate sway'd,
Impatient ask the slaves if I'm obey'd.
'Tis done, they cry'd, and struck me with despair ;
For what I long'd to know, I dy'd to hear.
Fantastic turn of a distracted mind ;
I blam'd the gods for having been too kind ;
Curs'd the success they granted to my vows,
And this assistant hand that fill'd my woes.
Such was my frenzy in that hour of care,
And such th' injustice of my bold despair ;
That even those, ungrateful, I upbraid,
Whose fatal diligence my will obey'd.
Scarce, Marius, did thyself escape my rage ;
(Most lov'd of men !) when fears of black presage
Describe thy hand so fond of liberty,
It never gave one parting throb for me.
At every step you should have turn'd your eye,
Dropt a regretful tear, and heav'd a sigh ;
The nature of the grace I shew'd was such,
You not deserv'd it, if it pleas'd too much.
A lover would have linger'd as he fled,
And oft in anguish to himself have said,
Farewell for ever ! Ah ! yet more had done,
A lover never would have fled alone.
To force me from a hated rival's bed,
Why comes not Marius at an army's head ?

Oh! did thy heart but wish to see that day,
'Twould all my past, and future woes o'erpay.

But vain are all these hopes: preserve thy breast
From falsehood only, I forgive the rest:
Too happy, if no envy'd rival boast
Those joys Arisbe to her Marius lost.

EPISTLE VIII.

FLORA TO POMPEY.

By the Same.

ERE death these closing eyes for ever shade
(That death thy cruelties have welcome made),
Receive, thou yet lov'd Man! this one adieu,
This last farewell to happiness and you.
My eyes o'erflow with tears, my trembling hand
Can scarce the letters form, or pen command;
The dancing paper swims before my sight,
And scarce myself can read the words I write.

Think you behold me in this lost estate,
And think yourself the author of my fate:
How vast the change! your Flora's now become
The gen'ral pity, not the boast of Rome.
This form, a pattern to the sculptor's art,
This face, the idol once of Pompey's heart,
(Whose pictur'd beauties Rome thought fit to place
The sacred temples of her gods to grace)

Are charming now no more ; the bloom is fled,
The lilies languid, and the roses dead.
Soon shall some hand the glorious work deface,
Where Grecian pencils tell what Flora was :
No longer my resemblance they impart,
They lost their likeness, when I lost thy heart.

O! that those hours could take their turn again,
When Pompey, lab'ring with a jealous pain,
His Flora thus bespoke : " Say, my dear love !
Shall all these rivals unsuccessful prove ?
In vain, for ever, shall the Roman youth
Envy my happiness, and tempt thy truth ?
Shall neither tears nor prayers thy pity move ?
Ah! give not pity, 'tis a-kin to love.
Would Flora were not fair in such excess,
That I might fear, though not adore her less."

Fool that I was, I sought to ease that grief,
Nor knew indiff'rence follow'd the relief :
Experience taught the cruel truth too late,
I never dreaded, 'till I found my fate.
'Twas mine to ask if Pompey's self could hear,
Unmov'd, his rival's unsuccessful pray'r ;
To make thee swear he'd not thy pity move :
Alas ! such pity is no kin to love.

'Twas thou thyself, (ungrateful as thou art)
Bade me unbend the rigor of my heart :

You chid my faith, reproach'd my being true,
(Unnat'ral thought !) and labor'd to subdue
The constancy my soul maintain'd for you ;
To other arms your mistress you condemn'd,
Too cool a lover, and too warm a friend.

How could'st thou thus my lavish heart abuse,
To ask the only thing it could refuse ?
Nor yet upbraid me, Pompey, what I say,
For 'tis my merit that I can't obey ;
Yet this alleg'd against me as a fault,
Thy rage fomented, and my ruin wrought.
Just Gods ! what tie, what conduct can prevail
O'er fickle man, when truth like mine can fail ?

Urge not, to gloss thy crime, the name of friend,
We know how far those sacred laws extend ;
Since other heroes have not blush'd to prove
How weak all passions when oppos'd to love :
Nor boast the virtuous conflict of thy heart,
When gen'rous pity took Geminus' part ;
'Tis all heroic fraud, and Roman art.
Such flights of honor might amuse the crowd,
But by a mistress ne'er can be allow'd ;
Keep for the senate, and the grave debate,
That infamous hypocrisy of state,
There words are virtue, and your trade deceit.

No riddle is thy change, nor hard t' explain,
Flora was fond, and Pompey was a man :

No longer then a specious tale pretend,
Nor plead fictitious merit to your friend :
By nature false, you follow'd her decree,
Nor gen'rous are to him, but false to me.

You say you melted at Geminus' tears,
You say you felt his agonizing cares :
Gross artifice ! that this from him could move,
And not from Flora, whom you say you love :
You could not bear to hear your rival sigh,
Yet bear unmov'd to see your mistress die.
Inhuman hypocrite ! not thus can he
My wrongs, and my distress, obdurate, see.

He, who receiv'd, condemns the gift you made,
And joins with me the giver to upbraid,
Forgetting he's oblig'd, and mourning I'm betray'd.
He loves too well that cruel gift to use,
Which Pompey lov'd too little to refuse :
Fain would he call my vagrant lord again,
But I the kind ambassador restrain ;
I scorn to let another take my part,
And to myself will owe or lose thy heart.

Can nothing e'er rekindle love in thee ?
Can nothing e'er extinguish it in me ?
That I could tear thee from this injur'd breast ?
And where you gave my person, give the rest,
At once to grant and punish thy request.

That I could place thy worthy rival there !
No second insult need my fondness fear :
He views not Flora with her Pompey's eyes,
He loves like me, he doats, despairs, and dies.

Come to my arms, thou dear deserving youth !
Thou prodigy of man ! thou man with truth !
For him, I will redouble every care,
To please, for him, these faded charms repair ;
To crown his vows, and sharpen thy despair.—

Oh ! 'tis illusion all ! and idle rage !
No second passion can this heart engage ;
And shortly, Pompey, shall thy Flora prove,
Death may dissolve, but nothing change her love.

EPISTLE IX.

ROXANA TO USBECK.

By the Same.

THINK not I write, my innocence to prove,
To sue for pity, or awake thy love;
No mean defence expect, or abject prayers;
Thou know'st no mercy, and I know no tears:
I laugh at all thy vengeance has decreed,
Avow the fact, and glory in the deed.

Yes, Tyrant! I deceiv'd thy spies and thee:
Pleas'd in oppression, and in bondage free:
The rigid agents of thy cruel laws
By gold I won to aid my juster cause:
With dextrous skill eluded all thy care,
And acted more than jealousy could fear:
To wanton bow'rs this prison-house I turn'd,
And bless'd that absence which you thought I
mourn'd.

But short those joys allow'd by niggard Fate,
Yet so refin'd, so exquisitely great,
That their excess compensated their date.

I die : already in each burning vein
I feel the pois'nous draught, and bless the pain :
For what is life unless its joys we prove ?
And where is joy, depriv'd of what we love.

Yet, ere I die, this justice I have paid
To my dear murder'd lover's injur'd shade :
Those sacrilegious instruments of power,
Who wrought that ruin these sad eyes deplore,
Already with their blood their crimes atone,
And for his life have sacrific'd their own.

Thee, though restraint and absence may defend
From my revenge, my curses still attend :
Despair like mine, Barbarian ! be thy part,
Remorse afflict, and sorrow sting thy heart.

Nor think this hate commencing in my breast,
Though prudence long its latent force suppress'd ;
I knew those wrongs that I was forc'd to bear,
And curs'd those chains injustice made me wear.

For could'st thou hope Roxana to deceive
With idle tales, which only fools believe ?
Poor abject souls in superstition bred,
In ign'rance train'd, by prejudice misled ;
Whom hireling dervises by proxy teach
From those whose false prerogative they preach.
Didst thou imagine me so weak of mind,
Because I murmur'd not, I ne'er repin'd,

But hugg'd my chain, and thought my jailor kind?
That willingly those laws I e'er obey'd,
Which Pride invented, and Oppression made?
And whilst self-licens'd through the world you rove,
To quicken appetite by change in love;
Each passion sated, and each wish possess'd
Which Lust can urge, or Fancy can suggest:
That I should mourn thy loss with fond regret,
Weap the misfortune, and the wrong forget?

Could I believe that Heav'n this beauty gave,
(Thy transient pleasure, and thy lasting slave;)
Indu'd with reason, only to fulfil
The harsh commands of thy capricious will?
No, Usbeck, no, my soul disdain'd those laws;
And, though I wanted pow'r t'assert my cause,
My right I knew; and still those pleasures sought,
Which Justice warranted, and Nature taught:
On Custom's senseless precepts I refin'd,
I weigh'd what Heav'n, I knew what man design'd,
And form'd by her own rules my free-born mind.

Thus whilst this wretched body own'd thy pow'r,
Doom'd, unredress'd, its hardships to deplore;
My soul subservient to herself alone,
And Reason independent on her throne,
Contemn'd thy dictates, and obey'd their own.
Yet thus far to my conduct thanks are due,
At least I condescended to seem true;

Endeavor'd still my sentiments to hide,
Indulg'd thy vanity, and sooth'd thy pride.
Though this submission to a tyrant paid,
Whom not my duty, but my fears obey'd,
If rightly weigh'd, would more deserve the blame,
Who call it Virtue, but prophane her name;
For to the world, I should have own'd that love,
Which all impartial judges must approve:
You urg'd a right to tyrannize my heart,
Which he, soliciting, assail'd by art,
Whilst I, impatient of the name of slave,
To force refus'd, what I to merit gave.

Oft, as thy slaves this wrethed body led
To the detested pleasures of thy bed;
In those soft moments, consecrate to joy,
Which ecstasy and transport should employ;
Clasp'd in your arms, you wonder'd still to find
So cold my kisses, so compos'd my mind:
But had thy cheated eyes discern'd aright,
You'd found aversion, where you sought delight.

Not that my soul, incapable of love,
No charms could warm, no tenderness could move;
For him, whose love my every thought possess'd,
A fiercer passion fill'd this constant breast,
Than truth e'er felt, or falshood e'er possess'd.

This style unusual to thy pride appears,
For truth's a stranger to the tyrant's ears.

But what have I to manage, or to dread?
Nor threats alarm, nor insults hurt the dead:
No wrongs they feel, no miseries they find;
Cares are the legacies we leave behind:
In the calm grave no Usbecks we deplore,
No tyrant husband, no oppressive pow'r.
Alas! I faint—Death intercepts the rest:
The venom'd drug is busy in my breast:
Each nerve's unstrung: a mist obscures the day:
My senses, strength, and ev'n my hate decay;
Though rage awhile the ebbing spirits stay'd,
'Tis past—they sink beneath the transient aid.
Take then, inhuman Wretch! my last farewell;
Pain be thy portion here! hereafter, hell!
And when our Prophet shall my fate decree,
Be any curse my punishment, but Thee!

EPISTLE X.

MONIMIA TO PHILOCLES.

By the Same.

SINCE language never can describe my pain,
How can I hope to move when I complain ?
But such is woman's frenzy in distress,
We love to plead, though hopeless of redress.

Perhaps, affecting ignorance, thou'lt say,
From whence these lines ? whose message to convey ?
Mock not my grief with that feign'd cold demand,
Too well you know the hapless writer's hand :
But if you force me to avow my shame,
Behold it prefac'd with Monimia's name.

Lost to the world, abandon'd and forlorn,
Expos'd to infamy, reproach and scorn,
To mirth and comfort lost, and all for you,
Yet lost, perhaps, to your remembrance too ;
How hard my lot ! what refuge can I try,
Weary of life, and yet afraid to die !
Of hope, the wretch's last resort, bereft,

By Friends, by Kindred, by my Lover, left !
Oh ! frail dependence of confiding fools !
On lovers' oaths, or friendship's sacred rules,
How weak in modern hearts, too late I find,
Monimia's fall'n, and Philocles unkind !
To these reflections, each slow wearing day,
And each revolving night a constant prey,
Think what I suffer, nor ungentle hear
What madness dictates in my fond despair ;
Grudge not this short relief, (too fast it flies)
Nor chide that weakness I myself despise.
One moment sure may be at least her due,
Who sacrific'd her all of life for you.
Without a frown this farewell then receive,
For 'tis the last my hapless love shall give ;
Nor this I would, if reason could command :
But what restriction reins a lover's hand ?
Nor prudence, shame, nor pride, nor int'rest
 sways,
The hand implicitly the heart obeys :
Too well this maxim has my conduct shewn,
Too well that conduct to the world is known.

Oft have I writ, and often to the flame
Condemn'd this after-witness of my shame ;
Oft in my cooler recollected thought,
Thy beauties, and my fondness half forgot.
(How short those intervals for reason's aid !).
Thus to myself in anguish have I said.

Thy vain remonstrance, foolish maid, give o'er,
Who act the wrong, can ne'er that wrong deplore.
Then sanguine hopes again delusive reign,
I form'd thee melting, as I tell my pain.
If not of rock thy flinty heart is made,
Nor tigers nurs'd thee in the desert shade,
Let me at least thy cold compassion prove,
That slender sustenance of greedy love ;
Though no return my warmer wishes find,
Be to the wretch, though not the mistress, kind ;
Nor whilst I court my melancholy state,
Forget 'twas love, and thee, that wrought my fate.
Without restraint habituate to range
The paths of pleasure, can I bear this change ?
Doom'd from the world unwilling to retire,
In bloom of life, and warm with young desire,
In lieu of roofs with regal splendor gay,
Condemn'd in distant wilds to drag the day ;
Where beasts of prey maintain their savage court,
Or human brutes (the worst of brutes) resort.
Yes, yes, the change I could unsighing see,
For none I mourn, but what I find in thee,
There centre all my woes, thy heart estrang'd,
I weep my lover, not my fortune, chang'd ;
Bless'd with thy presence, I could all forget,
Nor gilded palaces in huts regret,
But exil'd thence, superfluous is the rest,
Each place the same, my hell is in my breast ;
To pleasure dead, and living but to pain,
My only sense to suffer, and complain.

As all my wrongs distressful I repeat,
Say, 'can thy pulse with equal cadence beat ?
Canst thou know peace ? is conscience mute within ?
That upright delegate for secret sin :
Is nature so extinguish'd in thy heart,
That not one spark remains to take my part ?
Not one repentant throb, one grateful sigh ?
Thy breast unruffled, and unwet thy eye ?
Thou cool betrayer, temperate in ill !
Thou nor remorse, nor thought humane canst feel :
Nature has form'd thee of the rougher kind,
And education more debas'd thy mind,
Born in an age when guilt and fraud prevail,
When Justice sleeps, and Int'rest holds the scale ;
Thy loose companions, a licentious crew,
Most to each other, all to us untrue,
Whom chance, or habit mix, but rarely choice,
Nor leagu'd in friendship, but in social vice,
Who indigent of honor, or of shame,
Glory in crimes which others blush to name ;
By right or wrong disdaining to be mov'd,
Unprincipled, unloving, and unlov'd.
The fair who trusts their prostituted vows,
If not their falshood, still their boasts expose ;
Nor knows the wisest to elude the harm,
Ev'n she whose prudence shuns the tinsel charm,
They know to slander, though they fail to warm :
They make her languish in fictitious flame,
Affix some specious slander on her name,
And, baffled by her virtue, triumph o'er her fame.

These are the leaders of thy blinded youth,
These vile seducers laugh'd thee out of truth ;
Whose scurril jests all solemn ties profane,
Or Friendship's band, or Hymen's sacred chain ;
Morality as weakness they upbraid,
Nor ev'n revere Religion's hallow'd head ;
Alike they spurn divine and human laws,
And treat the honest like the christian cause.
Curse on that tongue whose vile pernicious art
Delights the ear but to corrupt the heart,
That takes advantage of the chearful hour,
When weaken'd Virtue bends to Nature's power,
And would the goodness of the soul efface,
To substitute dishonor in her place.

With such you lose the day in false delights,
In lewd debauch you revel out the nights,
(O fatal commerce to Monimia's peace !)
Their arguments convince because they please ;
While sophistry for reason they admit,
And wander dazzled by the glare of wit,
Wit that on ill a specious lustre throws,
And in false colors every object shows,
That gilds'the wrong, depreciating the right,
And hurts the judgment, while it feasts the sight ;
So in a prism to the deluded eye
Each pictur'd trifle takes a rainbow dye,
With borrow'd charms the shining prospect glows,
And truth revers'd the faithless mirror shows,

Inverted scenes in bright confusion lie,
The lawns impending o'er the nether sky ;
No just, no real images we meet,
But all the gaudy vision is deceit.

Oft I revolve in this distracted mind
Each word, each look, that spoke my charmer kind ;
But oh ! how dear their memory I pay !
What pleasures past can present cares allay ?
Of all I love for ever dispossess'd :
Ah ! what avails to think I once was bless'd ?
Hard disposition of unequal fate !
Mix'd are our joys, and transient are their date ;
Nor can reflection bring them back again,
Yet brings an after-sting to every pain.

Thy fatal, letters, oh immoral Youth,
Those perjur'd pledges of fictitious truth,
Dear as they were no second joy afford,
My credulous heart once leap'd at every word,
My glowing bosom throb'd with thick-heav'd sighs,
And floods of rapture gush'd into my eyes :
When now repeated (for thy theft was vain,
Each treasur'd syllable my thoughts retain)
Far other passions rule, and diff'rent care,
My joys and grief, my transport and despair.

Why dost thou mock the ties of constant love !
But half its joys the faithless ever prove,

They only taste the pleasures they receive,
When sure the noblest is in those we give.
Acceptance is the heav'n which mortals know ;
But 'tis the bliss of Angels to bestow.
Oh ! emulate, my Love, that task divine,
Be thou that Angel, and that heav'n be mine.
Yet, yet relent, yet intercept my fate :
Alas ! I rave, and sue for new deceit.
As soon the dead shall from the grave return,
As love extinguish'd with new ardor burn.
Oh ! that I dar'd to act a Roman part,
And stab thy image in this faithful heart,
Where riveted for life secure you reign,
A cruel inmate, author of my pain :
But coward-like irresolute I wait
Time's tardy aid, nor dare to rush on fate ;
Perhaps may linger out life's latest stage,
Survive thy cruelties, and fall by age :
No—grief shall swell my sails, and speed me o'er
(Despair my pilot) to that quiet shore
Where I can trust, and thou betray no more.
Might I but once again behold thy charms,
Might I but breathe my last in those dear arms,
On that lov'd face but fix my closing eye,
Permitted, where I might not live, to die ;
My soften'd fate I would accuse no more :
But fate has no such happiness in store !
'Tis past, 'tis done—what gleam of hope behind,
When I can ne'er be false, nor thou be kind ?

Why then this care ?—'tis weak—'tis vain—farewell—
At that last word what agonies I feel !
I faint—I die—remember I was true—
'Tis all I ask—eternally—adieu !—

EPISTLE XI.

FROM

MISS _____

TO THE

EARL OF _____.

AND dar'st thou then, insulting Lord! demand
A friendly answer from this trembling hand?—
No more thy tears my tender page shall stain,
Ambiguous tears, dissembling joy or pain;
No more thine eyes with sweet surprize pursue
Love's sacred mysteries, there unveil'd to you.—
Demand'st thou still an answer?—let it be
An answer worthy vengeance, worthy me!
Hear it, in public characters, relate
An ill-starr'd passion, and capricious fate:
Yes, public let it stand! to warn the maid
From one who fell less vanquish'd than betray'd;
Guiltless, yet doom'd with guilty pangs to groan,
And expiate others' treasons, not her own;
Destin'd with shame in Honor's paths to run;
Still Virtue's follower, yet by Vice undone.

Such free complaint to injur'd Love belongs :—
Yes, tyrant, read, and know me by my wrongs !
Yes, traitor, read, and reading tremble too !
I come to blaze thee to a nation's view ;
I come—ah, wretch, thy swelling rage control !
Was he not once the idol of thy soul ?
True, by his guilt thy tortur'd bosom bleeds,
Yet spare the guilty—for 'tis Love that pleads :
Respecting him, respect thy infant flame ;
Proclaim the treason, hide the traitor's name !
Enough to Honor and Revenge is given,
This truth reserve for Conscience, and for Heaven !

Talk'st thou, ingrate ! of Friendship's holy powers ?
The tiger's union with the lamb be ours !
This cold, this frozen bosom, didst thou dream,
Senseless to love, shall soften to esteem ?
What means thy friendship ? shall I bless my fate,
Losing thy love, to just escape thy hate ?—
Remember thee !—repeat that sound again :
My heart applauding echoes to the strain.
Yes, till this heart forgets to beat and grieve,
Live there thy image—but detested live !
My hate pursue thee, unimpar'd by age,
Nor memory waken, but to kindle rage.
Enter thy treacherous bosom, enter deep ;
Hear Conscience call, while flattering passions sleep !
Where harbour Honor, Conscience, Faith and Truth ;
Where the bright forms whose semblance caught my
youth ?

How could I doubt thy noble breast their shrine,
That felt them glowing, tender maid ! in mine.
Boast not of trophies from my fall achiev'd !
Boast not, deceiver, of this soul deceiv'd !
Easy the traitor wins an open heart,
Artless itself, and unsuspecting art ;
Not by superior wiles successful proves,
But fond credulity in her who loves.

Blush, shameless grandeur, blush ! shall BRITAIN'S
PEER,
Daring all crimes, not dare to be sincere ?
What charms were mine, to tempt thy guilty fires ?
What wealth, what honors from illustrious sires ?
Can virtue's simple spoils adorn thy race ?
Shall annals mark a village maid's disgrace ?
When bursting tears my inward anguish speak,
When paleness spreads my sometimes flushing cheek ;
When my frame trembles with convulsive strife,
My spirits flutter on the verge of life ;
When to my heart my ebbing pulse is driven,
My eyes throw faint accusing beams to heaven ;
Yet griefs that freeze my accents, save my fame :—
Come, blast it, traitor !—no ; the tale of shame,
The guilty tale, unwilling lips confine—
My portion, misery ; but no triumph thine !

Would thou hadst left me where I met thine eye,
A simple flower, to bloom in shades and die !

On downy wings where rose the sprightly morn,
Where evening found not in my breast a thorn :
Pure joys were mine ; Content at least, that flows
With temperate current through this vale of woes.
Cruel, to poison moments sweet as these !
On me to practise fatal arts to please !
Destin'd, if prosperous, for sublimer charms,
To court proud Wealth and Greatness to thy arms.
How many a lighter, many a fairer dame,
Fond of her prize, had fann'd thy fickle flame ;
With livelier moments sooth'd thy vacant mind,
Easy possess'd thee, easy too resign'd ;
Chang'd but her object, Passion's willing slave,
Nor felt the wound that festers to the grave !
Ah ! had I, conscious of thy fierce desires,
But half consenting shar'd contagious fires,
Half yielding heard thine impious suit maintain'd,
This trembling heart had suffer'd, not complain'd !
But ah ! with tears and crowded sighs to sue,
To dress dissembled passions like the true ;
To borrow still Confusion's sweet disguise,
Meet my coy virtues with dejected eyes ;
To steal their language which no words impart,
And give me back the image of my heart ;
This, this was treachery :—by such arts assail'd,
I fell—Great God ! what virtue had not fail'd !

Yet unrelenting still the tyrant cries,
Heedless of Pity's voice, and Beauty's sighs,

That pious frauds, the wisest, best, approve,
And Heaven but smiles at perjuries in love.
No; Heaven and Virtue scorn the mean pretence!
No; 'tis the villain's, 'tis the slave's defence!
No; 'tis the base sensation cowards feel!
The wretch who trembles at the brave man's steel
In woman's rage no daring mischief fears,
And mocks the feeble arms of sighs and tears.
In vain a sex, by nature taught to rest
Its trembling weakness on your firmer breast,
Pleads pity:—coward man, to woman brave,
Insults the virtue he was born to save.

What! shall the lightest promise lips can feign,
Bind man to man in Honor's sacred chain?
And oaths to us not sanctify th' accord,
Not heaven attested, nor heaven's awful Lord?—
Why various laws for beings form'd the same?
Equal from one indulgent power we came,
Who, blessing to be blest, design'd his race
With manly vigor tempering female grace.
Sequester'd from our sex, vain man, relate
Your solitary pleasure's sullen state!
What tender joys sit brooding o'er your store?
What slumbers sooth Ambition bath'd in gore?
'Tis ours, th' unsocial passions to control,
To pour the balm that heals the wounded soul;
To lure your fancy with diviner themes
Than Wealth, than Power's delusive restless dreams.
Yet frantic man, dissolving bonds so dear,

Secure from Love, his empire founds on Fear :
Nor dream'st thou, traitor, what confirms thy laws,
Not manly triumph—Blush to hear the cause!
'Tis female softness—Tyrants else might feel
The desperate vengeance of a woman's steel.

Still if you glory in the lion's force,
Come, nobly emulate that lion's course!
From guarded herds he vindicates his prey,
Not lurks in thickets from the blaze of day :
While man, not confident in manly arms,
Now offering truce, now sounding false alarms,
With customs, laws, with terror, fraud, combin'd,
Relaxes all the nerves that brace the mind,
Then lordly, savage, rends the trembling heart,
First gain'd by treachery, and then tam'd by art.

Are these reflections then that Love inspires ?
Is bitter grief the fruit of fair desires ?
From whose example could I dream to find
The mournful privilege to curse mankind ?
Ah, long I strove to burst th' enchanting tye,
And form'd resolves that ev'n in forming die :
Too long I linger'd on the fatal coast,
And ey'd the ocean where my wealth was lost :
In silence wept, scarce venturing to complain ;
Still to my heart dissembled half my pain :
Ascrib'd my sufferings to its fears, not you ;
Beheld you treacherous, and then wish'd you true.
Sooth'd by those wishes, by myself deceiv'd,

I fondly hop'd, and, hoping, I believ'd.—
Cruel! to whom, ah whither can I flee,
Friends, Fortune, Fame, deserted all for thee?
On whom but Thee this aching frame repose?
With whom but Thee deposit all its woes?
To whom, but Thee, explain its stifled groan,
And live for whom but Thee and Love alone?
What hand to probe my bleeding heart be found?
What hand to heal, but his that gave the wound?

O dreadful chaos! when the ruin'd mind,
Lost to itself, to virtue, human-kind,
From earth to heaven, a meteor flaming wide,
Link'd to no system, to no world allied,
Feels all a blank within:—each pregnant thought
That Nature, Reason, that Experience taught,
Past, present, future, feels alike destroy'd,
While love alone usurps the mighty void!
A void how gloomy, when that Love is flown!
What shades we grasp, the noble substance gone!
From one ador'd, adoring once, we dream
Of Friendship's tenderness—ev'n cold Esteem.
Rejected, still the suppliant suit advance—
Plead for a last farewell—a moment's glance—
A letter—token—wreck'd in search of shore,
We catch the plank of Hope, and rise no more.

In that dread moment when the hovering flame
Scarce languish'd into life, again you came;

Pursued again a too successful theme,
And dry'd my eyes, with yours again to stream :
When practis'd tears your venial fault confest,
And half dissembled, half excus'd the rest,
To kindred griefs taught pity by my own,
Sighs I return'd, and answer'd groan for groan ;
Your self-reproaches, stifling mine, approv'd,
And much I credited, for much I lov'd.
Not long the soul this doubtful dream prolongs ;
Pardoning indeed, but not forgetting wrongs,
It scorns the traitor, and with conscious pride
Scorns a base self-deserting to his side :
Great by misfortune, greater by despair,
Its heaven once lost, disdains an humbler care :
Perhaps too tender, or too fierce, my soul
Disclaiming half the heart, demands the whole.

I blame thee not, that, fickle as thy race,
New loves invite thee, and the old efface ;
That cold, insensible thy soul appears
To Virtue's smiles, to Virtue's very tears :—
But oh, a heart whose tenderness you knew,
That held, frail tenure ! life itself from you ;
In fond presumption that securely play'd,
Securely slumber'd in your friendly shade,
Whose every weakness, every sigh to share,
The powers that haunt the perjur'd, heard you swear,
Was this a heart you wantonly resign'd
Victim to scorn, to ruin, and mankind ?
Was this—O traitor, that betray'st no more,

What means thy pity ? what can vows restore ?
Can vows recall th' autumnal year to bloom ?
Or quicken ashes slumbering in the tomb ?
Can vows to smiles relax the brow of Care,
Or heal thy scars of anguish, fierce Despair ?
Bid Virtue's sullied flames again refine ?
Or Honor visit a deserted shrine ?
Ah no :—nor prayers, nor all th' immortal powers,
Back to their once-trod circles win the hours !
Cruel ! no more thy flattering form betrays,
The feeble vision melts in Reason's rays.—
Yet take my pardon in my last farewell—
Daggers, like those you planted, never feel !
Fated, like me, to curse, yet court your fate ;
To blend, in dreadful union, Love and Hate ;
Chiding the present moment's ling'ring haste,
To dread the future, and deplore the past ;
Like me condemn th' effect, the cause approve,
Renounce the lover, yet retain the love !

Yes, Love ! ev'n now, in this ill-fated hour,
An exile from thy joys, I feel thy power.
Yon orient sun, once lovely to my sight,
Bathing in vernal dews his youthful light,
Congenial to my griefs, now sullen glows :
The streams that murmur, yet not court repose ;
The breezes sickening with my mind's disease,
And valleys laughing to all eyes but these,
Proclaim thy absence, Love ! whose beam alone
Lighted my morn with glories not its own !

Ah, noblest passion life and youth impart,
Soon as thy flame shot rapture to my heart,
A new creation brighten'd on my view ;
Nurs'd in thy smiles the social passions grew :
New strung, th' harmonious nerves, the thrilling veins,
Beat, in sweet unison, to others pains.
The blood, to partial currents once confin'd,
Now swell'd an ocean, and embrac'd mankind.
The soul, once centering in itself the blaze,
Now wide diffus'd Benevolence's rays ;
Kindling on earth, pursu'd th' aethrial road,
In hallow'd flames ascending to its God.

Ah, Love !—in vain a blasting hand destroys
Thy swelling blossoms of expected joys ;
Converts to poison what for food was given,
Thy manna dropping from its native heaven ;
Victorious still thou triumph'st ! still confest
The purest transport that can warm the breast—
Yes, traitor, yes :—my heart, to Nature true,
Adores the passion, and detests but you.

EPISTLE XII.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

BY

W. PATTISON.

IN my dark cell, low prostrate on the ground,
Mourning my crimes, thy letter entrance found ;
Too soon my soul the well-known name confest ;
My beating heart sprung fiercely in my breast :
Thro' my whole frame a guilty transport glow'd,
And streaming torrents from my eyes fast flow'd.
O Eloisa ! art thou still the same ?
Dost thou still nourish this destructive flame ?
Have not the gentle rules of peace and heaven
From thy soft soul this fatal passion driven ?
Alas ! I thought thee disengag'd and free ;
And can'st thou still, still sigh and weep for me ?
What powerful deity, what hallow'd shrine,
Can save me from a love and faith like thine ?
Where shall I fly, when not this awful cave,
Whose rugged feet the surging billows lave ;
When not these gloomy cloister's solemn walls,
O'er whose rough sides the languid ivy crawls ;

When my dread vows in vain their force oppose,
Oppos'd to love—alas! how vain are vows!
In fruitless penitence I wear away
Each tedious night; each sad revolving day
I fast, I pray; and, with deceitful art,
Veil thy dear image from my tortur'd heart:
My tortur'd heart conflicting passions move,
I hope, despair, repent—yet still I love.
A thousand jarring thoughts my bosom tear,
For thou, not God, O Eloise art there.
To the false world's deluding pleasures dead,
Nor longer by its wandering fires misled,
In learn'd disputes harsh precepts I infuse,
And give that counsel I want power to use.
The rigid maxims of the grave and wise
Have quench'd each milder sparkle of my eyes;
Each lovely feature of this well-known face,
By grief revers'd, assumes a sterner grace.
O Eloisa! should the fates once more,
Indulgent to my view, thy charms restore!
How wouldst thou from my arms with horror start,
To miss the form familiar to thy heart!
Nought could thy quick, thy piercing judgment see,
To speak thy Abelard—but love of thee.
Lean abstinence, pale grief, and haggard care,
The dire attendants of forlorn despair,
Have Abelard the young, the gay, remov'd,
And in the hermit sunk the man you lov'd.
Wrapt in the gloom these holy mansions shed,
The thorny paths of penitence I tread;

Lost to the world, from all its interests free,
And torn from all my soul held dear in thee.
Ambition, with its train of frailties gone,
All love, all forms forgot, but thine alone.
Amid the blaze of day, the dusk of night,
My Eloisa rises to my sight :
Veil'd, as in Paraclete's secluded towers,
The wretched mourner counts the lagging hours ;
I hear her sighs, see the swift-falling tears,
Weep all her griefs, and pine with all her cares.
O vows ! O convents ! your stern force impart,
And frown the melting phantom from my heart :
Let other sighs a worthier sorrow show ;
Let other tears, for sin, repentant flow :
Low to the earth my guilty eyes I roll,
And humble to the dust my contrite soul.
Forgiving Power ! thy gracious call I meet,
Who first impower'd this rebel heart to beat ;
Who thro' this trembling, this offending frame,
For nobler ends diffus'd life's active flame :
O change the temper of this laboring breast,
And form anew each beating pulse to rest !
Let springing grace, fair faith, and hope remove
The fatal traces of destructive love ;
Destructive love from its warm mansion tear,
And leave no tracks of Eloisa there.
Are these the wishes of my inmost soul ?
Would I its softest, tenderest sense control ?
Would I this touch'd, this glowing heart refine
To the cold substance of that marble shrine ?

Transform'd like these pale swarms that round me
move

Of blest insensibles—who know not love ?
Ah ! rather let me keep this hapless flame ;
Adieu, false honor ! unavailing fame !
Not your harsh rules, but tender love supplies
The streams that gush from my despairing eyes :
I feel the traitor melt around my heart,
And thro' my veins with treacherous influence dart.
Inspire me, Heaven ! assist me Grace divine !
Aid me, ye Saints ! unknown to crimes like mine :
You who on earth serene all griefs could prove,
All but the torturing pangs of hopeless love :
A holier rage in your pure bosoms dwelt,
Nor can you pity what you never felt.
A sympathizing grief alone can cure ;
The hand that heals must feel what I endure :
Thou Eloise alone canst give me ease,
And bid my struggling soul subside to peace ;
Restore me to my long-lost heaven of rest,
And take thyself from my reluctant breast.
If crimes like mine could an allay receive,
That blest allay thy wonderous charms must give :
Thy form, that first to love my heart inclin'd,
Still wanders in my lost, my guilty mind :
I saw thee as the new-blown blossoms fair,
Sprightly as light, and soft as summer's air ;
Bright as their beams thy eyes a mind disclose,
While on thy lips gay blush'd the fragrant rose :
Wit, youth, and beauty, in each feature shone,

Press'd by my fate, I gaz'd—and was undone !
There died the generous fire, whose vigorous flame
Enlarg'd my soul, and urg'd me on to fame ;
Nor fame, nor wealth, my soften'd heart could move,
My heart, insensible to all but love !
Snatch'd from myself my learning tasteless grew,
Vain my philosophy oppos'd to you.
A train of woes succeed, nor should we mourn
The hours which cannot, ought not to return.
As once to love I sway'd thy yielding mind,
Too fond, alas !—too fatally inclin'd !
To virtue now let me thy breast inspire,
And fan with zeal divine the holy fire ;
Teach thee to injur'd heaven, all-chang'd, to turn,
And bid thy soul with sacred raptures burn.
O that my own example could impart
This noble warmth to thy soft trembling heart !
That mine with pious undissembled care,
Might aid the latent virtue struggling there !
Alas I rave ! nor grace, nor zeal divine,
Burns in a breast o'erwhelm'd with crimes like mine.
Too sure I find, while I the tortures prove
Of feeble piety, conflicting love,
On black despair my forc'd devotion built,
Absence, to me, has sharper pangs than guilt.
Ah ! yet my Eloise, your charms I view,
Yet breathe my sighs, my tears yet pour for you ;
Each weak resistance stronger knits my chain,
I sigh, weep, love, despair, repent—in vain.
Haste, Eloisa, haste, your Lover free,

Amidst your warmer prayers, O think of me !
Wing with your rising zeal my groveling mind,
And let me mine from your repentance find :
Ah ! labor, strive, your love, yourself control,
The change will sure affect my kindred soul ;
In blest consent our purer sighs shall grieve,
And heaven assisting shall our crimes forgive.
But if unhappy, wretched, lost, in vain,
Faintly th' unequal combat you sustain ;
If not to Heaven you feel your bosom rise,
Nor tears refin'd fall contrite from your eyes ;
If still your heart its wonted passions move,
If still, to speak all pains in one—you love,
Deaf to the weak essays of living breath,
Attend the stronger eloquence of death.
When that kind Power this captive soul shall free,
(Which only then can cease to doat on thee)
When gently sunk to my eternal sleep,
The Paraclete my peaceful urn shall keep ;
Then, Eloisa, then your Lover view,
See his quench'd eyes no longer fix'd on you ;
From their dead orbs that tender utterance flown,
Which first to your's my heart's soft tale made known ;
This breast no more (at length to ease consign'd)
Pant like the waving aspin in the wind ;
See all my wild, tumultuous passions o'er,
And you, amazing change ! belov'd no more ;
Behold the destin'd end of human love——
But let the sight your zeal alone improve :
Let not your conscious soul, to sorrow mov'd,

Recall how much, how tenderly I lov'd ;
With pious care your fruitless grief restrain,
Nor let a tear your sacred veil profane ;
Nor even a sigh on my cold urn bestow,
But let your breast with new-born raptures glow ;
Let love divine frail mortal love dethrone,
And to your mind immortal joys make known ;
Let Heaven relenting strike your ravish'd view,
And still the bright, the blest pursuit renew ;
So with your crimes shall your misfortunes cease,
And your rack'd soul be calmly hush'd to peace.

EPISTLE XIII.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

BY

JAMES CAWTHORNE, M. A.

AH, why this boding start? this sudden pain,
That wings my pulse, and shoots from vein to vein?
What mean, regardless of yon midnight bell,
These earth-born visions saddening o'er my cell?
What strange disorder prompts these thoughts to
glow?

These sighs to murmur, and these tears to flow?
'Tis she, 'tis Eloisa's form restor'd,
Once a pure saint, and more than saints ador'd:
She comes in all her killing charms confest,
Glares thro' the gloom, and pours upon my breast,
Bid heaven's bright guard from Paraclete remove,
And drags me back to misery and love.

Enjoy thy triumphs, dear Illusion! see
This sad apostate from his God to thee;

See, at thy call, my guilty warmths return,
Flame thro' my blood, and steal me from my urn.
Yet, yet, frail Abelard! one effort try,
Ere the last lingering spark of virtue die ;
The deadly charming sorceress control,
And spite of nature tear her from thy soul.

Long has that soul in these unsocial woods,
Where anguish muses, and where horror broods,
From love's wild visionary wishes stray'd,
And sought to lose thy beauties in the shade,
Faith dropt a smile, devotion lent her fire,
Woke the keen pang, and sanctified desire ;
Led me enraptur'd to the blest abode,
And taught my heart to glow with all its God.
But oh, how weak fair faith and virtue prove !
When Eloisa melts away in love !
When her fond soul impassion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
No joy forgotten, and no wish conceal'd,
Flows thro' her pen as infant softness free,
And fiercely springs in ecstasies to me.
Ye heavens ! as walking in yon sacred fane
With every seraph warm in every vein,
Just as remorse had rous'd an aking sigh,
And my torn soul hung trembling in my eye,
In that kind hour thy fatal letter came,
I saw, I gaz'd, I shiver'd at the name ;
The conscious lamps at once forgot to shine,
Prophetic tremors shook the hallow'd shrine ;

Priests, censers, altars from thy Genius fled,
And heaven itself shut on me while I read.

Dear smiling mischief! art thou still the same,
The still pale victim of too soft a flame?
Warm, as when first with more than mortal shine
Each melting eye-ball mix'd thy soul with mine?
Have not thy tears for ever taught to flow,
The glooms of absence, and the pangs of woe,
The pomp of sacrifice, the whisper'd tale,
The dreadful vow yet hovering o'er thy veil,
Drove this bewitching fondness from thy breast?
Curb'd the loose wish, and form'd each pulse to rest?
And canst thou still, still bend the suppliant knee
To love's dead shrine, and weep and sigh for me?
Then take me, take me, lock me in thy arms,
Spring to my lips, and give me all thy charms:
No, fly me, fly me, spread th' impatient sail,
Steal the lark's wing, and mount the swiftest gale;
Skim the last ocean, freeze beneath the pole;
Renounce me, curse me, root me from thy soul;
Fly, fly, for justice bares the arm of God;
And the grasp'd vengeance only waits his nod.

Are these my wishes? can they thus aspire?
Does phrenzy form them, or does grace inspire?
Can Abelard, in hurricanes of zeal,
Betray his heart, and teach thee not to feel?

Teach thy enamor'd spirit to disown
Each human warmth, and chill thee into stone?
Ah, rather let my tenderest accents move
The last wild tumults of unholy love!
On that dear bosom trembling let me lie,
Pour out my soul, and in fierce raptures die,
Rouze all my passions, act my joys anew,
Farewell, ye cells! ye martyr'd saints! adieu:
Sleep conscience, sleep! each awful thought be
drown'd,

And seven-fold darkness veil the scene around.
What means this pause, this agonizing start?
This glimpse of heaven quick-rushing thro' my
heart?

Methinks I see a radiant cross display'd,
A wounded Saviour bleeds along the shade;
Around th' expiring God bright angels fly,
Swell the loud hymn, and open all the sky:
O save me, save me, ere the thunders roll,
And hell's black caverns swallow up my soul.

Return, ye hours! when guiltless of a stain,
My strong-plum'd genius throb'd in every vein,
When warm'd with all th' Aegyptian fanes inspir'd,
All Athens boasted, and all Romè admir'd;
My merit in its full meridian shone,
Each rival blushing, and each heart my own.
Return, ye scenes! ah no, from fancy fly,
On time's stretch'd wing, till each idea die,
Eternal fly, since all that learning gave

Too weak to conquer, and too fond to save,
To Love's soft empire every wish betray'd,
And left my laurels withering in the shade.
Let me forget, that while deceitful fame
Grasp'd her shrill trump, and fill'd it with my name,
Thy stronger charms, impower'd by Heaven to move
Each saint, each blest insensible to love,
At once my soul from bright ambition won,
I hugg'd the dart, I wish'd to be undone ;
No more pale Science durst my thoughts engage,
Insipid dulness hung on every page ;
The midnight lamp no more enjoy'd its blaze,
No more my spirits flew from maze to maze :
Thy glances bade Philosophy resign
Her throne to thee, and every sense was thine.

But what could all the frosts of wisdom do,
Oppos'd to beauty, when it melts in you ?
Since these dark, cheerless, solitary caves,
Death-breathing woods, and daily-opening graves,
Mis-shapen rocks, wild images of woe,
For ever howling to the deeps below ;
Ungential deserts, where no vernal shower
Wakes the green herb, or paints th' unfolding flower ;
Th' imbrowning glooms these holy mansions shed,
The night-born horrors brooding o'er my bed,
The dismal scenes black melancholy pours
O'er the sad visions of enanguish'd hours ;
Lean abstinence, wan grief, low-thoughted care,
Distracting guilt, and hell's worst fiend, Despair,

Conspire, in vain, with all the aids of art,
To blot thy dear idea from my heart.

Delusive, sightless God of warm desire !
Why would'st thou wish to set a wretch on fire ?
Why lives thy soft divinity where woe
Heaves the pale sigh, and anguish loves to glow ?
Fly to the mead, the daisy-painted vale,
Breathe in its sweets, and melt along the gale ;
Fly where gay scenes luxurious youths employ,
Where every moment steals the wing of joy :
There may'st thou see, low prostrate at thy throne,
Devoted slaves and victims all thy own :
Each village-swain the turf-built shrine shall raise,
And king's command whole hecatombs to blaze.

O memory ! ingenious to revive
Each fleeting hour, and teach the past to live,
Witness what conflicts this frail bosom tore !
What griefs I suffer'd ! and what pangs I bore !
How long I struggled, labor'd, strove to save
An heart that panted to be still a slave !
When youth, warmth, rapture, spirit, love, and flame,
Seiz'd every sense, and burnt thro' all my frame ;
From youth, warmth, rapture, to these wilds I fled,
My food the herbage, and the rock my bed.
There, while these venerable cloisters rise
O'er the bleak surge, and gain upon the skies,
My wounded soul indulg'd the tear to flow
O'er all her sad vicissitudes of woe ;

Profuse of life, and yet afraid to die,
Guilt in my heart, and horror in my eye,
With ceaseless prayers, the whole artillery given
To win the mercies of offended Heaven,
Each hill, made vocal, echoed all around,
While my torn breast knock'd bleeding on the ground.
Yet, yet, alas ! tho' all my moments fly
Stain'd by a tear, and darken'd in a sigh ;
Tho' meagre fasts have on my cheek display'd
The dusk of death, and sunk me to a shade.
Spite of myself the still-impoisoning dart
Shoots thro' my blood, and drinks up all my heart ;
My vows and wishes wildly disagree,
And grace itself mistakes my God for thee.

Athwart the glooms, that wrap the midnight sky,
My Eloisa steals upon my eye ;
For ever rises in the solar ray,
A phantom brighter than the blaze of day :
Where-e'er I go, the visionary guest
Pants on my lip, or sinks upon my breast ;
Unfolds her sweets, and, throbbing to destroy,
Winds round my heart in luxury of joy ;
While loud hosannas shake the shrines around,
I hear her softer accents in the sound ;
Her idol-beauties on each altar glare,
And Heaven much-injur'd has but half my prayer :
No tears can drive her hence, no pangs control,
For every object brings her to my soul.

Last night, reclining on yon airy steep,
My busy eyes hung brooding o'er the deep ;
The breathless whirlwinds slept in every cave,
And the soft moon-beam danc'd from wave to wave ;
Each former bliss in this bright mirror seen,
With all my glories, dawn'd upon the scene,
Recall'd the dear auspicious hour anew,
When my fond soul to Eloisa flew :
When, with keen speechless ecstasies oppress'd,
Thy frantic lover snatch'd thee to his breast,
Gaz'd on thy blushes arm'd with every grace,
And saw the goddess beaming in thy face ;
Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent wishes move
Each pulse to rapture, and each glance to love.
But lo ! the winds descend, the billows roar,
Foam to the clouds, and burst upon the shore,
Vast peals of thunder o'er the ocean roll,
The flame-wing'd lightning gleams from pole to pole.
At once the pleasing images withdrew,
And more than horrors crowded on my view ;
Thy uncle's form, in all his ire array'd,
Serenely dreadful stalk'd along the shade,
Pierc'd by his sword, I sunk upon the ground,
The spectre ghastly smil'd upon the wound ;
A group of black Internals round me hung,
And toss'd my infamy from tongue to tongue.

Detested Wretch ! how impotent thy age !
How weak thy malice ! and how kind thy rage !

Spite of thyself, inhuman as thou art,
Thy murdering hand has left me all my heart ;
Left me each tender, fond affection, warm,
A nerve to tremble, and an eye to charm.
No, cruel, cruel, exquisite in ill,
Thou thought'st it dull barbarity to kill ;
My death had robb'd lost vengeance of her toil,
And scarcely warm'd a Scythian to a smile :
Sublimer Furies taught thy soul to glow
With all their savage mysteries of woe ;
Taught thy unfeeling poniard to destroy
The powers of nature, and the source of joy ;
To stretch me on the racks of vain desire,
Each passion throbbing, and each wish on fire ;
Mad to enjoy, unable to be blest,
Fiends in my veins, and hell within my breast.

Aid me, fair Faith ! assist me, Grace divine !
Ye Martyrs ! bless me, and ye Saints ! refine,
Ye sacred groves ! ye heaven-devoted walls !
Where folly sickens, and where virtue calls ;
Ye vows ! ye altars ! from this bosom tear
Voluptuous love, and leave no anguish there :
Oblivion ! be thy blackest plume display'd
O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the shade ;
And thou, too fondly idoliz'd ! attend,
While awful reason whispers in the friend ;
Friend, did I say ? immortals ! what a name ?
Can dull, cold friendship, own so wild a flame ?

No ; let thy Lover, whose enkindling eye
Shot all his soul between thee and the sky,
Whose warmths bewitch'd thee, whose unhallow'd
song

Call'd thy rapt ear to die upon his tongue,
Now strongly rouze, while heaven his zeal inspires,
Diviner transports, and more holy fires ;
Calm all thy passions, all thy peace restore,
And teach that snowy breast to heave no more.

Torn from the world, within dark cells immur'd,
By Angels guarded, and by vows secur'd,
To all that once awoke thy fondness dead,
And hope, pale sorrow's last sad refuge, fled ;
Why wilt thou weep, and sigh, and melt in vain,
Brood o'er false joys, and hug th' ideal chain ?
Say, canst thou wish, that, madly wild to fly
From yon bright portal opening in the sky,
Thy Abelard should bid his God adieu,
Pant at thy feet, and taste thy charms anew ?
Ye heavens ! if, to this tender bosom woo'd
Thy meer idea harrows up my blood ;
If one faint glimpse of Eloise can move
The fiercest, wildest agonies of love ;
What shall I be, when, dazzling as the light,
Thy whole effulgence flows upon my sight ?
Look on thyself, consider who thou art,
And learn to be an Abbess in thy heart ;
See, while devotion's ever-melting strain
Pours the loud organ thro' the trembling fane,

Yon pious Maids each earthly wish disown,
Kiss the dread cross, and crowd upon the throne :
O let thy soul the sacred charge attend,
Their warniths inspirit, and their virtues mend ;
Teach every breast from every hymn to steal
The Seraph's meekness, and the Seraph's zeal ;
To rise to rapture, to dissolve away
In dreams of heaven, and lead thyself the way,
Till all the glories of the blest abode
Blaze on the scene, and every thought is God.
While thus thy exemplary cares prevail,
And make each vestal spotless as her veil,
Th' Eternal Spirit o'er thy cell shall move
In the soft image of the mystic dove ;
The long-lost gleams of heavenly comfort bring,
Peace in his smile, and healing on his wing ;
At once remove affliction from thy breast,
Melt o'er thy soul, and hush her pangs to rest.

O that my soul, from love's curst bondage free,
Could catch the transports that I urge to thee !
O that some Angel's more than magic art
Would kindly tear the hermit from his heart !
Extinguish every guilty sense, and leave
No pulse to riot, and no sigh to heave.
Vain fruitless wish ! still, still, the vigorous flame
Bursts, like an earthquake, thro' my shatter'd frame ;
Spite of the joys that Truth and Virtue prove,
I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love ;

Repent in vain, scarce wish to be forgiven ;
Thy form my idol, and thy charms my heaven.

Yet, yet, my Fair ! thy nobler efforts try,
Lift me from earth, and give me to the sky ;
Let my lost soul thy brighter virtues feel,
Warm'd with thy hopes, and wing'd with all thy zeal.
And when, low-bending at the hallow'd shrine,
Thy contrite heart shall Abelard resign ;
When pitying heaven, impatient to forgive,
Unbars the gates of light, and bids thee live ;
Seize on th' auspicious moment ere it flee,
And ask the same immortal boon for me.

Then when these black, terrific scenes are o'er,
And rebel nature chills the soul no more ;
When on thy cheek th' expiring roses fade,
And thy last lustres darken in the shade ;
When arm'd with quick varieties of pain,
Or creeping dully slow from vein to vein,
Pale Death shall set my kindred spirit free,
And these dead orbs forget to doat on thee ;
Some pious friend, whose wild affections glow
Like ours, in sad similitude of woe,
Shall drop one tender, sympathizing tear,
Prepare the garland, and adorn the bier ;
Our lifeless reliques in one tomb enshrine,
And teach thy genial dust to mix with mine.

Mean while, divinely purg'd from every stain,
Our active souls shall climb th' etherial plain,
To each bright Cherub's purity aspire,
Catch all his zeal, and pant with all his fire ;
There, where no face the glooms of anguish wears,
No uncle murders, and no passion tears,
Enjoy with heaven eternity of rest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

EPISTLE XIV.

THE
AFRICAN PRINCE,
NOW IN ENGLAND,

TO
ZARA
AT HIS FATHER'S COURT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLIX.

BY WILLIAM DODD, L. L. D.

PRINCES, my Fair, unfortunately great,
Born to the pompous vassalage of state,
Whene'er the Public calls, are doom'd to fly
Domestic bliss, and break the private tie,
Fame pays with empty breath the toils they bear,
And love's soft joys are chang'd for glorious care;
Yet conscious Virtue, in the silent hour,
Rewards the hero with a noble dower.
For this alone I dar'd the roaring sea,
Yet more, for this I dar'd to part with Thee.
But while my bosom feels the nobler flame,
Still unprov'd, it owns thy gentler claim.
Though virtue's awful form my soul approves,
'Tis thine, thine only, Zara, that it loves.

A private lot had made the claim but one,
The Prince alone must love for virtue shun.
Ah! why, distinguish'd from the happier crowd,
To me the bliss of millions disallow'd?
Why was I singled for imperial sway,
Since love and duty point a different way?

Fix'd the dread voyage, and the day decreed,
When, duty's victim, love was doom'd to bleed,
Too well my mem'ry can these scenes renew,
We met to sigh, to weep our last adieu.
That conscious palm, beneath whose towering shade
So oft our vows of mutual love were made;
Where hope so oft anticipated joy,
And plann'd of future years the best employ;
That palm was witness to the tears we shed,
When that fond hope, and all those joys were fled.
Thy trembling lips, with trembling lips, I prest,
And held thee panting to my panting breast.
Our sorrow, grown too mighty to sustain,
Now snatch'd us, fainting, from the sense of pain.
Together sinking in the trance divine,
I caught thy fleeting soul, and gave thee mine!
O! blest oblivion of tormenting care!
O! why recall'd to life and to despair?
The dreadful summons came, to part—and why?
Why not the kinder summons but to die?
To die together were to part no more,
To land in safety on some peaceful shore,

Where love's the business of immortal life,
And happy spirits only guess at strife.
"If in some distant land my prince should find
Some nymph more fair, you cry'd, as Zara kind"—
Mysterious doubt! which could at once impart
Relief to mine, and anguish to thy heart;
Still let me triumph in the fear express,
The voice of love that whisper'd in thy breast;
Nor call me cruel, for my truth shall prove
'Twas but the vain anxiety of love.

Torn from thy fond embrace, the strand I gain,
Where mourning friends inflict superfluous pain;
My Father there his struggling sighs suppress,
And in dumb anguish clasp'd me to his breast,
Then sought, conceal'd the conflict of his mind,
To give the fortitude he could not find;
Each life-taught precept kindly he renew'd,
"Thy country's good, said he, be still pursu'd!
If, when the gracious gods my Son restore,
These eyes shall sleep in death, to wake no more;
If then these limbs, that now in age decay,
Shall mouldering mix with earth's parental clay;
Round my green tomb perform the sacred rite,
Assume my throne, and let thy yoke be light;
From lands of freedom glorious precepts bring,
And reign at once a father and a king."

How vainly proud, the arrogantly great
Presume to boast a monarch's godlike state!

Subject alike, the peasant and the king,
To life's dark ills, and care's corroding sting.
From guilt and fraud, that strikes in silence sure,
No shield can guard us, and no arms secure.
By these, my Fair, subdu'd, thy Prince was lost,
A naked captive on a barb'rous coast.

Nurtur'd in ease, a thousand servants round,
My wants prevented, and my wishes crown'd,
No painful labors stretch'd the tedious day,
On downy feet my moments danc'd away.
Where-e'er I look'd, officious courtiers bow'd,
Where-e'er I pass'd, a shouting people crowd ;
No fears intruded on the joys I knew,
Each man my friend, my lovely mistress You.
What dreadful change I abandon'd and alone,
The shouted prince is now a slave unknown :
To watch his eye no bending courtiers wait,
No hailing crowds proclaim his regal state ;
A slave condemn'd, with unrewarded toil,
To turn, from morn to eve, a burning soil.
Fainting beneath the sun's meridian heat,
Rouz'd by the scourge, the taunting jest I meet :
“ Thanks to thy friends, they cry, whose care recalls
A prince to life, in whom a nation falls ! ”
Unwholesome scraps, my strength but half sustain'd,
From corners glean'd, and ev'n by dogs disdain'd ;
At night I mingled with a wretched crew,
Who by long use with woe familiar grew ;

Of manners brutish, merciless, and rude,
They mock'd my sufferings, and my pangs renew'd :
In groans, not sleep, I pass'd the weary night,
And rose to labor with the morning light.

Yet, thus of dignity and ease beguil'd,
Thus scorn'd and scourg'd, insulted and revil'd,
If Heaven with thee my faithful arms had blest,
And fill'd with love my intervals of rest,
Short though they were, my soul had never known
One secret wish to glitter on a throne ;
The toilsome day had heard no sigh of mine,
Nor stripes, nor scorn, had urg'd me to repine.
A monarch, still beyond a monarch blest,
Thy love my diadem, my throne thy breast ;
My courtiers, watchful of my looks, thy eyes,
Should shine, persuade, and flatter, and advise ;
Thy voice my music, and thy arms should be—
Ah ! not the prison of a slave in me !
Could I with infamy content remain,
And wish thy lovely form to share my chain ?
Could this bring ease, forgive th' unworthy thought,
And let the love that sinn'd atone the fault ?
Could I, a slave, and hopeless to be free,
Crawl, tamely recent from the scourge, to thee ?
Thy blooming beauties could these arms embrace ?
My guilty joys enslave an infant race ?
No : rather blast me, lightnings, whirlwind tear,
And drive these limbs in atoms through the air ;

Rather than this, O! curse me still with life,
And let my Zara smile a rival's wife :
Be mine alone th' accumulated woe,
Nor let me propagate my curse below.

But, from this dreadful scene, with joy I turn :
To trust in Heaven, of me let Zara learn.
The wretch, the sordid hypocrite, who sold
His charge, an unsuspecting prince, for gold,
That justice mark'd, whose eyes can never sleep,
And death commission'd, smote him on the deep.
The generous crew their port in safety gain,
And tell my mournful tale, nor tell in vain ;
The king, with horror of th' atrocious deed,
In haste commanded, and the slave was freed.
No more Britannia's cheek, the blush of shame,
Burns for my wrongs, her king restores her fame ;
Propitious gales, to Freedom's happy shore
Waft me triumphant, and the Prince restore ;
Whate'er is great and gay around me shine,
And all the splendor of a court is mine.
Here knowledge too, by piety refin'd,
Sheds a bright radiance o'er my brightening mind ;
From earth I travel upward to the sky,
I learn to live, to reign, yet more, to die.
O! I have tales to tell, of love divine—
Such blissful tidings ! they shall soon be thine !
I long to tell thee, what, amaz'd, I see,
What habits, buildings, trades, and polity !

How art and nature vie to entertain
In public shows, and mix delight with pain.
O! Zara, here, a story like my own,
With mimic skill, in borrow'd names, was shown;
An Indian chief, like me, by fraud betray'd,
And partner in his woes an Indian maid.
I can't recall the scenes, 'tis pain too great,
And, if recall'd, should shudder to relate.

To write the wonders here, I strive in vain;
Each word would ask a thousand to explain,
The time shall come, O! speed the lingering hour!
When Zara's charms shall lend description power;
When, plac'd beside thee in the cool alcove,
Or through the green savannahs as we rove,
The frequent kiss shall interrupt the tale,
And looks shall speak my sense, though language fail.
Then shall the prodigies that round me rise,
Fill thy dear bosom with a sweet surprise;
Then all my knowledge to thy faithful heart,
With danger gain'd, securely I'll impart.
Methinks I see thy changing looks express
Th' alternate sense of pleasure and distress;
As all the windings of my fate I trace,
And wing thy fancy swift from place to place.

Yet where, alas! has flattering thoughts convey'd
The ravish'd Lover with his darling Maid?
Between us still unmeasur'd oceans roll,
Which hostile barks infest, and storms control.

Be calm, my bosom, since th' unmeasur'd main,
And hostile barks, and storms, are God's domain :
He rules resistless, and his power shall guide
My life in safety o'er the roaring tide ;
Shall bless the love that's built on virtue's base,
And spare me to evangelize my race.
Farewell ! thy Prince still lives, and still is free :
Farewell ! hope all things, and remember Me.

EPISTLE XV.

ZARA,

AT THE COURT OF ANAMABOE.

TO THE

AFRICAN PRINCE,

WHEN IN ENGLAND.

By the Same.

SHOULD I the language of my heart conceal,
Nor warmly paint the passion that I feel ;
My rising wish should groundless fears confine,
And doubts ungenerous chill the glowing line ;
Would not my Prince, with nobler warmth, disdain
That love, as languid, which could stoop to feign ?
Let guilt dissemble—in my faithful breast
Love reigns unblam'd, and be that love confest.
I give my bosom naked to thy view ;
For what has shame with innocence to do ?
In fancy now I clasp thee to my heart,
Exchange my vows, and all my joys impart.
I catch new transport from thy speaking eye ;—
But whence this sad involuntary sigh ?

Why pants my bosom with intruding fears ?
Why, from my eyes, distill unbidden tears ?
Why do my hands thus tremble as I write ?
Why fades thy lov'd idea from my sight ?
O ! art thou safe on Britain's happy shore,
From winds that bellow, and from seas that roar ?
And has my Prince—(Oh, more than mortal pain !)
Betray'd by ruffians, felt the captive's chain ?
Bound were those limbs, ordain'd alone to prove
The toils of empire, and the sweets of love ?
Hold, hold ! Barbarians of the fiercest kind !
Fear Heaven's red lightning—'tis a Prince ye bind ;
A Prince, whom no indignities could hide,
They knew, presumptuous ! and the Gods defy'd.
Where-e'er he moves, let love-join'd reverence rise,
And all mankind behold with Zara's eyes !

Thy breast alone when bounding o'er the waves
To Freedom's climes, from slav'ry and from slaves ;
Thy breast alone the pleasing thought could frame
Of what I felt, when thy dear letters came :
A thousand times I held them to my breast,
A thousand times my lips the paper prest :
My full heart panted with a joy too strong,
And ' Oh, my Prince ! ' dy'd faltering on my
tongue ;
Fainting, I sunk, unequal to the strife,
And milder joys sustain'd returning life.

Hope, sweet enchantress, round my love-sick head
Delightful scenes of blest delusion spread.

“ Come, come, my Prince! my charmer! haste
away ;

Come, come, I cry'd, thy Zara blames thy stay.
For thee the shrubs their richest sweets retain ;
For thee, new colors wait to paint the plain ;
For thee, cool breezes linger in the grove,
The birds expect thee in the green alcove ;
Till thy return, the rills forget to fall,
Till thy return, the sun, the soul of all!—
He comes, my maids, in his meridian charms,
He comes refulgent to his Zara's arms ;
With jocund songs proclaim my love's return ;
With jocund hearts his nuptial bed adorn.
Bright as the sun, yet gentle as the dove,
He comes, uniting majesty with love.”—
Too soon, alas! the blest delusion flies ;
Care swells my breast, and sorrow fills my eyes.
Ah! why do thy fond words suggest a fear—
Too vast, too numerous, those already here !
Ah! why with doubts torment my bleeding breast,
Of seas which storms control, and foes infest !
My heart, in all this tedious absence, knows
No thoughts but those of seas, and storms, and foes.

Each joyless morning, with the rising sun,
Quick to the strand my feet spontaneous run :

“ Where, where’s my Prince! what tidings have ye brought?”

Of each I met, with pleading tears I sought.
In vain I sought; some, conscious of my pain,
With horrid silence pointed to the main.
Some with a sneer the brutal thought exprest,
And plung’d the dagger of a barb’rous jest:
Day follow’d day, and still I wish’d the next,
New hopes still flatter’d, and new doubts perplex’d;
Day follow’d day, the wish’d to-morrow came,
My hopes, doubts, fears, anxieties the same.
At length—“ O Power Supreme! whoe’er thou
art,

Thy shrine the sky, the sea, the earth, or heart;
Since every clime, and all th’ unbounded main,
And hostile barks, and storms are thy domain,
If faithful passion can thy bounty move,
And Goodness sure must be the friend of love,
Safe to these arms my lovely prince restore,
Safe to his Zara’s arms, to part no more.
O! grant to virtue thy protecting care,
And grant thy love to love’s availing prayer;
Together then, and emulous to praise,
A flowery altar to thy name we’ll raise;
There, first and last, on each returning day,
To thee our vows of gratitude we’ll pay.”

Fool that I was, to all my comfort blind,
Why, when thou went’st, did Zara stay behind?

How could I fondly hope one joy to prove,
Midst all the wild anxieties of love?

Had fate in other mold thy Zara form'd,
And my bold breast in manly friendship warm'd,
How had I glow'd exulting at thy side!
How all the shafts of adverse fate defy'd!
O yet a woman, and not nerv'd for toil,
With thee, O! had I turn'd a burning soil!
In the cold prison had I lain with thee,
In love still happy, we had still been free;
Then fortune brav'd, had own'd superior might,
And pin'd with envy, while we forc'd delight.

Why should'st thou bid thy Love remember thee?
Thine all my thoughts have been, and still shall be.
Each night the cool savannahs have I sought;
And breath'd the fondness of enamor'd thought;
The curling breezes murmur'd as I sigh'd,
And hoarse, at distance, roar'd my foe the tide:
My breast still haunted by a motley train,
Now doubts, now hopes prevail'd, now joy, now
 pain,
Now fix'd I stand, my spirit fled to thine,
Nor note the time, nor see the sun decline;
Now rous'd I start, and wing'd with fear I run,
In vain, alas! for 'tis myself I shun.
When kindly sleep its lenient balm supply'd,
And gave that comfort waking thought deny'd.

Last night—but why, ah Zara! why impart,
The fond, fond fancies of a love-sick heart?
Yet true delights on fancy's wings are brought,
And love's soft raptures realiz'd in thought—
Last night I saw, methinks I see it now—
Heaven's awful concave round thy Zara bow;
When sudden thence a flaming chariot flew,
Which earth receiv'd, and six white coursers
drew.

Then—quick transition—did thy Zara ride,
Borne to the chariot—wond'rous—by thy side:
All glorious both, from clime to clime we flew,
Each happy clime with sweet surprize we view.
A thousand voices sung—"All bliss betide
The Prince of Libya, and his faithful bride!"
" 'Tis done, 'tis done," resounded through the skies,
And quick aloft the car began to rise;
Ten thousand beauties crowded on my sight,
Ten thousand glories beam'd a dazzling light.
My thoughts could bear no more, the vision fled,
And wretched Zara view'd her lonely bed.—
Come, sweet Interpreter, and ease my soul;
Come to my bosom, and explain the whole.
Alas! my Prince—yet hold, my struggling breast!
Sure we shall meet again, again be blest.
"Hope all, thou say'st, I live, and still am free;"
O! then prevent those hopes, and haste to me.
Ease all the doubts thy Zara's bosom knows,
And kindly stop the torrent of her woes.

But, that I know too well thy generous heart,
One doubt, than all, more torment would impart :
'Tis this ; in Britain's happy courts to shine,
Amidst a thousand blooming maids, is thine—
But thou, a thousand blooming maids among,
Art still thyself, incapable of wrong ;
No outward charm can captivate thy mind,
Thy love is friendship heighten'd and refin'd ;
'Tis what my soul, and not my form inspires,
And burns with spotless and immortal fires.
Thy joys, like mine, from conscious truth arise,
And, known these joys, what others canst thou prize?
Be jealous doubts the curse of sordid minds :
Hence, jealous doubts, I give ye to the winds.—

Once more, O come ! and snatch me to thy arms !
Come, shield my beating heart from vain alarms !
Come, let me hang enamor'd on thy breast,
Weep pleasing tears, and be with joy distrest !
Let me still hear, and still demand thy tale,
And, oft renew'd, still let my suit prevail !
Much still remains to tell and to enquire,
My hand still writes, and writing prompts desire ;
My pen denies my last farewell to write,
Still, still “return,” my wishful thoughts indite :
O ! hear, my Prince, thy Love, thy Mistress call,
Think o'er each tender name, and hear by all.
O ! pleasing intercourse of soul with soul,
Thus, while I write, I see, I clasp thee whole ;

And these kind letters trembling Zara drew,
In every line shall bring her to thy view.
Return, return, in love and truth excell ;
Return, I write ; I scarce can add—Farewell.

EPISTLE XVI.

THE DYING NEGRO.

Κεῖμαι δ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς, ἀλλοτ' ἐν πόντου σαλῶ,
Πολλοῖς διαυλοῖς κυμάτων φορουμένος,
Ἀκλαυσος, ἀταφος. EURIPIDES.

ARM'D with thy sad last gift—the pow'r to die,
Thy shafts, stern Fortune, now I can defy ;
Thy dreadful mercy points at length the shore,
Where all is peace, and men are slaves no more ;
—This weapon, ev'n in chains, the brave can wield,
And vanquish'd, quit triumphantly the field :
—Beneath such wrongs let pallid Christians live,
Such they can perpetrate, and may forgive.

Yet while I tread that gulph's tremendous brink,
Where nature shudders, and where beings sink,
Ere yet this hand a life of torment close,
And end by one determin'd stroke my woes,
Is there a fond regret, which moves my mind
To pause and cast a ling'ring look behind ?

—O my lov'd bride!—for I have call'd thee mine,
Dearer than life, whom I with life resign,
For thee ev'n here this faithful heart shall glow,
A pang shall rend me, and a tear shall flow.—
How shall I soothe thy grief, since fate denies
Thy pious duties to my closing eyes?
I cannot clasp thee in a last embrace,
Nor gaze in silent anguish on thy face;
I cannot raise these fetter'd arms for thee,
To ask that mercy Heav'n denies to me;
Yet let thy tender breast my sorrows share,
Bleed for my wounds, and feel my deep despair.
Yet let thy tears bedew a wretch's grave,
Whom Fate forbade thy tenderness to save.
Receive these sighs—to thee my soul I breathe—
Fond love in dying groans is all I can bequeath.

Why did I, slave, beyond my lot aspire?
Why didst thou fan the inauspicious fire?
For thee I bade my drooping soul revive;
For thee alone I could have borne to live;
And love, I said, shall make me large amends,
For persecuting foes, and faithless friends:
Fool that I was! enur'd so long to pain,
To trust to hope, or dream of joy again.
Joy, stranger guest, my easy faith betray'd,
And love now points to death's eternal shade;
There while I rest from mis'ry's galling load,
Be thou the care of ev'ry pitying God!

Nor may that Daemon's unpropitious pow'r,
Who shed his influence on my natal hour,
Pursue thee too with unrelenting hate,
And blend with mine the color of thy fate.
For thee may those soft hours return again,
When pleasure led thee smiling o'er the plain,
Ere, like some hell-born spectre of dismay,
I cross'd thy path, and darken'd all the way.
Ye waving groves, which from this cell I view!
Ye meads now glitt'ring with the morning dew!
Ye flowers, which blush on yonder hated shore,
That at my baneful step shall fade no more,
A long farewell!—I ask no vernal bloom—
No pageant wreaths to wither on my tomb.
—Let serpents hiss and night-shade blacken there,
To mark the friendless victim of despair!

And better in th' untimely grave to rot,
The world and all its cruelties forgot,
Than, dragg'd once more beyond the Western main,
To groan beneath some dastard planter's chain,
Where my poor countrymen in bondage wait
The slow enfranchisement of ling'ring fate.
Oh! my heart sinks, my dying eyes o'erflow,
When mem'ry paints the picture of their woe!
For I have seen them, ere the dawn of day,
Rouz'd by the lash, begin their chearless way;
Greeting with groans unwelcome morn's return,
While rage and shame their gloomy bosoms burn;

And, chiding ev'ry hour the slow-pac'd sun,
Endure their toils 'till all his race was run ;
No eye to mark their suff'rings with'a tear,
No friend to comfort, and no hope to chear ;
Then like the dull unpitied brutes repair
To stalls as wretched, and as coarse a fare ;
Thank Heav'n one day of misery was o'er,
And sink to sleep, and wish to wake no more.—
Sleep on ! ye lost companions of my woes,
For whom in death this tear of pity flows ;
Sleep, and enjoy the only boon of Heav'n
To you in common with your tyrants giv'n !
O while soft slumber from their couches flies,
Still may the balmy blessing steep your eyes ;
In sweet oblivion lull awhile your woes,
And brightest visions gladden the repose !
Let Fancy then, unconscious of the change,
Thro' our own fields, and native forests range ;
Waft ye to each once-haunted stream and grove,
And visit ev'ry long lost scene ye love !
—I sleep no more—nor in the midnight shade,
Invoke ideal phantoms to my aid ;
Nor wake again, abandon'd and forlorn,
To find each dear delusion fled at morn ;
A slow-consuming death let others wait, &
I snatch destruction from unwilling fate :—
Yon ruddy streaks the rising sun proclaim,
That never more shall beam upon my shame ;
Bright orb ! for others let thy glory shine,
Mature the golden grain and purple vine,

While fetter'd Afric still for Europe toils,
And Nature's plund'ers riot on her spoils;
Be theirs the gifts thy partial rays supply,
Be mine the gloomy privilege to die.

And thou, whose impious avarice and pride
The holy Cross to my sad brows deny'd,
Forbade me Nature's common rights to claim,
Or share with thee a Christian's sacred name;
Thou too farewell!—for not beyond the grave
Extends thy pow'r, nor is my dust thy slave.
In vain Heav'n spreads so wide the swelling sea,
Vast wat'ry barrier, 'twixt thy world and me;
Swift round the globe, by earth nor Heav'n control'd,
Fly stern oppression, and dire lust of gold.
Where-e'er the hell-hounds mark their bloody way,
Still nature groans, and man becomes their prey.
In the wild wastes of Afric's sandy plain,
Where roars the lion thro' his drear domain,
To curb the savage monarch in the chace,
There too Heav'n planted Man's majestic race;
Bade Reason's sons with nobler titles rise,
Lift high their brow sublime, and scan the skies.
What tho' the sun in his meridian blaze
Dart on their naked limbs his scorching rays?
What tho' no rosy tints adorn their face,
No silken tresses shine with flowing grace?
Yet of ethereal temper are their souls,
And in their veins the tide of honor rolls;

And valor kindles there the hero's flame,
Contempt of death, and thirst of martial fame :
And pity melts the sympathising breast,
Ah ! fatal virtue !—for the brave distrest.

My tortur'd bosom, sad remembrance spare !
Why dost thou plant thy keenest daggers there ?
And shew me what I was, and aggravate despair ?
Ye streams of Gambia, and thou sacred shade !
Where in my youth's first dawn I joyful stray'd,
Oft have I rouz'd, amid your caverns dim,
The howling tyger, and the lion grim ;
In vain they gloried in their headlong force,
My javelin pierc'd them in their raging course.
But little did my boding mind bewray,
The victor and his hopes were doom'd a prey
To human brutes more fell, more cruel far than they.
Ah ! what avails the conqu'ror's bloody meed,
The gen'rous purpose, or the dauntless deed ?
This hapless breast expos'd on ev'ry plain,
And liberty preferr'd to life in vain ?
Fall'n are my trophies, blasted is my fame,
Myself become a thing without a name,
The sport of haughty lords, and ev'n of slaves the
shame.

Curst be the winds, and curst the tides which bore
These European robbers to our shore !

O be that hour involv'd in endless night,
When first their streamers met my wond'ring sight !
I call'd the warriors from the mountain's steep,
To meet these unknown terrors of the deep ;
Rous'd by my voice, their gen'rous bosoms glow,
They rush indignant, and demand the foe,
And poize the darts of death, and twang the bended
bow :

When lo ! advancing o'er the sea-beat plain,
I mark'd the leader of a warlike train.
Unlike his features to our swarthy race ;
And golden hair play'd round his ruddy face.
While with insidious smile and lifted hand,
He thus accosts our unsuspecting band.
“ Ye valiant chiefs, whom love of glory leads
To martial combats, and heroic deeds ;
No fierce invader your retreat explores,
No hostile banner waves along your shores.
From the dread tempests of the deep we fly,
Then lay, ye chiefs, these pointed terrors by :
And O, your hospitable cares extend,
So may ye never need the aid ye lend !
So may ye still repeat to ev'ry grove
The songs of freedom, and the strains of love !”
Soft as the accents of the traitor flow,
We melt with pity, and unbend the bow ;
With lib'ral hand our choicest gifts we bring,
And point the wand'ers to the freshest spring.
Nine days we feasted on the Gambian strand,
And songs of friendship echo'd o'er the land.

When the tenth morn her rising lustre gave,
The chief approach'd me by the sounding wave.
“ O, Youth, he said, what gifts can we bestow,
Or how requite the mighty debt we owe ?
For lo ! propitious to our vows, the gale
With milder omens fills the swelling sail.
To-morrow's sun shall see our ships explore
These deeps, and quit your hospitable shore.
Yet while we linger, let us still employ
The number'd hours in friendship and in joy ;
Ascend our ships, their treasures are your own,
And taste the produce of a world unknown.”

He spoke ; with fatal eagerness we burn,—
And quit the shores, undestin'd to return !
The smiling traitors with insidious care,
The goblet proffer, and the feast prepare,
Till dark oblivion shades our closing eyes,
And all disarm'd each fainting warrior lies.
O wretches ! to your future evils blind !
O morn for ever present to my mind !
When bursting from the treach'rous bands of sleep,
Rous'd by the murmurs of the dashing deep,
I woke to bondage and ignoble pains,
And all the horrors of a life in chains.
Ye Gods of Afric ! in that dreadful hour
Where were your thunders and avenging pow'r !
Did not my pray'rs, my groans, my tears invoke
Your slumb'ring justice to direct the stroke ?

No pow'r descended to assist the brave,
No light'nings flash'd, and I became a slave.
From lord to lord my wretched carcase sold,
In Christian traffic, for their sordid gold :
Fate's blackest clouds were gather'd o'er my head ;
And, bursting now, they mix me with the dead.

Yet when my Fortune cast my lot with Thine,
And bade beneath one roof our labors join,
Surpriz'd I felt the tumults of my breast
Lull'd by thy beauties to unwonted rest.
Delusive hopes my changing soul enflame,
And gentler transports agitate my frame.
What tho' obscure thy birth, superior grace
Shone in the glowing features of thy face.
Ne'er had my youth such winning softness seen,
Where Afric's sable beauties dance the green,
When some sweet maid receives her lover's vow,
And binds the offer'd chaplet to her brow.
While on thy languid eyes I fondly gaze,
And trembling meet the lustre of their rays,
Thou, gentle virgin, thou didst not despise
The humble homage of a captive's sighs.
By Heav'n abandon'd, and by man betray'd,
Each hope resign'd of comfort or of aid,
Thy gen'rous love could ev'ry sorrow end,
In thee I found a mistress and a friend ;
Still as I told the story of my woes,
With heaving sighs thy lovely bosom rose ;

The trickling drops of liquid crystal stole
Down thy fair cheek, and mark'd thy pitying soul :
Dear drops ! upon my bleeding heart, like balm
They fell, and soon my tortur'd mind grew calm ;
Then my lov'd country, parents, friends forgot ;
Heav'n I absolv'd, nor murmur'd at my lot ;
Thy sacred smiles could ev'ry pang remove,
And liberty became less dear than love.

—And I have lov'd thee with as pure a fire,
As man e'er felt, or woman could inspire :
No pangs like these my pallid tyrants know,
Not such their transports, and not such their woe.
Their softer frames a feeble soul conceal,
A soul unus'd to pity or to feel ;
Damp'd by base lucre, and repell'd by fear,
Each nobler passion faintly blazes here.
Not such the mortals burning Afric breeds,
Mother of virtues and heroic deeds !
Descended from yon radiant orb, they claim
Sublimar courage, and a fiercer flame.
Nature has there, unchill'd by art, imprest
Her awful majesty on ev'ry breast.
Where'er she leads, impatient of control,
The dauntless Negro rushes to the goal ;
Firm in his love, resistless in his hate,
His arm is conquest, and his frown is fate.

What fond affection in my bosom reigns !
What soft emotions mingle with my pains !

Still as thy form before my mind appears,
My haggard eyes are bath'd in gushing tears ;
Thy lov'd idea rushes to my heart,
And stern despair suspends the lifted dart——
O could I burst these fetters which restrain
My struggling limbs, and waft thee o'er the main,
To some far distant shore, where Ocean roars
In horrid tempests round the gloomy shores ;
To some wild mountain's solitary shade,
Where never European faith betray'd ;
How joyful could I, of thy love secure,
Meet ev'ry danger, ev'ry toil endure !
For thee I'd climb the rock, explore the flood,
And tame the famish'd savage of the wood ;
When scorching summer drinks the shrinking streams,
My care should screen thee from its sultry beams ;
At noon I'd crown thee with the fairest flowers,
At eve I'd lead thee to the safest bowers ;
And when bleak winter howl'd around the cave,
For thee his horrors and his storms I'd brave ;
Nor snows nor raging winds should damp my soul,
Nor such a night as shrowds the dusky pole ;
O'er the dark waves my bounding skiff I'd guide,
To pierce each mightier monster of the tide ;
Thro' frozen forests force my dreadful way,
In their own dens to rouse the beasts of prey ;
Nor other blessing ask, if this might prove
How fix'd my passion, and how fond my love.
—Then should vain fortune to my sight display
All that her anger now has snatch'd away ;

Treasures more vast than Av'rice e'er design'd
In midnight visions to a Christian's mind ;
The Monarch's diadem, the Conqu'ror's meed,
That empty prize for which the valiant bleed ;
All that ambition strives to snatch from fate,
All that the Gods e'er lavish'd in their hate ;
Not these should win thy lover from thy arms,
Or tempt a moment's absence from thy charms ;
Indignant would I fly these guilty climes,
And scorn their glories as I hate their crimes !

But whither does my wand'ring fancy rove ?
Hence ye wild wishes of desponding love !
—Ah ! where is now that voice which lull'd my
woes ?

That Angel-face, which sooth'd me to repose ?
By Nature tempted, and with passion blind,
Are these the joys Hope whisper'd to my mind ?
Is this the end of constancy like thine,
Are these the transports of a love like mine ?
My hopes, my joys, are vanish'd into air,
And now of all that once engag'd my care,
These chains alone remain, this weapon and de-
spair !

—So be thy life's gay prospects all o'ercast,
All thy fond hopes dire disappointment blast !
Thus end thy golden visions, son of pride !
Whose ruthless ruffians tore me from my bride ;

That beauteous prize Heav'n had reserv'd at last,
Sweet recompence for all my sorrows past.
O may thy harden'd bosom never prove
The tender joys of friendship or of love !
Yet may'st thou, doom'd to hopeless flames a prey,
In unrequited passion pine away !
May ev'ry transport violate thy rest,
Which tears the jealous lover's gloomy breast !
May secret anguish gnaw thy cruel heart,
'Till death in all his terrors wing the dart ;
Then, to complete the horror of thy doom,
A favor'd rival smile upon thy tomb !

Why does my ling'ring soul her flight delay ?
Come, lovely Maid, and gild the dreary way !
Come, wildly rushing with disorder'd charms,
And clasp thy bleeding lover in thy arms ;
Close his sad eyes, receive his parting breath,
And sooth him sinking to the shades of death !
O come—thy presence can my pangs beguile,
And bid th' inexorable tyrant smile ;
Transported will I languish on thy breast,
And sink enraptur'd to eternal rest :
The hate of men, the wrongs of fate forgive,
Forget my woes, and almost wish to live.
—Ah ! rather fly, lest ought of doubt control
The dreadful purpose lab'ring in my soul ;
Tears must not bend me, nor thy beauties move,
This hour I triumph over fate and love.

—Again with tenfold rage my bosom burns,
And all the tempest of my soul returns ;
Again the furies fire my madding brain,
And death extends his shelt'ring arms in vain ;
For unreveng'd I fall, unpity'd die ;
And with my blood glut Pride's insatiate eye !

Thou Christian God ! to whom so late I bow'd,
To whom my soul its new allegiance vow'd,
When crimes like these thy injur'd pow'r prophane,
O God of Nature ! art thou call'd in vain ?
Did'st thou for this sustain a mortal wound,
While Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell, hung trembling
round ?

That these vile fetters might my body bind,
And agony like this distract my mind ?
On thee I call'd with reverential awe,
Ador'd thy wisdom, and embrac'd thy law ;
Yet mark thy destin'd convert as he lies,
His groans of anguish, and his livid eyes,
These galling chains, polluted with his blood,
Then bid his tongue proclaim thee just and good !
But if too weak thy vaunted power to spare,
Or suff'rings move thee not, O hear despair !
Thy hopes and blessings I alike resign,
But let revenge, let swift revenge be mine !
Be this proud bark, which now triumphant rides,
Toss'd by the winds, and shatter'd by the tides !

And may these fiends, who now exulting view
The horrors of my fortune, feel them too !
Be theirs the torment of a ling'ring fate,
Slow as thy justice, dreadful as my hate ;
Condemn'd to grasp the riven plank in vain,
And chac'd by all the monsters of the main ;
And while they spread their sinking arms to thee,
Then let their fainting souls remember me !

—Thanks, righteous God !—Revenge shall yet be
mine ;

Yon flashing lightning gave the dreadful sign.
I see the flames of heav'nly anger hurl'd,
I hear your thunders shake a guilty world.
The time shall come, the fated hour is nigh,
When guiltless blood shall penetrate the sky.
Amid these horrors, and involving night,
Prophetic visions flash before my sight ;
Eternal justice wakes, and in their turn
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn ;
Lo ! Discord, fiercest of th' infernal band,
Fires all her snakes, and waves her flaming brand ;
No more proud Commerce courts the western gales,
But marks the lurid skies, and furls her sails ;
War mounts his iron car, and at his wheels
In vain soft Pity weeps, and Mercy kneels ;
He breathes a savage rage thro' all the host,
And stains with kindred blood the impious coast ;
Then, while with horror sick'ning Nature groans,
And earth and heav'n the monstrous race disowns,—

Then the stern genius of my native land,
With delegated vengeance in his hand,
Shall raging cross the troubled seas, and pour
The plagues of Hell on yon devoted shore.
What tides of ruin mark his ruthless way!
How shriek the fiends exulting o'er their prey!
I see their warriors gasping on the ground,
I hear their flaming cities crash around.—
In vain with trembling heart the coward turns,
In vain with gen'rous rage the valiant burns.—
One common ruin, one promiscuous grave,
O'erwhelms the dastard, and receives the brave—
For Afric triumphs!—his avenging rage
No tears can soften, and no blood assuage.
He smites the trembling waves, and at the shock
Their fleets are dash'd upon the pointed rock.
He waves his flaming dart, and o'er their plains,
In mournful silence, desolation reigns—
Fly swift ye years!—Arise thou glorious morn!
Thou great avenger of thy race be born!
The conqu'ror's palm and deathless fame be thine!
One gen'rous stroke, and liberty be mine!
—And now, ye pow'rs! to whom the brave are dear,
Receive me falling, and your suppliant hear.
To you this unpolluted blood I pour,
To you that spirit which ye gave restore!
I ask no lazy pleasures to possess,
No long eternity of happiness;—
But if unstain'd by voluntary guilt,
At your great call this being I have spilt,

For all the wrongs which innocent I share,
For all I've suffer'd, and for all I dare ;
O lead me to that spot, that sacred shore,
Where souls are free, and men oppress no more !

END OF
EPISTLES HEROIC AND AMATORY.

NOTES

ON

EPISTLES

HEROIC AND AMATORY.

EPISTLE I.

Page 1. THE Author of this Epistle was of Sidney College, Cambridge; and died at an early period, after having given various proofs of uncommon talents.

In 1728 was published a posthumous volume of his Poems.

EPISTLE III.

Page 16. The Duke of Suffolk, being at the instance of the Commons banished the realm, embarked for France, but was taken in his passage by a pirate, who, bringing him back to the English coast, beheaded him. Before his death, he is supposed to write the following lines to his paramour Queen Margaret. The incidents are chiefly taken from the first and second parts of Shakspeare's historical plays of Henry the VIth.

21. *Here must I fall, fast by the rolling main
(Nor was the mutter'd spell pronounc'd in vain,]*

Bol. Tell me what fates await the Duke of Suffolk?

Sp. By water shall he die, &c.

See Shakspeare, 2d Part of Henry VI. A. 1. S. 3.

22. *Of lordships wide and princely treasures vain,*

The Benedictine rears his stately fane:] Marmoutier, a noble convent of Benedictines of the regulation of St. Maur. This magnificent structure stands about half a league from Tours, on the banks of the river Loire, by the side of the cliff which skirts the river almost from Blois to Tours, and its lofty spire rises above the height of the rock. Amongst numerous treasures, it boasts the relics of St. Martin the patron Saint of Tours, and a ring of our Henry the Second, to whom Touraine, and most of the adjoining provinces which are watered by the Loire, belonged. The abbacy of this convent is annexed to the Archbishopric of Tours; the declivities of the rock, adjoining to this fabric, are famous for producing many excellent wines, the chief of which are exported at Bourdeaux. J.

24. *But now, alas! far other thoughts arise,*

Far other scenes distract my closing eyes!

For, ah! —————] An excellent letter of this unfortunate nobleman to his son, just before his own death, and many other interesting anecdotes respecting him, are preserved in the very curious collection of the *Paston Letters*, lately published by Sir John Fenn.—One, which relates the particulars of his murder, is here subjoined:

“ To the ryght worchipfull John Paston, at Norwich.

“ Ryght worchipfull Sr. I recomaunde me to yow, and am right sory of that I shalle sey and have soo weshe this litel bill with sorwfulle terys that on ethes (*scarcely*) ye shalle reede it.

“ As on Monday nexte after May (day 4th. *May*) ther come tydyngs to London that on Thorsday before (30th of *April*) the Duke of Suff' come unto the costes of Kent full nere Dower with his ij shepes and a litel Spynn' the qweche Spynn' he sente with c'teyn Lett'rs to c'teyn of his trustid men unto Caleys warde to knowe howe he shuld be resceyvyd, and with hym mette a shippe callyd Nicolas of the Towre, with other shippis waytyng on hym, and by hem that were in the Spyner the maister of the Nicolas hadde knowlich of the Dukes amying, and whanne he espyed the Dukes shepis he sent forth his bote to wete what they were, and the Duke hym selfe spakke to hem, and seyde he was be the Kyngs comaundement sent to Caleys ward, &c.

“ And they seyde he moste speke with here mast' and soo he w^t ij or iij of his men wente forth wyth hem yn here bote to the Nicolas, and whanne he come the mast' badde hym welcome Traitor as mē sey, and forth' the maist' desyryd to wete yf the Shepmen woldde holde with the Duke, and they sent word the wold not ynn noo wyse, and soo he was yn the Nicolas tyl Saturday next (2d. *May*) folwyng.

“ Soom sey he wrotte moche thenke to be delyu'd

to the Kynge, but that is not verily knowe, he hadde his Confessor with him, &c.

“ And some sey he was arreynd yn the sheppe on here man^r upon the appechementes, and fonde gylty, &c.

“ Also he asked the name of the sheppe, and whanne he knew it he remembred Stacy that seid if he myght eschape the daung^r of the Towr he shud be saffe, and than his herte faylyd hym for he thowght he was dyssevyd, and yn the syght of all drawyn ought of the grete Shippe yn to the Bote, and there was an Exe and a stoke and oon of the lewdeste (*meanest*) of the shippe badde hym ley down hys hedde and he shud be fair ferd wyth and dye on a swerd, and smotte of his hedde withyn halfe a doseyn strokes, and toke away his Gown of russette and his Dobelette of velvet mayled, and leyde his body on the Sonds of Dover, and some sey his hedde was sette oon a pole by it, and hes men sette on the londe grette circōst^{unce} and prey [*that is*, as I understand it, after the most circumstantial proofs of their not being accessories with the Duke, and intreaties to be discharged] and the Shreve of Kent doth weche the body and sent his Under Shreve to the Juges to wete what to doo, and also to the Kenge whatte shalbe doo.

“ Forther I wotte notte but this fer is y^t yf the p^s (*process*) be erroneo^s lete his concell reu^rse it,” &c.

This letter was written on Tuesday 5 of May 1450, & in the 28 of Henry VI.

Sir John adds, that “ the Duke’s body was taken from Dover Sands, and carried to the Collegiate Church of Wingfield in Suffolk, where it lies interred under an altar tomb, in the Chancel, with his effigies in armor, painted, gilt, &c. carved in wood, lying on it. It is remarkably well executed, as is that of Alice his wife likewise, which lies at his right hand.

See Sir John Fenn’s observations on the preceding narrative, in the *Collection of the Paston Letters*.

EPISTLE IV.

Page 26. The Princess Mary, Henry the Eighth’s younger sister, being in love with the Duke of Suffolk, was, for public reasons, married to Lewis the Twelfth of France, who died in six months after. The Queen, again at liberty, is supposed to write this Epistle to the Duke of Suffolk, her first lover.

EPISTLE V.

Page 32. To this Epistle the following Dedication was originally prefixed :

To the right honorable MARY LEPEL, Baroness Dowager Hervey of Ickworth, distinguished by her superior accomplishments, as the admirer and protectress of every elegant art, this Poem is, with the greatest respect, inscribed, by her ladyship’s obliged humble servant,

GEORGE KEATE.

Lady Jane Gray hath ever been regarded, as one of the most amiable and perfect characters, that the Records of any Nation have delivered down to Posterity. The Circumstances of her life are uncommon, if not unexampled, and her misfortunes as singular, as was the fortitude with which she sustained them; all conspiring to render her a fit subject for this species of Heroic Poetry, of which we have but few pieces in our language; though it seems to have a peculiar advantage of conveying, in the happiest manner, the sentiments of such Characters as are worthy of being celebrated.

The variety of accomplishments, which this unfortunate Princess crowded into the short period of seventeen years, and above all, that justness of thinking which she attained in so early an age, have deservedly gained her the admiration of succeeding times.

But her story is so well known, that it would be impertinence to dwell upon it.—Wedded to a Man she loved, and whose youth and virtues made him worthy of her affection, called to a crown against her will, throned and dethroned within the little compass of a fortnight, dragged from her palace to her prison, separated from a husband doomed to death, and sentenced to lose her own head on a scaffold;—Such were the distresses that surrounded her, when I ventured to put the pen into her hand: awake as she was to every passion and delicacy of sentiment, which

Love, Disappointment, and Calamity could give birth to ; yet, by the force of Religion, subduing their poignancy, and at last totally triumphing over them.

I much doubt whether I may have done sufficient justice to the character of this virtuous Lady ; but hope at least, that I have not departed from Nature, in any Sentiment which I have attributed to her.

EPISTLE VI.

Page 46. Mr. Canning, the Author of this Epistle, was of the Middle Temple, and died April 11, 1771.

This Epistle is supposed to have been written by Lord Russel, on Friday night, July 20, 1683, in Newgate ; that prison having been the place of his confinement for some days immediately preceding his execution.

49. *Press'd by my Friends, and Rachel's fond desires,*] Lady Rachel Russel, his wife. See for various particulars relative to this respectable victim, the letters of that lady.

50. *Let impious Escrick act such treacherous scenes,*] The perjuries of this noble Miscreant, against Lord Russel and Algernon Sydney, have branded his name with eternal infamy.

55. *Of right divine let foolish FILMER dream,*] Sir Robert, author of the Patriarcha, &c. in support of arbitrary power, which the delirium of the times only could have rendered objects of confutation to SYDNEY, LOCKE, and HOADLY.

60. *Let princely Monmouth courtly wiles beware,
Nor trust too far to fond paternal care;*] James, Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II. was concerned in the plot for which Lord Russel suffered, but for that turn escaped.

EPISTLE VII.

Page 63. When Marius was expell'd from Rome by Sylla's faction, and retired into Africa, his son (who accompanied him) fell into the hands of Hiempsal king of Numidia, who kept him prisoner. One of the Mistresses of that king fell in love with Marius the younger, and was so generous to contrive and give him his liberty, though by that means she sacrificed her love for ever. It was after he had rejoined his father, that she is supposed to write. The substance of this Epistle is taken from *Fontenelle*.

EPISTLE VIII.

Page 69. Pompey, when he was very young, fell in love with Flora, a Roman courtesan, who was so very beautiful that the Romans had her painted to adorn the temple of Castor and Pollux. Geminius (Pompey's friend) afterwards fell in love with her also; but she, prepossessed with a passion for Pompey, would not listen to Geminius. Pompey, in

compassion to his friend, yielded him his mistress, which Flora took so much to heart, that she fell dangerously ill; and in that sickness is supposed to write the foregoing letter to Pompey.

EPISTLE IX.

Page 74. Roxana, one of Usbeck's wives, was found (whilst he was in Europe) in bed with her lover, whom she had privately let in to the seraglio. The guardian eunuch, who discovered them, had the man murdered on the spot, and her close guarded till he received instructions from his Master how to dispose of her. During that interval she swallowed poison, and is supposed to write this letter whilst she is dying. The substance of the Epistle will be found in *Les Lettres Persannes*.

EPISTLE X.

Page 79. This Epistle, which Mr. Walpole pronounces the best of Lord Hervey's poetical productions, was designed as an address to the honorable Antony Lowther, from Miss Sophia Howe, Maid of Honor.

EPISTLE XII.

Page 97. Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century: they were two of the most distin-

guished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa: this occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted), which gives so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion. POPE.

The editor of Poems by eminent ladies in two vols. 12mo. printed for R. Baldwin in 1755, have ascribed this poem to Mrs. Madan, and paid her handsome compliments upon it; whereas Mr. Pattison was undoubtedly the author. In the memoirs of his life prefixed to his poems, there is a letter dated York, Oct. 20, 1726, wherein this poem is mentioned as Pattison's, and much commended.

EPISTLE XIII.

Page 104. Mr. Cawthorne, born in the year 1720, at Sheffield in Yorkshire, was admitted of Clare-Hall, Cambridge, where he took his master's degree, and having received orders, became school-assistant in London to a Mr. Clare, whose Sister he afterward married. In the year 1760, he was killed by a fall

from his horse, not long after his appointment by the Skinner's Company to the School at Tunbridge, over which he presided with ability equal to his harshness. Two Sermons and this Epistle were published by him, and since his death a collection of his Poems.

To the original publication of ABELARD to ELOISA the following verses were annexed.

TO

MISS ———,

OF HORSEMANDEN, IN KENT.

WHEN Wit and Science trim'd their wither'd bays
At Petrarch's vice, and beam'd with half their rays,
Some heav'n-born genius, panting to explore
The scenes Oblivion wish'd to live no more,
Found Abelard in grief's sad pomp array'd,
And call'd the melting mourner from the shade.
Touch'd by his woes, and kindling at his rage,
Admiring nations glow'd from age to age;
From age to age the soft infection ran,
Taught to lament the hermit in the man;
Pride dropt her crest, Ambition learn'd to sigh,
And dove-like Pity stream'd in every eye.

Sick of the world's applause, yet fond to warm
Each maid that knows with Eloise to charm,
He asks of verse to aid his native fire,
Refines, and wildly lives along the lyre;
Bids all his various passions throb anew,
And hopes, my Fair, to steal a tear from you.

O blest with temper, blest with skill to pour
Life's every comfort on each social hour ;
Chaste as thy blushes, gentle as thy mien,
Too grave for folly, and too gay for spleen ;
Indulg'd to win, to soften, to inspire,
To melt with music, and with wit to fire ;
To blend, as judgment tells thee how to please,
Wisdom with smiles, and majesty with ease ;
Alike to virtue as the graces known,
And proud to love all merit but thy own !

These are thy honors, these will charms supply,
When those dear suns shall set in either eye ;
While she, who, fond of dress, of paint and place,
Aims but to be a goddess in the face ;
Born all thy sex illumines to despise,
Too mad for thought, too pretty to be wise,
Haunts for a year fantastically vain,
With half our Fribbles dying in her train ;
Then sinks, as beauty fades and passion cools,
The scorn of coxcombs, and the jest of fools.

EPISTLE XIV.

Page 117. “ This Epistle and the following were occasioned by the appearance in England of two Africans who had been trepanned by the captain of a trading vessel, and sold for slaves. One of them was a prince, intrusted to the wretch who betrayed him. A representation of their case by some of the crew to government, occasioned their being ransomed, and afterwards maintained, educated, and sent home to their own country, in a manner suitable to their

births and stations. The Author, eldest son of a worthy clergyman, vicar of Bourne in Lincolnshire, was born May 29, 1729; and sent at the age of sixteen to the University of Cambridge, where he was admitted sizer of Clare-Hall. In 1750 he took his bachelor's degree with great reputation, in 1758 his master's, and in 1766, that of doctor of laws. Having married and taken orders, on the foundation of the Magdalene Hospital he was appointed preacher; in 1763 he obtained from Bishop Squire, the prebend of Brecon; in 1765 was nominated one of the King's chaplains, and was afterwards presented to Hoccliffe in Bedfordshire. Indulging himself in a profligate extravagance beyond what his income would support, he was weak enough to write an anonymous letter to the Lady of Earl Bathurst who was at that time Chancellor, offering a sum of money, if through her interest he might be promoted to St. George's, Hanover Square. The discovery of this folly hastened his ruin. He was struck off the list of King's chaplains in consequence, and as his extravagance knew no limits, he was prompted to forge a bond from the Earl of Chesterfield, for which he was tried at the Old Bailey, and being fully convicted, was executed at Tyburn, June 27, 1777."

123. *O! Zara, here, a story like my own,*

With mimic skill, in borrow'd names, was shown;]

An allusion to the play of Oroonoko, at which he was present, and so affected as to be unable to stay out its performance.

EPISTLE XVI.

Page 133. This Epistle was occasioned by a fact which had recently happened at the time of its first publication in 1773. A Negro, belonging to the Captain of a West-Indiaman, having agreed to marry a white woman, his fellow-servant, in order to effect his purpose, had left his master's house, and procured himself to be baptized; but being detected and taken he was sent on board the Captain's vessel then lying in the River; where, finding no chance of escaping, and preferring death to the West-Indies, he took an opportunity of shooting himself. As soon as his determination is fixed, he is supposed to write this Epistle to his intended Wife.

To this Epistle the following *Dedication* was prefixed:

Having been, through indignation betrayed into the dangerous character of an Author, I sought among the professed philosophers of the eighteenth century, one whose name I might consistently prefix to an assertion of the rights of nature, and who would not blush at the homage of an unknown and unambitious bard. But I found that modern Philosophy herself participated of the refinement of modern manners: she has forgotten that she once inhabited the lowly cot of Socrates, and shared the frugal meals of Epaminondas; she no longer numbers in her train

Senators and Generals, who descending from seats of magistracy, or cars of triumph, did not disdain to cultivate with their victorious arms that earth which they had defended with their blood. Her votaries are not now those stubborn souls who defied the tyrant on his throne, or in his death vindicated the rights of their country and of mankind. Nor are the rugged manners of Cato and Brutus, now formidable to usurpers ; nor do the harsh principles of Diogenes suffuse a momentary blush upon the cheek of monarchy. Modern Philosophy, like modern Honor, has chosen her residence in courts and palaces. There we find her favored votaries prostrate at the foot of thrones, and kissing the sacred dust. If she speak, it is to join her whispers to the thunders of prerogative, and to teach the subject world, that neither the will of Heaven, nor of Heaven-descended Kings, must be opposed.

Little qualified to sacrifice at the altars of this new divinity, I dared not implore the patronage of its ministers and priests ; still less did I find myself disposed to invoke those literati of the Continent, who are enemies to princes, yet stoop to flatter their minions and sycophants ; moralists, yet men of pleasure ; philosophers, yet foes to natural religion ; sceptics, yet dogmatical ; and who, while they profess disinterestedness and independence, lead the venal muses to voluntary prostitution. Yet I found one man, whose matchless eloquence is less admirable than the

fortitude with which he has developed the principles, and defended the rights of human nature ; whose virtue is as unequalled as his genius ; and whose life is a nobler pattern of imitation than his writings ; who, rejecting the supercilious bounty of the vain, yet unpitying and ungenerous, Great ; exerts a painful industry amidst the evils and infirmities of old age, and prefers exile, poverty, and obscurity, to all the riches and the honors which ambitious meanness extorts from Kings.—After this portrait is it necessary to subscribe a name, and to acknowledge, that I dedicate this poem

TO

JEAN JAQUES ROUSSEAU :

It is probable that this tribute to your virtues may never reach your ears, and that the following lines, like the occasion of them, will soon be consigned to oblivion. Yet on this first, and probably last occasion, in which I shall obtrude my sentiments upon the world, I may be excused, if I inscribe a piece, whose only merit is the humanity and freedom of its sentiments, to that Man, from whose writings I have principally derived them. Happy should I esteem myself could these feeble efforts once more awaken that irresistible eloquence, which was never prostituted to falshood, or denied to truth ; those talents of reasoning and investigation, which can never fail to

convince the mind, that is not debased by voluntary and incorrigible error ; and that virtuous enthusiasm which seems inspired by Heaven itself for the instruction of its creatures. How should I rejoice to see a cause like this rescued from my weak pen ; to see the rights of humanity vindicated by him, who most intimately feels their force, and is most capable of expressing what he feels ; to see that insolence, that successful avarice confounded, which, under the mask of commerce, has already ravaged the two extremities of the globe!—Astonish and instruct posterity by the dreadful spectacle of human crimes ; and while you represent in one quarter of the world a band of insatiable wretches, spreading unprovoked desolation over its most beautiful regions ; massacring the Bramin in the midst of his uncontaminated feasts, and staining with blood the purest altars of the Deity ; let the other exhibit a race of Christian merchants, daily trafficking for hecatombs of their fellow-creatures in a lot ; exhausting *Africa* to supply with slaves the countries they have depopulated in *America* * ; and annually reducing millions to a state of misery still more dreadful than death itself.—Should there be room for scenes less striking, though equally instructive and important, let your enchanting pencil

* In the single island of *Jamaica* above 60,000 of the natives are computed to have been cruelly exterminated by the first European settlers there.

exhibit a nation renowned for arts and arms ; let the surrounding ocean be covered with her fleets ; and let her boast an inflexible sternness, and an unconquerable valor. Paint a savage and gloomy liberty exulting amidst the shock of foreign invasions and domestic tumults : let her wield a bloody axe, and trample alike on the mitre and the diadem : let superstition and civil war conspire to exalt her, until she have triumphed over opposition, and erected a temple, whose foundations appear durable, as the world itself. Beneath a milder sky let peace introduce the genius and arts which adorned the states of Athens and of Rome, without insuring their duration : let gentler manners, and a less ferocious dignity succeed ; let philosophy and science glory in a race of illustrious disciples, whose labors may dispel the gloom of fanaticism, and teach mankind whatever the Almighty has permitted them to know.—Here, while the delighted eye of presumption gazes with rapture, and pronounces the tablet perfect and eternal,—reverse the scene, and inscribe the motifying lesson of human imbecility. Introduce commerce and prosperity spreading over the land, and enervating the minds of men with a secret, but swift infection. Let avarice and sensuality succeed to honor ; faction and servitude invade the asylum of liberty ; and manly reason, like a fettered lion, be dragged in triumph by fashion and caprice.—Such are the scenes I would present to my Countrymen, could I boast an elo-

quence like your's, to explain the eternal principles which Providence has decreed, shall influence the fate of nations ; the causes which exalt them to security and dominion, or plunge them into that abyss of baseness and corruption, whence they can no more emerge : such are the lessons for which you have been proscribed and persecuted by a world which you have enlightened. Yet has not the ingratitude of mankind ever tainted your philanthropy. You have taught us, that the sublime maxims of philosophy are not always confined to indolent speculation ; you have shewn that a stoical severity is not always inconsistent with a feeling heart ; and that the simplicity of ignorance is compatible with the most exalted genius*.

The trifle now inscribed with your name, was occasioned by a particular fact ; but to the disgrace of human nature, the subject is sufficiently general to interest every heart not totally impenetrable. We boast of the gentleness of our manners, and think the rugged virtues of antiquity ill-adapted to the genius of the present times. When you ask if Brutus sold

* For though I fly to scape from Fortune's rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn :
For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.

BEATTIE.

his country, or the Spartan matrons frequented assemblies of nocturnal riot, it is thought a sufficient answer to say, that we do not expose our children, or whip them at the altar of Diana ; and that this is the age of generous sentiment, and refined humanity. I will not compare the education of an ancient Spartan with that of a British nobleman. Let eunuchs and *figurants*, those respectable guardians of modern discipline, insult the memory of Lycurgus ; and fellows of colleges establish their monkish institutions on the ruin of the Lyceum. Let the present age enjoy the boldest panegyrics its admirers can bestow. But if our boasted improvements, and frivolous politeness, be well acquired by the loss of manly firmness and independence, if in order to feel as men it be necessary to adopt the manners of women, let us at least be consistent, nor mingle the excesses of barbarism with the weaknesses of civilization. There are certain forms in which vice appears not only monstrous, but ridiculous ; the cruelty of Nero is more disgusting than that of Tiberius. When a benevolent mind contemplates the republic of Lycurgus, its admiration is mixed with a degree of horror. We behold a band of determined patriots, irresistible in war, and inflexible in peace ; souls to which the severity of virtue was more engaging than its enjoyments ; and who seemed to court the dangers of combat, only that they might refuse the rewards of victory. Yet this admirable republic is tainted by atrocities, which tar-

nish the lustre of its sublime institutions. When we reflect that to form a small society of heroes, a much greater number of men sunk below the rank of brutes; when we consider the unfortunate *Helotes*, abused, insulted, and enslaved; we less admire the exaltation of one part of our species, than we execrate the degradation of another; heroism becomes displeasing at such a price, and we prefer the calm of mediocrity to the terrors of so stormy an excellence. But let us not too hastily triumph in the shame of Sparta, lest we aggravate our own condemnation. Let us remember, there is a people who share the government and name of Britons; among whom the cruelty of Sparta is renewed without its virtue. It was some excuse for the disciples of Lycurgus, that if one man had been created by Heaven to obey another, the citizens he had formed best deserved the empire of the world. But what has *America* to boast? What are the graces or the virtues which distinguish its inhabitants? What are *their* triumphs in war, or their inventions in peace? Inglorious soldiers, yet seditious citizens; sordid merchants, and indolent usurpers; behold the men, whose avarice has been more fatal to the interests of humanity, and has more desolated the world than the ambition of its ancient Conquerors! For them the Negro is dragged from his cottage, and his plantane shade*;—by them the

* These observations are by no means to be confined to the West Indies. “The number of Negroes in the Southern Co-

fury of African tyrants is stimulated by pernicious gold ; the rights of nature are invaded ; and European faith becomes infamous throughout the globe. Yet, such is the inconsistency of mankind ! these are the men whose clamours for liberty and independence are heard across the Atlantic Ocean ! Murmurings and rebellions are the first fruits of their gratitude, and thus America recompences Europe for the protection she has bestowed.—But are the hopes and fortunes of the species indeed fallen so low, that freedom will desert that country, whose warriors and philosophers have so often conspired to defend her, to seek an asylum in the forests of America ?—Much as an impartial observer may find to blame in Britain, her colonies, I fear, are not more acceptable to Providence.—Let the wild inconsistent claims of America prevail, when they shall be unmixed with the clank of chains, and the groans of anguish. Let her aim a dagger at the breast of her milder parent, if she can advance a step without trampling on the dead and dying carcasses of her slaves :—But let her remember ; it is in Britain alone, that laws are equally favorable to liberty and humanity ; it is in Britain that the sacred

lonies of North America is equal, if not superior, to that of the white men.—Their condition is truly pitiable ; their labor excessively hard, their diet poor and scanty, their treatment cruel and oppressive. They cannot but be a subject of terror to those who so inhumanly tyrannize over them.”

BURNABY'S Travels through North America in 1760.

rights of nature have received their most awful ratification.—Could I flatter myself that I might contribute to such a cause, or interest the generous minds of my Countrymen to extend an ampler protection to the most innocent and miserable of their own species, I should congratulate myself that I had not lived in vain.—For the rest, I trust, that the motive of the writer will, in your eyes, atone for his defects, and that you will allow him the only merit he assumes, truth and sincerity, when he subscribes himself a friend to human nature ; and, consequently,

Your FRIEND and ADMIRER.

THE END.









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